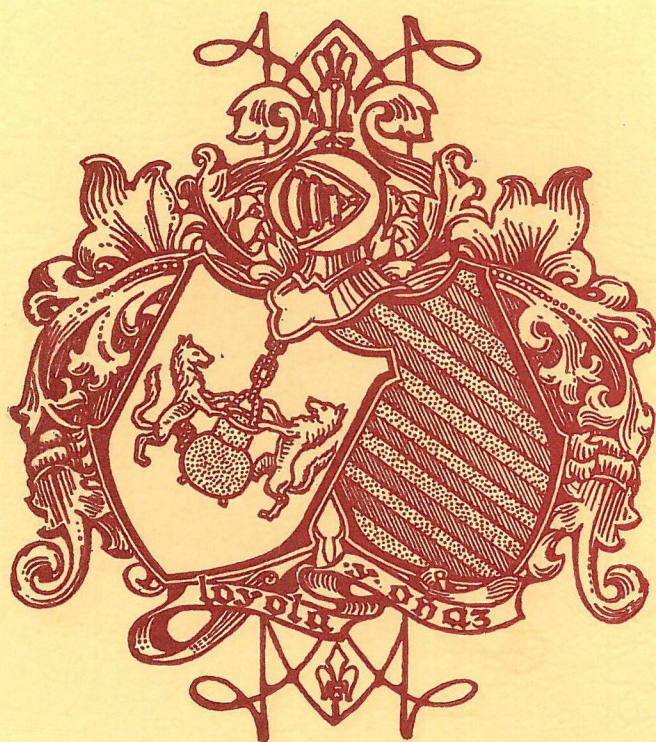


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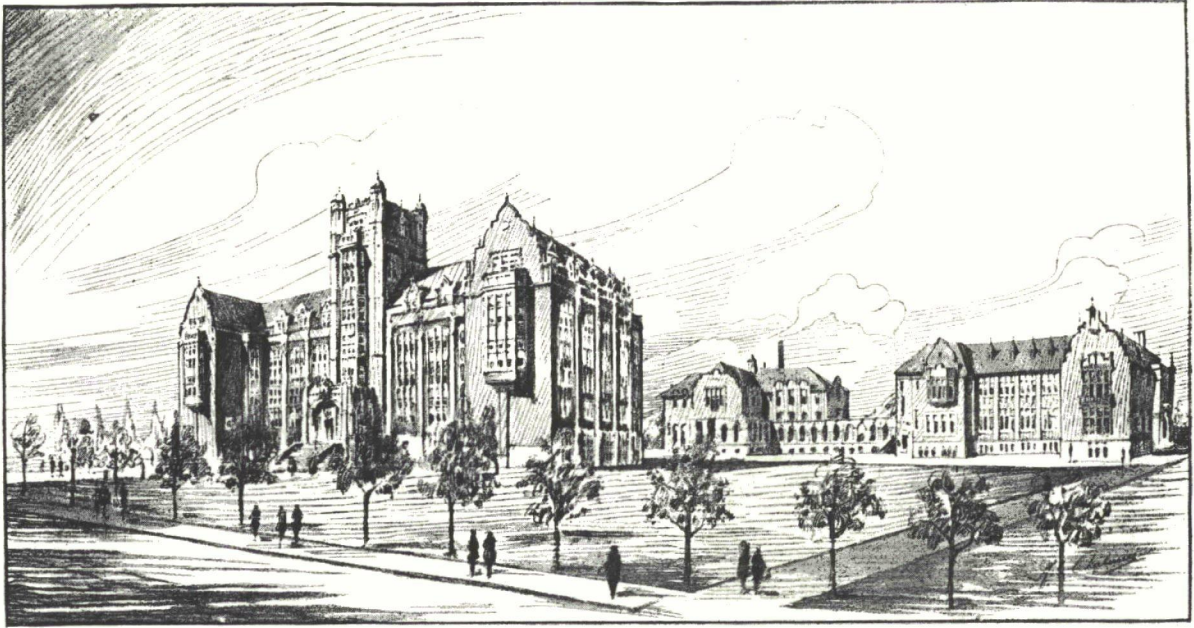


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Under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers

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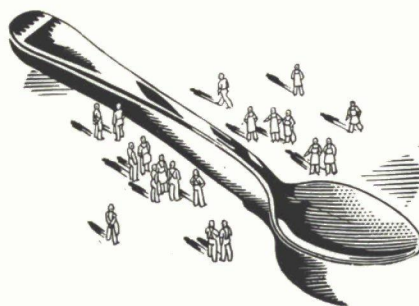
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MONTREAL

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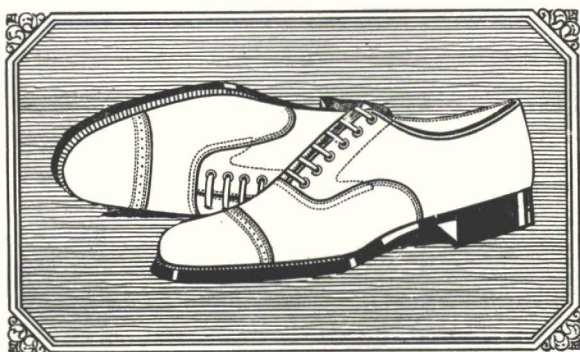
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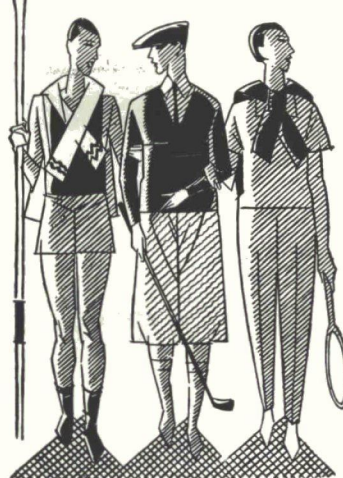
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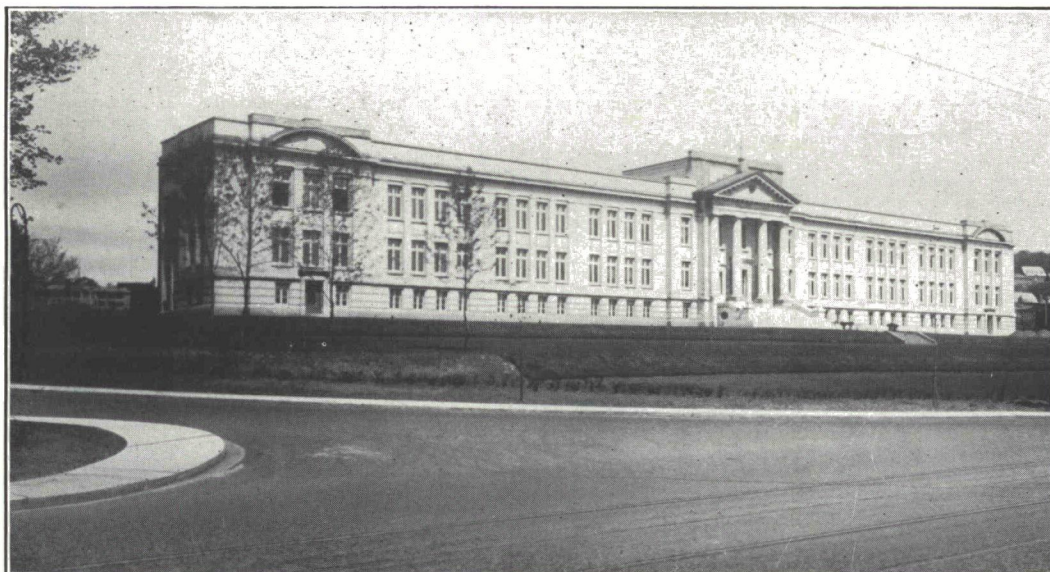
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1932

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 18

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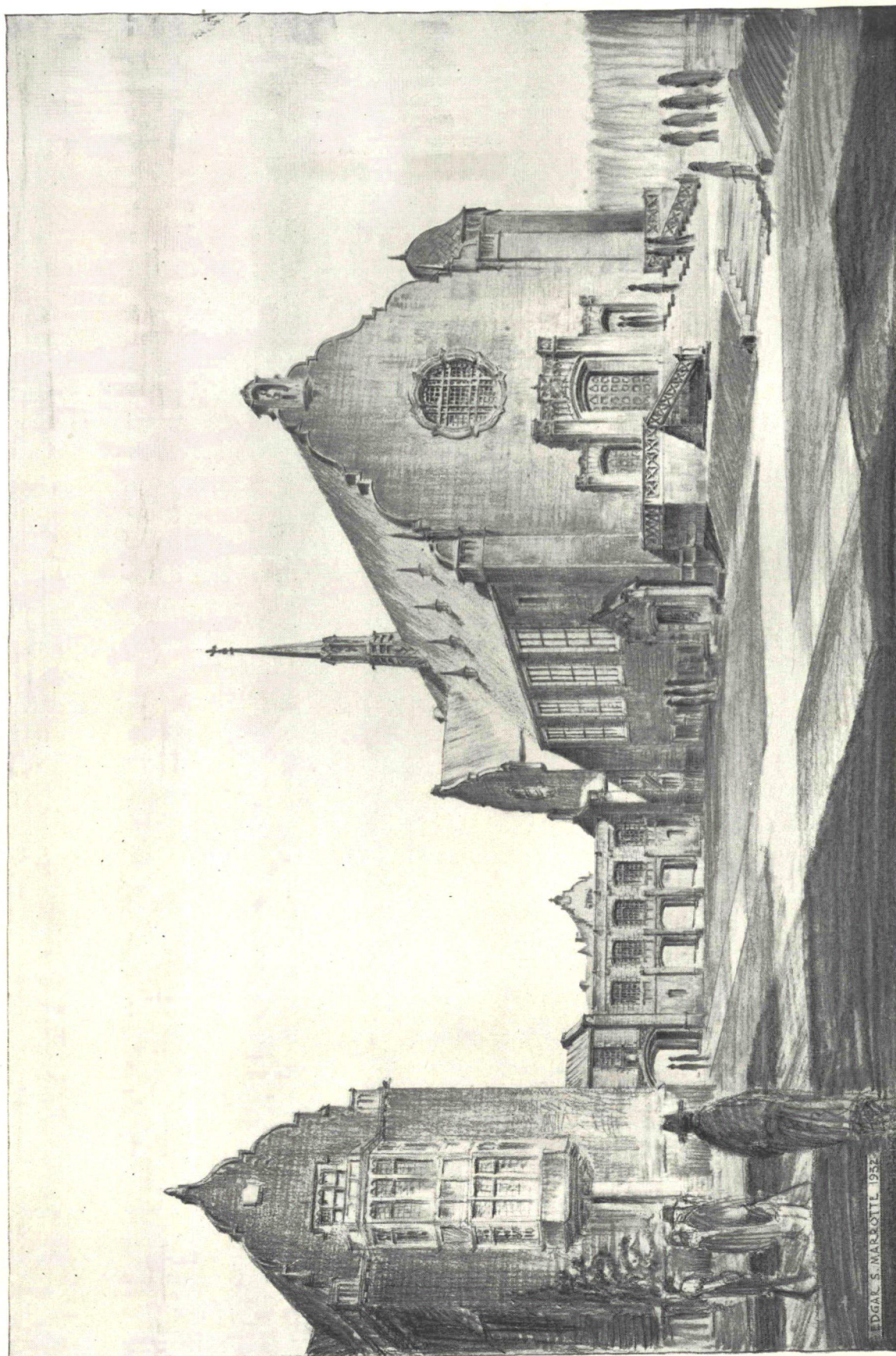
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NEW COLLEGE CHAPEL

The Chapel, to be constructed during the summer, will also serve as the church of St. Ignatius' Parish

EDGAR S. MARCOTTE 1932

Loyola College Review

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1932

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 18

EDITORIAL

Among the more notable events of the year were the laurels won by our speakers in the Inter-University Debates, the Montreal Debating League, and the Public Elocution Contest, the success of the "Jug" held by the Alumni at the Windsor Hotel, the renovation and extension of the physics laboratory with the rebirth of the Scientific Society, the enlargement and the repeated appearance in print of our contemporary, the *Loyola News*. We have also heard from those who know more of military matters that the C.O.T.C. made quite a good showing at the annual inspection; we speak with personal knowledge of the Annual Mess Dinner at which we were honoured by the presence of several men prominent in Montreal military circles. More will be found on such of these subjects as fall within our sphere in the pages that follow; we turn our immediate attention to the new chapel.

This year will see the initiation of a building project, to satisfy a long-felt want at the school. During the summer months, ground will be broken for a new building which will house two most important units of the College group; a College chapel and an assembly hall. Since the present buildings were put up, it has always been the ambition of both faculty and students to have a chapel, and it now appears that this ambition is to be realized. An auditorium, too, is something which the College has needed for many a year, for the facilities for public gatherings, debates, plays, etc., have hardly been all that could be desired.

Because of its importance in the scheme of the school, the building has been given a prominent location, at the front of the College group, near the central administration building to which it will be connected by means of a stone cloister. The architectural style will be Tudor, in keeping with the style of the buildings already completed, and the Flemish gables, which add so much to the picturesque beauty of the school, will be incorporated in the design.

The general form of the unit will be that of a two-storied church; the chapel will occupy the upper storey, while the lower will be designed as an auditorium.

The chapel proper will have all the beauties which would be possible were the chapel an entirely separate building. It will have a seating capacity of five hundred and six, the body containing four hundred and sixteen seats, and a gallery at the rear accommodating ninety. The chancel will be of noble proportions, providing ample space for a main altar, two side altars, and the usual vestries and

dependencies. A feature of the structure which will add considerably to its beauty is that the chancel itself will be raised some three feet above the floor of the nave. The plan provides four built-in confessionals, a vestibule of generous proportions, and three entrances, on the south, east, and west, of which the southern will be the most imposing.

In its interior, the chapel will have tile, or terazzo floor, with walls of that sand-finished plaster which has become so popular in church construction. The ceiling will be composed of heavy wood ribs, and purlicues, which will carry out very harmoniously the general Tudor conception.

The assembly hall will be just such as is required by a college for lectures, debates, plays, etc. In all divisions it will be amply spacious, for all our varied requirements. It will accommodate eight hundred and fifty people in comfort; the stage is large, and fronted by an orchestra pit, while trap, and dressing rooms will be planned beneath it. The body of the hall has been designed with a sloping parabolic floor, which will insure an unobstructed view of the stage from every angle and position.

There will be no direct connection between the entrance to the auditorium and that to the chapel, the entrance to the auditorium being on the East side of the building. This will lead into a roomy lobby, providing check-rooms, wash-rooms, etc. Thoroughly up-to-date in every department, the plan includes a motion-picture booth, kitchen, fan-room, heater-room, ample storage space for properties, and a further exit to the north.

In composition the building is to be of fire-proof construction, the structural frame being of reinforced concrete. The walls, in harmony with the other buildings, will be of light brick with lime stone-trimmings. The windows, similar to those of the first floor of the Administration Building, will be of leaded glass framed in stone and wooden mullions.

All in all, it would appear that though we have waited long, our patience will be rewarded in the possession of the ideal we have so often desired. God speed and prosper the work!

* * *

But while we think of a chapel to be built, the Jesuits of Spain have only regretful memories of what was. Ours is the pleasure of seeing an institution grow; theirs the pain of seeing the unceasing work of thousands of men during the last fifty-eight years brought to a violent termination, a vast organisation of beneficent enterprise and co-ordinated endeavour paralysed, and a government, which tolerated the rioting, the looting, and the arson of last summer, executing a decree that is at once brutishly unjust and commended by neither reason nor policy.

On the face of it, there is no explanation. One might as well argue for the suppression of the Y.M.C.A. because it possessed many club-houses as argue for the suppression of the Jesuits because of their wealth. Bismarck was aptly quoted in this connection by Canon Pildain of Vitoria in the Spanish Cortes on February 4th: "I have not been minister for twenty-five years without learning something. After twenty-five years I have learned something about the alleged wealth of the Jesuits, and I will tell you that the wealth of the Jesuits in every land where they are to-day is not half what a single multi-millionaire or Jewish capitalist possesses. And I have yet to learn that these multi-millionaires are doing one-tenth of what the Society of Jesus has done by its schools, its colleges, its various institutions."

Jesuit activity in Spain ramified in all parts of the educational field. The high adult illiteracy of the country—at least 25%—directed their attention to primary education. Thus, at Madrid, the Colegio Chamartin de la Rosa had organised a free elementary school for two hundred children; at Murcia, the Casa de San Jeronymo included an orphan school; at Malaga, there was a school for the Marengos, the poorest of the fisherfolk of that harbour; in Barcelona, more than two thousand children were being educated gratis by societies under Jesuit direction; there was similar activity at Burgos, Valladolid, Santander, Bilbao, Seville, Alicante, and Palma; in Madrid there was the famous Instituto de Artes e Industrias with its evening classes giving about five hundred students a complete course in mechanical engineering. In all it has been calculated that as many as 98,000 children owed their education to Jesuit schools or schools under Jesuit direction.

In secondary education the Jesuits had twenty-one colleges with ten thousand pupils. The fifty-eight state-controlled *Institutos* had only ten thousand pupils, despite their advantage of controlling their own examinations and giving entrance to the universities. Non-Jesuit Catholic colleges had about twenty-thousand pupils. All Catholic colleges were taxed as trading organisations; the state schools were tax-free.

In higher education the Jesuit institutions had no recognised status as universities but were none the less much frequented. The engineering school at Madrid, burnt in the riots last summer, had 1,200 students; the men it trained hold most of the leading posts in Spain to-day; after the destruction of the institution, the director, most of his professors, and many of the students went to Liege; the Belgian government has already recognised their degree. Further, there were the four Colegios Maximos at Sarria, Ona, Comillas, and Granada, where ecclesiastical studies and special scientific studies in chemistry, biology, experimental psychology, and astronomy were pursued, which had alumni from every country and which sent men to every continent. It would be impossible to name the savants in Biblical study, history, moral and dogmatic theology, palaeography, entomology, and the scientific subjects already mentioned; they are men whose achievements are known to specialists the world over.

The apostolic work of the Jesuits, in their seventy *residencias* and ten retreat houses scattered across the country, deserves large mention but is not easily described. But we all know what that work is. In this connection, however, may be mentioned the model leper-home at Fontilles, near Alicante, founded in 1908; the clinics, *patronados*, and free kitchens found in several cities; the home of correction at Malaga; the missionary work in China, India, and South America; the following reviews and periodicals: *La Educacion Hispano-Americana*, *Razon y Fe*, *Estudios Ecclesiasticos*, *Iberica*, the Spanish *Mensajero del Corazon de Jesus*, *El Siglo de las Misiones*, and various smaller publications chiefly for Catholic girls and boys.

This brief conspectus makes it possible to say why the Jesuits were expelled; their work was Catholic. Freemasons, Continental Liberals, Socialists, and Communists in Spain all agree in opposing what is obviously and greatly Catholic. Granted that the founder of the order was a Spaniard, granted that the order worked harmoniously under any form of government whether that of Germany, France, England or the United States, granted that the work done was undoubtedly beneficent, granted that there was nothing to hand that would replace the loss, granted that the decree was a violation of the citizen's right of freedom of action and speech, granted that it was flagrantly unjust to despoil a group of men of the fruit of years of labour—yet the great objection remained. All this work had on it the stamp of Him with Whom the world cannot be reconciled, Who said "Woe unto you when all

men shall speak well of you" and "Blessed are you when men shall revile you and persecute you."

I said the Jesuits of Spain had sad memories. But they have found consolation in the charity of those who have received and provided for them; they have found joy in the verse from the Acts of the Apostles, "And they indeed went from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus."

. . .

For the last two years the leaders of the world have been clinging to an intangible, delusive phantom, hoping that some miracle would happen to reclaim humanity from the present morass of economic depression. Out of the murky clouds of social and economic distress—like a beacon light to a fast-foundering ship—comes the proposed Imperial Economic Conference. Is it practical? Is it beneficial to the component parts of the Empire? What are the possibilities of its success? These are the questions we will attempt to answer briefly.

Our Mother Country comes into this Imperial Conference, bereft of her traditional free trade policy, as a tariff-protected Britain, equipped to offer the Dominions advantages impossible in the old Cobdenite England. The Empire's population of four hundred and fifty millions supplies an enticing market. The resources of the component parts are to a large extent complementary. However, it is ventured that the Empire is not actually self-sufficient. Quite true. But a policy of reciprocal tariffs does not necessarily mean isolation or the loss of all foreign trade; nor is it inconceivable that we may be some day self-sufficient. Thus we have the requisites necessary for the working of the proposed system.

We realize, also, that the Dominions and Colonies would be compelled to limit some phases of their agricultural, industrial or financial development. But the mutual advantages accruing from the integration of the Empire would more than counterbalance any disadvantage arising from such limitation. Moreover, there is today a growing tendency towards the establishment of economic units. In the next generation, it would not be surprising to see the economic world composed of four or five such units. M. Briand had in mind the unification of Europe's economic forces, when he proposed a "United States of Europe". However, because of the divergence of political interests and the distrust existing between European countries, his proposal was demonstrated to be impracticable. These conditions are happily absent in the Empire. Union would strengthen rather than weaken our political positions. The prosperity of the United States is directly traceable to its self-sufficiency. Thus we unhesitatingly say that such a union would be beneficial to all concerned.

We cannot, however, give any definite answer to our last question. The success of the parley will depend ultimately upon the attitude taken by the various representatives. If they are guided by the idea of obtaining "concessions," then the conference is doomed to failure. There must be a spirit of Imperial co-operation, a seeking for mutual advantages, a spirit of "One for all and all for one". If this be the atmosphere, then success will crown their efforts. Let us not delude ourselves by thinking that the success of the conference will immediately usher in an era of unparalleled prosperity. Such a result would undoubtedly precipitate us into a more dangerous cataclysm than the present one. True success—the success that withstands the buffeting winds of time—is the success arising from a slow but irresistible force moving against adversity.

We wish to congratulate Rev. John Purcell, B.A., '28, who was ordained to the priesthood in St. James Cathedral, Montreal, by His Excellency, Msgr. Georges Gauthier, Auxiliary Archbishop of Montreal, on Saturday, the twenty-first of May.

While we have had the good fortune to be spared the death of any member of the faculty or student body during the past year, it remains that we express our deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of three alumni, Flight Lieut. Burrows Kelly, '18, Mr. Charles Mill, '26, and Mr. Hector Prince, '23. The class of '23 attended a Requiem Mass for Mr. Prince at the Gesu on Tuesday, May 10th.

Many of the alumni, of the students, and of former members of the faculty have been bereaved during the course of the year. Our sincere condolence is offered to Rev. Fr. O'Gara, S.J., Pastor of St. Ignatius' Parish, Winnipeg; Rev. Fr. Singleton, Pastor of St. Michael's Parish, Montreal; Rev. Fr. Holland, S.J., Rector of Campion College, Regina; Rev. Fr. Noll, S.J., Rev. Fr. Bartley, Rev. H. Daly, S.J., Mr. George Daly, Mr. Lawrence Bartley, Mr. Graham O'Connor, Mr. Paul Henault, Mr. Emery Phaneuf, Mr. Clayton Rolfe, Mr. Roy Dillon, Mr. Timothy Slattery, Bernard Slattery, James Lambe, Douglas Whiteside, Thomas Clancy, John and Robert McIlhone, Clarence and Paul Hinchy, George and Alfred Burman, René Bussière, Philip Steele, William and Patrick Griffin.

The Tomb of Norfolk

*BEFORE the portal Norfolk stood,
And gazed into the gloom,
Where all the Lords of Norfolk lay,
In Death's cold silence laid away
Within their stately tomb.*

*The Lords of Norfolk in that vault
Uncoffined lie in state;
Their armour hides the forms of clay
Slow mouldering to dust away,
While they for Norfolks wait.*

*When Norfolks die the doors swing wide;
Room, there is ever room.
From the recesses dark and damp,
Winds rush to dim the verger's lamp,
And so protect the gloom.*

*Norfolk's father there was laid,
Another armoured one,
"Bolt fast the doors," Lord Norfolk said,
"Remember all, when I am dead,
To lay me in the sun."*

*The years rolled by till Norfolk died,
And then his will was done.
The ghastly tomb was undisturbed;
Midst breath of flower and song of bird,
They laid him in the sun.*

E. SHERIDAN, '32

St. Ignatius Loyola Parish

THE picture of the new Chapel facing page 1 of this book, and the architect's drawing, facing this page, of the front of the new Parish School to be built shortly, point to the dawning of another era in the history of St. Ignatius Loyola Parish. Founded in 1917, it has grown slowly but consistently. The late Father Thomas Gorman, S.J., was its first pastor but remained only a few months till November, 1917. The late Father Alex. Gagnieur, S.J., and Father J. M. Fillion, S.J., successively looked after the parish until August, 1918, when Father A. J. Primeau, S.J., was placed in charge. In that year the first Parochial School, under the direction of the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal, was opened on West Broadway, not far from Loyola College. This soon became inadequate with the increase of pupils, and in 1921 a larger school was opened on Belmore Avenue.

In August, 1922, Father Primeau relinquished the duties of pastor and went to Guelph, Ont., being succeeded by Father Wm. A. Dunn, S.J., who remained in St. Ignatius for three years. Father John F. Cox, S.J., was in charge from August, 1925 till August, 1926, when he took up the work of giving missions. The Rector of Loyola College, Rev. E. G. Bartlett, S.J., assumed the duties of Parish Priest, being assisted during the four years he remained in

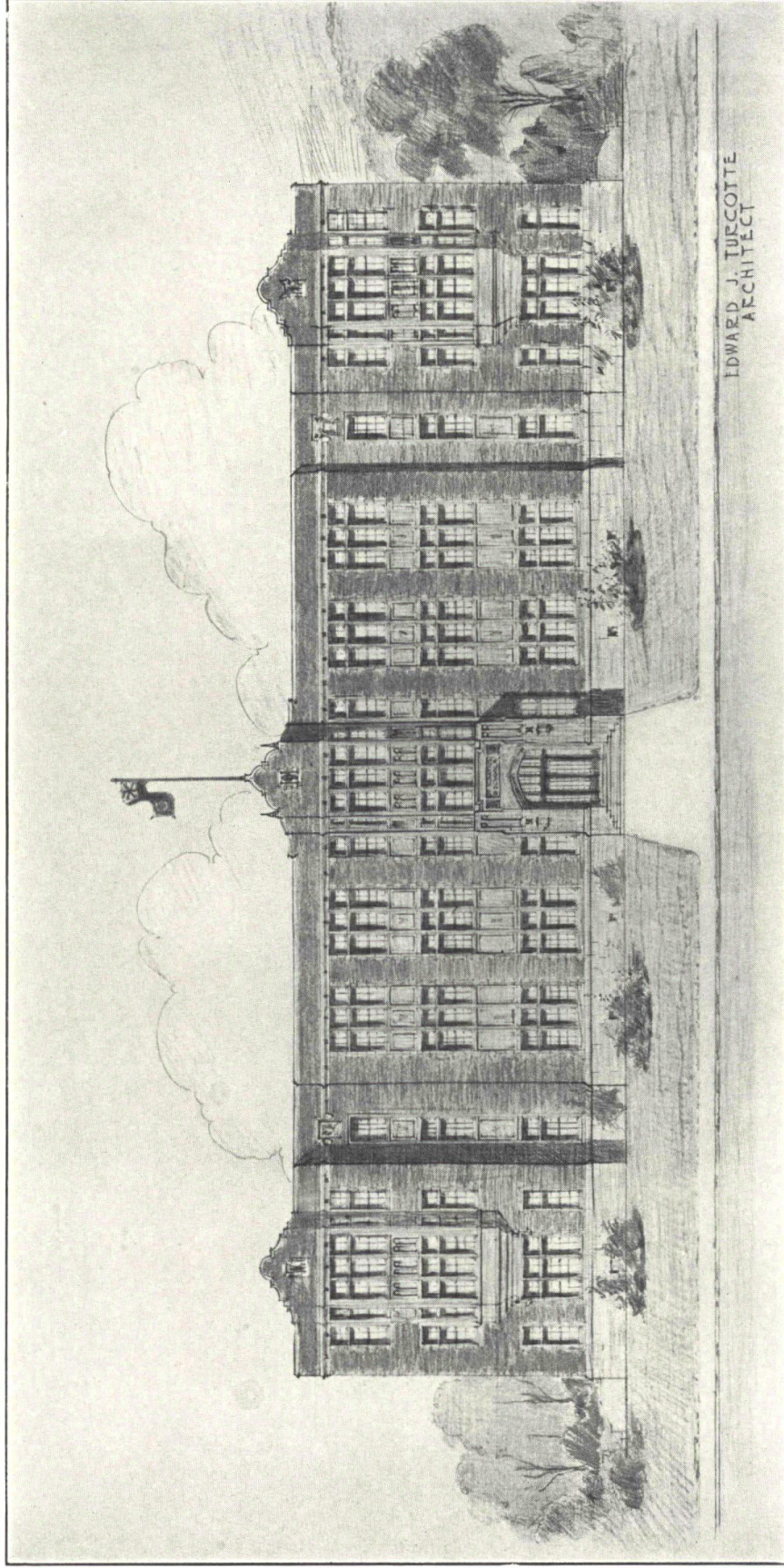
office by Father Thos. Lally, S.J., Father J. Holland, S.J., and Father J. MacDonald, S.J. In August, 1930, Rev. Thos. J. MacMahon, S.J., became Rector of the College and Parish Priest, assisted by Father J. Moore, S.J., and Father John MacDonald, S.J. Then on May 11th, 1931, Father A. J. Primeau, S.J., returned as Pastor to St. Ignatius from Port Arthur, where he had been Parish Priest for six years.

During all this time, from 1917 to 1932, the Students' College Chapel served as a parish church. Owing to the great increase in the number of families the chapel has become altogether too small, and this year will see the building of a Parish Church on the College grounds, which also will be used as a Student's Chapel. A photograph and description of this new building will be found elsewhere in the present number of this *Review*.

Besides the church, a new school containing thirteen class rooms will be built by the Catholic School Board, at the corner of West Broadway and Terrebonne Streets, giving accommodation to some four hundred pupils. Work is expected to begin in June or July of this year.

With increased facilities both in church and school the next few years should see great progress in the parish dedicated to the Founder of the Society of Jesus.





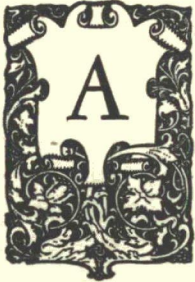
THE NEW ST. IGNATIUS' PARISH SCHOOL



THE 1932 REVIEW STAFF

Front Row: M. O'BRIEN, G. GEORGE, E. SHERIDAN, *Editor-in-chief*, R. DALY.
Middle Row: L. MCKENNA, W. TIGH, M. BEDARD, K. SCOTT, J. ANGLIN, A. SESIA.
Back Row: W. SHEA, G. MCGINNIS, E. GOUGH, G. MURPHY, B. O'CONNOR.

Religious England



At a time when the attention of the world is focussed on England and her gallant attempt for survival as one of the foremost financial nations, it would not be amiss to spend a few moments scrutinising the religious structure of the country.

England's religious army may be broadly divided into three camps: Anglicanism or the Established Church, Catholicism, and the Non-Conformist or Free Churches.

The Established Church is undoubtedly the largest religious body in the state. Out of a total population of thirty-six million, some four and one half millions profess Anglicanism. There are the two Anglican provinces of Canterbury and York; between them, these possess twelve thousand nine hundred and thirty-two parishes, seventeen thousand five hundred and eighteen churches, and about eighteen thousand five hundred active clergymen.

In the Established Church there are three main parties, the High, the Broad, and the Low. Some attempt shall be made at defining their relative positions, but we must bear in mind that there is no clear-cut division. The Low Church party, once the most important of the trio, has steadily declined in numbers and in influence. There are probably not three thousand out of the seventeen thousand Churches that are of a distinctively Evangelical character at the present time.

Low Churchmen are staunch supporters of the King, honouring him as the supreme head of the Church on earth in matters both spiritual and temporal. They consider the minister

a mere representative of the congregation and have in their ritual no room for a sacrificial priesthood. They count any innovations or approximations to Catholic worship a weakening of principle. They emphatically deny the Real Presence and believe, rather, in the Real Absence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. They have a number of societies working in their interest; chief of these are the National Church League, the Church Association, and the Church Pastoral Aid Society. They publish the *Record* and the *English Churchman*.

The Broad Church or Rationalising Party has steadily increased within the last thirty years. Its adherents desire a drastic revision of the creed, worship, and discipline of the Established Church. Broad Churchmen regard the Bible as a mere human document devoid of inspiration; they reject the supernatural and the miraculous in religion; the greater number consider Christ as merely an ideal man, not the Son of God. The success of this branch may be attributed to the exaggerated individualism that lies at the root of all Protestantism and logically leads to the complete negation of authority and unity just as real faith leads to an absolute affirmation of authority and unity.

The influence of this party is widespread and can be observed in both the Low and the High Churches. The most important societies connected with the Broad Church are the League of the Church Militant and the Churchmen's Union. The latter is principally interested in the advancement of liberal religious thought and publishes the *Modern Churchman* fortnightly. The Broad Church numbers about one quarter of

the clergy and laity of the Established Church.

The High Church is numerically the strongest and is, as well, the most influential of the three. It embraces, as do the others, men differing widely in doctrine and practice. There are those whose innovations do not extend beyond surpliced choirs and altar lights; on the other hand, there are those whose acceptance of Catholic ceremonial is so complete as to lead one to suspect that he is in a Catholic Church. This party unanimously rejects the designation of "Protestant" and has more recently styled itself Catholic. In the extreme Churches you will find vestments, incense, and all the solemnity of High Mass, even, at times, the Roman Missal in place of the Book of Common Prayer; there will be holy water, confessionals, a Lady Chapel—in short all the external characteristics of a Catholic Church. Devotion to Our Lady, invocation of the saints, the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the primacy and infallibility of the Pope are taught. However, more moderate High Churchmen teach only consubstantiation, and, though many allow the primacy, few admit the infallibility of the Pope. The attempt of the High Church party to introduce religious communities for men has been but indifferently successful. The Society of St. John the Baptist—the Cowley Fathers—and the Community of the Resurrection are, perhaps, the most prominent. Among women the venture was more successful and some fifty congregations have been established. The *Church Times*, an ably edited weekly, is the most advanced and the most widely read newspaper published by the High Church.

The Church of England owes her position to-day in great part to the untiring devotion of her earnest and unselfish clergymen. One fatal flaw can readily be discerned in all three parties. Whether a man believes almost the whole cycle of Catholic doctrine

with the extreme High Church party, or scarcely believes in God with the extreme Broad Church party, or utterly denies the sacerdotal character of the ministry with the extreme Low party, it is always in the last analysis a matter of mere opinion, not of faith as Catholics understand the term.

I can do no more than cast a superficial glance at the position of the Free Churches. These at one time or another have seceded from the Established Church; hence their name.

The Congregationalists or Independents are the oldest of the Non-Conformist bodies. They repudiated the authority of the Crown in spiritual matters and claimed complete liberty for each separate congregation to arrange its doctrine and worship. The chaos that ensued was remedied by the Union of Congregational Churches. This union has about seven hundred thousand adherents.

The strongest and most influential of the Free Churches is the Wesleyan Methodist, founded by the dynamic preacher, John Wesley. The Church is governed by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, which meets annually. It has about one million seven hundred thousand members.

The Baptist Church is governed by a Union as is the Congregational. If one includes the minor Baptist Churches—First Day, Seventh Day, and Cave Adullam—then there are some five hundred thousand adherents of this Church. The name "Baptist" is a contraction of "Anabaptist," and is derived from the main tenet that the baptism of children is invalid; Baptists advocate baptism by immersion as opposed to baptism by aspersion.

After the Established Church, the Catholic is the strongest and most influential religious organization in England. There are three provinces—Westminster, Birmingham, and Liverpool—sixteen dioceses, two thousand

churches, forty-one hundred clergy, and approximately two million five hundred thousand Catholics. There are some fifty religious orders and congregations for men, among the most prominent being the Benedictines and the Jesuits. For women there are about eighty congregations and orders, among them the Carmelites, the Benedictines, and the Sisters of Mercy. There are four Catholic weeklies—*Tablet*, *Universe*, *Catholic Times*, and *Catholic Herald*—and, in addition, several monthly periodicals. The most important of the Catholic Societies are the "Catholic Truth Society" and the "Catholic Evidence Guild."

Notwithstanding their position and number, Catholics in England are still subject to certain legal disabilities. The "Bill of Rights," passed in the reign of William and Mary, declares that no member of the reigning house who is a Catholic can succeed to the throne. It also provides that the sovereign on becoming a Catholic or on marrying a Catholic forfeits the crown. The "Act of Settlement," passed in the same reign, confirms the above and further enacts that "whosoever shall hereafter come to possession of the crown of England shall join in communion with the Church of England as by law established." The "Emancipation Act" of George IV provides that no emancipation "shall extend, or be construed, to enable any person, otherwise than he is now by law entitled, to hold the office of Lord Chancellor of England or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." The common opinion is that Catholics cannot hold these positions. The same act also imposes fresh disabilities upon "Jesuits and members of other religious orders, communities, or societies of the Church of Rome, bound by monastic vows." These unrepealed sections, though seldom, if ever, enforced, have none the less the serious effect of disabling religious orders of men from holding property.

Cardinal Gasquet, in his "Short History of the Catholic Church in England," gives a succinct summary of the Catholic position: "When we recall the state to which the long years of persecution had reduced the Catholic Church at the dawn of the nineteenth century, we may well wonder at what has been accomplished since then *Succisa virescit*. Cut down almost to the ground, the tree planted by Augustine has manifested again the divine life within it; it has put forth once more new branches and leaves, and gives promise of abundant fruit."

There is an apparent discrepancy between the total number of those belonging to the different churches and the population of England. Rev. R. D. Jones, chairman of the Congregational Union in 1926, accounts for this by stating that "seventy-five per cent of the manhood of the country is outside all the churches." This estimate would appear slightly exaggerated; statistics, however, show that at least sixty per cent are so. Dr. Jones further remarked that "the great mass of our people (the English) seem to be drifting away from religion; the habit of worship is falling into disuse."

It would be a mistake, however, to argue from these statistics that England is religiously indifferent. England is far from being religiously indifferent. The fact is that the Established and the Free Churches have failed to satisfy a large number of men. This is the meaning of the opposition between Religion and Science. For example, Sir Arthur Keith's position, as outlined in an essay in "*Living Philosophies*," is simply a negation of the Bible-religion he was taught in Scotland in his youth, coupled with a fair sprinkling of the fallacies that the limited logic of scientific method does not reveal. But Sir Arthur is none the less profoundly respectful of religious feeling. What is but a gentlemanly respect in Sir Arthur is much more like some "divine dis-

content" in many others who are not at peace in their present position, yet have not succeeded in transcending the Elizabethan tradition of anti-Catholicism and so in finding the real solution to their difficulties. England is in a period of transition, and, if we may place any confidence in the sound sense that is the boasted characteristic of Englishmen, then it is not over-opti-

mistic to deny that the goal of the transition is irreligiousness.

It would be both improper and unfair to conclude without recording the sincere gratitude of the author to the Rev. Father Benedict Williamson, whose aid has made this article possible.

H. J. HEMENS, '32.

• • •

Reminiscence

*THE rainbow's precious hues are not as vivid
Before the very eye, as thinking has them grow;
The angry blow of traitor's not as livid,
As brooding hate would have it so.*

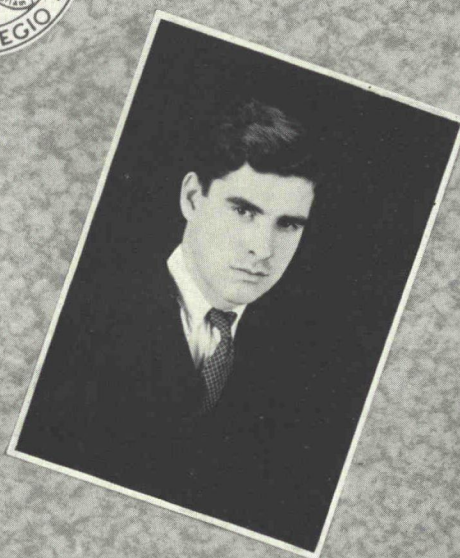
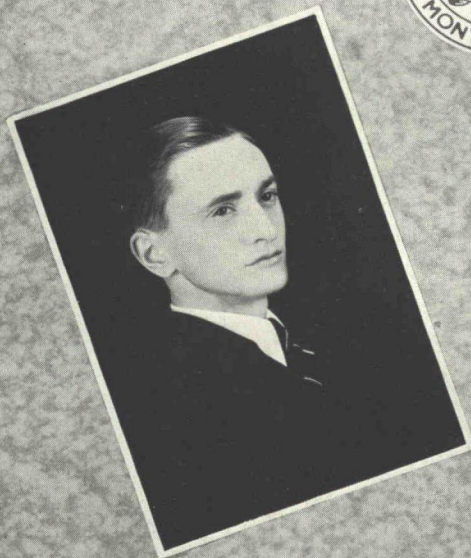
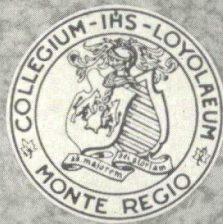
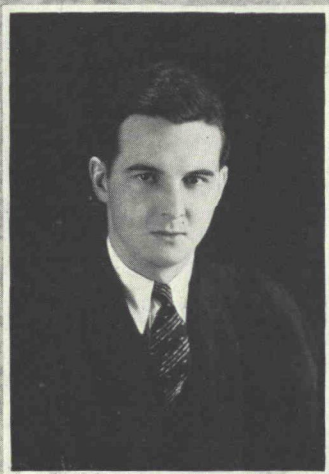
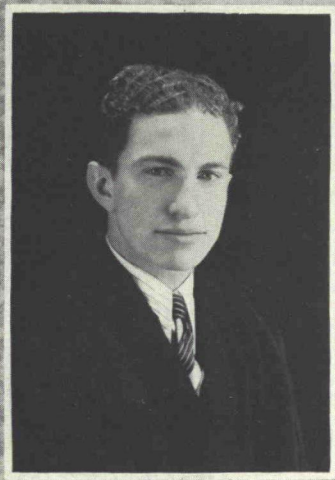
*The glowing charm of lovers long since dead
Was not so lustrous then, as now in thought;
And sweeter far is ecstasy that's fled
Than that which is our present lot.*

*Youth's flaming ire was not so strong
In youth's first days as in old age's mind;
Life's painful trail of woe was not so long
In suffering itself, as retrospect shall find.*

*For Time's a wondrous workman who can paint
The past both duller and more bright,
And make the rays of memory or faint,
Or blinding with a piercing light.*

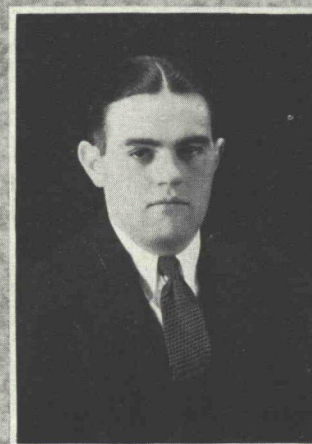
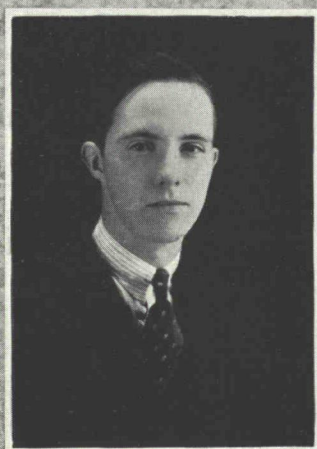
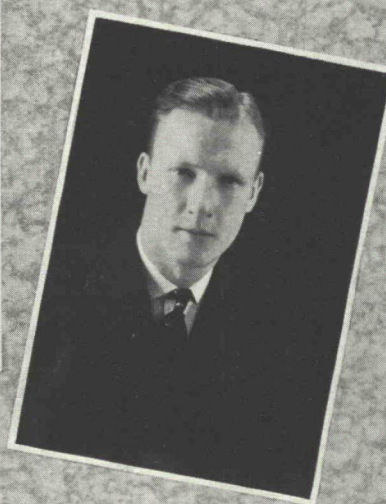
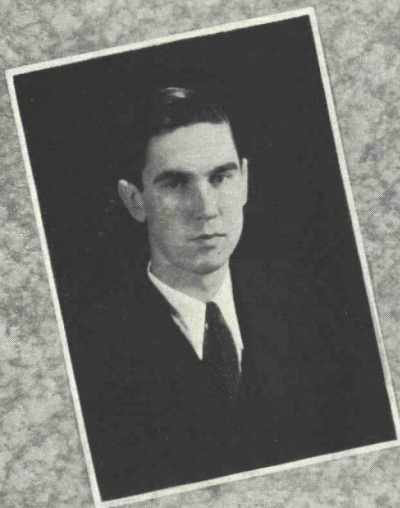
ELMER SHEA, '35

ARTS 1932



GORDON GEORGE, *Vice-President* EDWARD SHERIDAN, *President* BRENDAN O'CONNOR, *Secretary*
HECTOR BENOIT THEODORE BRETON

ARTS 1932



JACQUES BRUNEAU
ROBERT DALY

LAWRENCE BYRNE
HENRI DENIS

GERALD CUDDIHY
THOMAS ELLIS

The Seniors



BENOIT, Hector Vianney

"Les belles actions cachées sont les plus estimables."
Pascal.

From St. Mary's "Hec" or "Ben" came in the fall of 1930. In his quiet, unaffected way he has won the warm friendship of his class by his stately dignity and conservative manner. He faithfully supports all college activities but centres his interests about his chosen subjects. Physics does not number among the elect, but then few are chosen while many are thrust upon us.

Little is known of his private life, but his air of cosmopolitan insouciance leads one to believe that he is seldom alone when listening to those radio programmes of which he is a connoisseur. Besides we refuse to believe that he skis up to the cross every free afternoon merely for a look at the city.

Knowing his sound character, we cannot but look forward to Hec's signal

success among the legal lights of the city. The words "Hector Benoit, K.C." already strike a familiar note in our ears.

Activities: Loyola College Debating Society; Loyola C.O.T.C.; Scientific Society.



BRETON, Theodore Alfred

*"Ay, but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour."*
Shakespeare.

Ted has proved himself a true friend and an affable companion during his two years with us. He is unruffled, unworried, uneffusive, save when a hidden fire flares as he expounds the merits of the Sault, famous for its canals, its steel plants, its anti-depression movement, or as he works in the last few tricks for the grand slam. His mastery of the crawl would have taken him into the C.N. Exhibition, were it not for his amateur standing.

Mysterious sodium explosions have occurred in his vicinity this year, but so far his superior laboratory technique

has warded off disaster. The prospect of five years' medicine at McGill has not clouded his optimistic outlook, while his studious ways and his natural aptitudes augur success. So here's luck!

Activities: Debating Society; Scientific Society; Mock Parliament; Swimming; K.P.S.



BRUNEAU, Jacques

"He was indeed the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves." Shakespeare.

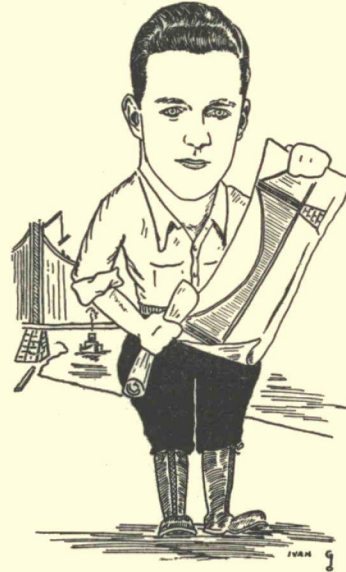
Ever since our hall of learning was quietly invaded by "the well dressed man" from Montreal College, our erstwhile academic leaders have given no little thought to the problem of beating a man who never seems to get less than 95% in any quiz or exam, and that without apparent strain!

Though stepping into new surroundings and carrying off all the honours, Jacques nevertheless has the distinction of having attended more proms., balls, etc., and of having worn out more dress-shirts than any other man in the school. Some men are born great!

His all-round ability and, in particular, his command of both English and French mark him as student extraordinary, so that we have no doubt that Johns Hopkins will learn to appreciate him as has Loyola. Popularity com-

bined with superiority tell a tale of masterful tact and rare good fellowship. They don't come better!

Activities: Debating Society; Scientific Society; Golf Team; C.O.T.C.



BYRNE, Joseph Lawrence

"Taken all in all, we shall not find his like again." Shakespeare.

Laurie has, it seems to us, all the requisite qualities of an outstanding man of science. His mind is deeply calculating and the surface is never the object of his investigation. If there is one man in the class not to be stamped by the crowd, it is Laurie.

"The Byrne's" athletic record during eight years at Loyola is an enviable one and it will provide an inexhaustible source of pleasant memories in years to come. In the foreground stand his membership in the championship football team of '28 and his captaincy of this year's senior hockey team.

We expect great things from Laurie, not only because of his success here, but principally because we know that the combination of ability and a love of work is hard to beat.

Activities: Councillor L.C.A.A.; Inter. Football, '28-'32; Inter. Hockey; Scientific Society; Baseball; Lacrosse.



CUDDIHY, Edmund Gerald

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."
Shakespeare.

Again we present the blonde "Übermensch" of Nietzsche. If you can't keep a good man down, Ed is away up in the air, ranking with the highest. Perhaps the only thing that can damp his high spirits is physics—theory and lab. Pretty tough when you do an experiment at McGill and get 0.5% error, and you do it again at Loyola and get 500% error, isn't it, Ed?

His scientific aptitudes, so prominent at McGill, led him to the study of tangents, angles, impulses, and impacts, as exemplified in the game of snooker. Facilities were lacking at Loyola so he took to the fascinating recreation of snookums.

Ed won considerable fame as a debater when in the first meeting of the Montreal Debating League he started Loyola off to a long string of triumphs by his convincing victory over McGill.

Just what he intends to do when Loyola life is over is not definitely

known, but we are confident that his effervescent spirit will not long brook an eclipse.

Activities: Montreal Debating Team; Loyola C.O.T.C.; Loyola College Literary and Debating Society; Scientific Society.



DALY, Robert Emmet

"My life is one demm'd horrid grind."
Dickens.

Chicoutimi's favourite son is also one of the deans of the year. He has been with us since the days when it was the fashion to wear riding breeches to school.

If responsibilities strengthen and mature a character, Bob is the most characteristic fellow we know. No executive whatever is complete without him; he is inevitably secretary or treasurer—positions of much work and little honour. How he does all the work has not been fathomed, but it is done and well done; still it's no use to drive Bob, for Irishmen must be led. His name is not Robert Emmet for nothing.

He achieves the impossible by taking two courses at the same time and ranking as an honour student in both

pre-science and pre-medicine. M.I.T. will be favoured by his presence in the department of chemical engineering, and we are assured that no bushels will be able to hide his talent.

Activities: Business Manager Inter. Football; Treasurer L.C.A.A.; Secretary Loyola College Literary and Debating Society; Secretary Scientific Society; Lieut. C.O.T.C.; First Asst. R.S. Sodality; Business Manager of the *Review*.



DENIS, Henri Barden

*"In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still."*
Goldsmith.

Hank is another member of the old guard that started under Fr. Nunan's tutelage in First High and annually has returned to the fold.

Henri is a radical thinker and believes that no criticism is wholly destructive and that approach to better things is only to be attained by a frank recognition of present social, political, and economic evils. Serious and widely read, he possesses a fund of information on every conceivable topic. None of his statements have as yet been shown incorrect. His hobbies are the sciences of chemistry and physics with a bit of philately, biology, and geology thrown

in. When any one is at a loss with regard to a chemical reaction or the procedure in a physics experiment, the agreeable martyr to whom all questions are addressed usually is Henri.

As president of the Scientific Society he did great and permanent work. The Society had fallen upon bad times, but this year took on new life. A tradition has been started that will not readily pass away.

Activities: President Scientific Society; Lieut. C.O.T.C.; N.R.S. Sodality.



ELLIS, Thomas Leo

"An honest man and plain; he must speak truth."
Shakespeare.

From Rumford, Maine, in 1928, Tom journeyed all the way to Montreal to grace the academic precincts of Loyola. On his arrival he tossed around a baseball and a few jokes; from that moment he has been constantly gaining in the estimation of all. As an indication of this esteem, we mention that he is both Prefect of the R.S. Sodality and President of the St. John Berchmans Society.

Tommy's activities include frequent visits to the lower floors to state the case for the 'Phlat'. As official spokesman, he arranges suitable hours and

holidays, and has never been known to forget the birthday of any American patriot worthy of a holiday.

It is rumoured that the "bish" has connections in the north of the city; these demand his personal attention at least once a week—usually on Sundays from one till—.

We look upon Tom as the acme of manliness and reliability. He is a man of many friends, and we entertain little fear for his future success when we review his achievements in many fields of college activity.

Activities: President R.S. Sodality; President St. John Berchmans' Society; College Baseball; Sergeant C.O.T.C.; Promotor, Apostleship of Prayer.



FLOOD, Francis Patrick

"Without discretion learning is pedantry, and wit, impertinence." Addison.

Frank is a relic of the "hard" class Mr. Montague had seven years ago.

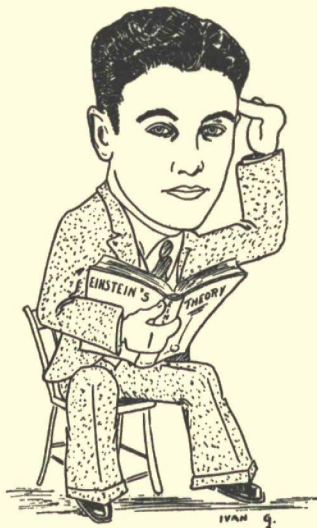
Association has taught us to appreciate the sterling character which at times he seems desirous of hiding. It is doubtful if there is a more versatile fellow in the class. There are few sports, studies, or activities in which

he is not a capable performer, deserving of the highest praise, "Steady game, no flash."

He is a keen student of Dickens, and reveals in his writing the influence of his model; few of us have mastered the King's English as well as he.

By turns, serious and gay, he is both quiet and yet able to assert an opinion which he feels to be right. His learning and wit are tempered by discretion and when he takes up medicine next year at McGill we expect Loyola to rise in estimation.

Activities: Loyola College Literary and Debating Society; Lieut. C.O.T.C.; Councillor L.C. A.A.; Scientific Society; Senior Baseball; Junior Football; Intramural Hockey.



GAGNE, Bernard Joseph

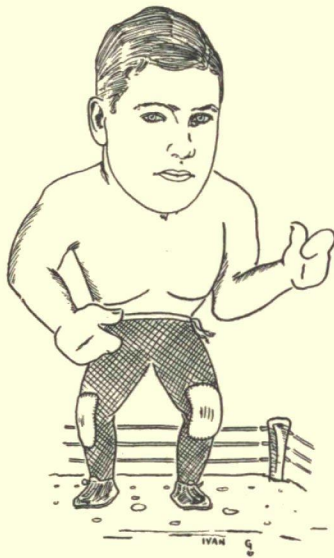
"La vertu obscure est souvent méprisée parce que rien ne la relève à nos yeux." Massillon.

Bernie is the imperturbable Stoic of the year, but this does not prevent him being a genial companion and a generous as well as a steady friend.

His frequent eighties in class testify to his intellectual prowess; his love of fine books in many languages marks his taste and linguistic ability; he may entertain an ambition of rivalling Einstein, whose theories he is ever ready to expound and criticise.

His cast of features seems to indicate him an extremely able man, for he possesses the same round but powerful face, devoid of straight lines, that characterises Briand, Hoover, Ramsay MacDonald, O. Henry, and other exceptional men.

Activities: Scientific Society; Literary and Debating Society; K.P.S.; C.O.T.C.; Intramural Hockey; Baseball.



GAUTHIER, Fernand Joseph

*"He's calm and reserved—that's as far as he goes.
He seems to be quiet—yet one never knows!"*
Daly.

Ferdie came to us from Brébeuf at the beginning of Junior year and won a place in our midst by his cheerfulness and joviality.

He is a serious student of history and firmly believes that the problems of the day are to be solved only in the light of the past; thus, he adds a fresh viewpoint to every conversation and can carry debate to a region where he may defy contradiction and dominate dispute.

In consonance with the Jesuit theory, he holds that education should cover a wide range of knowledge (*ratio studiorum*) and not be concerned with any narrow and merely technical advance;

on this account he followed pre-medicine in his first year and pre-law in his second.

He is vice-president of every French society within the four walls, but despite these manifold duties also finds time for moderate indulgence in sport.

Activities: Literary and Debating Society; C.O.T.C.; Scientific Society.

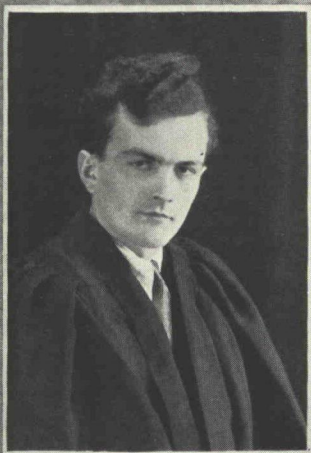
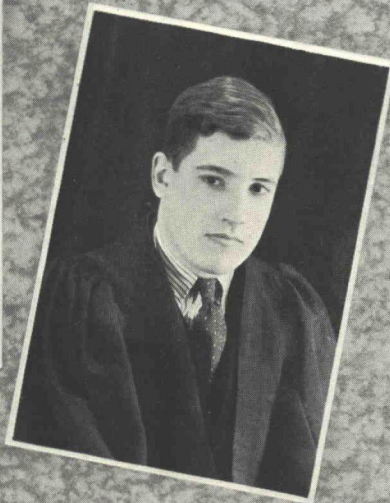
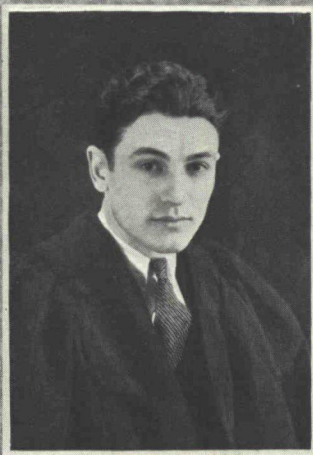


GEORGE, Gordon Francis

*"The elements so mixed in him,
That nature might stand up and say to all the world
"This was a Man"."*
Shakespeare.

It is an impossible task to record in two hundred words the deeds, qualities, and talents of one who has taken a leading part in every college activity. Good-natured, witty, understanding—but we would continue indefinitely without conveying our meaning. Gordy has made for himself a place in the college lives of each of us; without him, the class of '32 would not be what it is. Debater, actor, elocutionist par excellence, and, despite disadvantages of size and weight, a regular halfback on the senior squad, a hockey player who rates with the first sextette, an exceptional student, he is also a perfect companion with his cheery and unaffected

ARTS 1932



FRANCIS FLOOD
ROGER HEBERT

BERNARD GAGNE
HENRY HEMENS

JOSEPH GAUTHIER
EDWARD LENNON

ARTS 1932



CHARLES LETOURNEAU
GEORGE MURPHY

HENRI MASSON
KEVIN O'GRADY

RICHARD McKENNA
ROBERT O'HAGAN

ways. Even Loyola will never have another such! This is a panegyric, but it is every bit deserved.

Activities: President Loyola College Literary and Debating Society; Inter. Debating Team; Editor *Loyola News*; Editor *Loyola Review*; Councillor L.C.A.A.; Business Manager, Dramatic Society; Lieut. C.O.T.C.; Inter. Football and Hockey.



HEBERT, Roger Dolor

"An actor confessed without rival to shine."
Goldsmith.

Suave, debonair, sartorially perfect, Roger wandered in one day last year and decided to stay for a while. No one dared to treat this nonchalant Franco-American as a Freshman; dignity protects such a man.

His success in "It Pays to Advertise," last year's play, won him the position of president of the Dramatic Society. At the moment he is engaged in the production of the "Bat."

Roger leaves us to return to his native country and Yale. We are sure that Old Eli will clasp him to his bosom with all the warmth that has been shown him here. Though his success behind the footlights points to Hollywood and the downfall of Maurice Chevalier, yet, out

of charity to the latter, Roger has decided to take up medicine. If he wields a surgeon's knife with as much dexterity as he does a brush and palette, he is assured of signal success.

Activities: President Dramatic Society; Scientific Society; Literary and Debating Society; Mock Parliament.



HEMENS, Henry John

"Travel broadeneth a man."—Bacon.

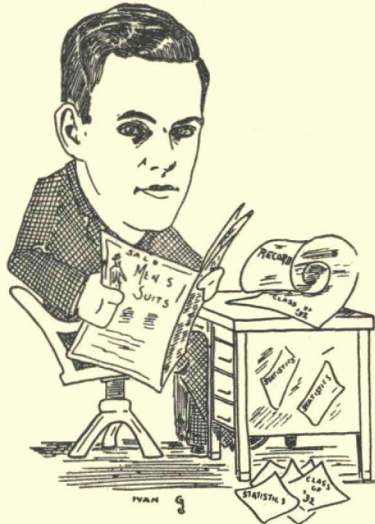
Harry is one of the charter members of the class. During his eight years with us, he has developed into one of Loyola's leading athletes and has become, as well, a brilliant student. He is best known as the star outside wing of the rugby team and as outstanding goaler in the intramural hockey league.

Harry hails from the distant suburb of Rosemount. This is the explanation of his oft-repeated wish that lectures begin at nine thirty. His is the honour of being the youngest member of the graduating class, an honour that is enhanced by the fact that he has spent one hundred and fifty full days on the cars of Montreal Tramways Co.

Quiet, brilliant, courageous, he will be long remembered for his sterling

game against the Gentlemen Cadets of Kingston, despite the handicap of injuries that did not prevent his playing.

Activities: Senior Football; Scientific Society; Intramural Hockey; C.O.T.C.



LENNON, Edward Francis

"Long experience made him sage."

Ed Lennon, the paterfamilias of the year, entered Loyola Prep in 1921, collegiately fitted out in knee-socks and short pants. It is a far cry from the Eddie of those dark ages to the present Senior. The change is sufficient justification of Scholastic Philosophy.

His official position as college statistician, but, much more, his genial and serene temperament have made him one of the best liked fellows in the school.

In the summer you may find him on the fairways or in the roughs of the Whitlock Golf and Country. We understand that he hit ninety last summer and has hopes of breaking into the eighties this season.

It is well known that Eddie has not missed a single home game for many football seasons. "Be Loyal to Loyola" is not merely a motto to him; it's a creed. This loyalty is the characteristic

of Ed and it will ensure his advance in the world.

Activities: Chairman Programme Committee; Intramural Hockey; Golf Team; Sodality; C.O.T.C.



LETOURNEAU, Charles Ulysses

"Why then, the world is my oyster which I with sword shall open." Shakespeare.

Eight years ago St. Augustine's school sent us a well-built young man, yclept Charles Ulysses Letourneau. Today Charlie is a popular and stalwart member of the "Old Guard," an elder of the Chem. Lab, and the holder of a brilliant record in Intercollegiate Athletics.

It will be a long time before we forget some of Charlie's performances on the gridiron, particularly against Bishop's, for his driving plunges forced back the Purple and White in one continuous march through '29, '30, and '31. The departure of the hard-clipping Chas. will doubtless be hailed with joy by the Lennoxville teams.

However it is not only in athletics that Charlie has been a leading light. A record of scholastic achievement testifies to his ability, and, besides, he is

one of those fortunate students who loves his work and makes a success of it easily and naturally. Dr. Letourneau will be a respected name within ten years.

Activities: College Football and Hockey; Junior Q.A.H.A.; Literary and Debating Society; Scientific Society; C.O.T.C.



MASSON, Henri

"A man of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows." Wordsworth.

Although he has been with us but a few years, Henri occupies a definite place in our esteem. He is a hard worker and his comprehensive notes form a reference library for less industrious "Pol-Econers."

While he brings marked enthusiasm to all games, his main pastimes are skiing in winter and tennis or lacrosse in summer. He also has to devote considerable time to the care of the green wire wheels on his Ford.

He has gained many friends during his stay, and when he departs it will be with our best and heart-felt wishes for his success.

Activities: Loyola College Literary and Debating Society; Scientific Society; C.O.T.C.



McKENNA, Richard Donald

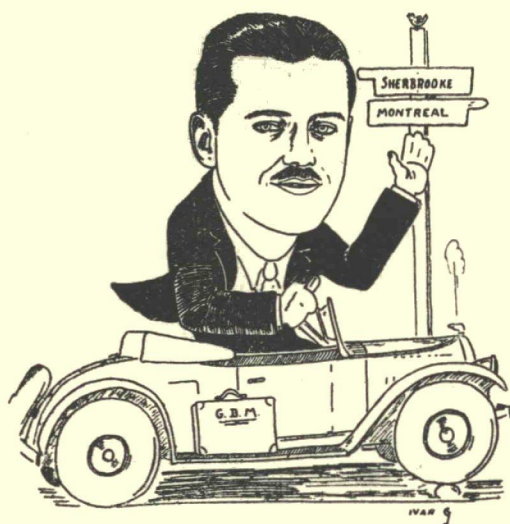
"Nothing is impossible to industry." Periander.

"McKenna, the Magnificent." Personality plus one six-cylinder roadster make Dick the play boy of the school. Perhaps his social tendencies account for his metamorphosis from a retiring resident student to a free and untrammelled commuter. At least, he was once the daring confidant of Flash Murphy in a descent upon the Mount Royal. But let the dead past bury their dead.

Beneath an exterior somewhat deceiving, Dick carries a seriousness that will doubtless lead to some startling discoveries in the world of chemical research. His devotion to study is notorious, and the hours he has spent in the Chem Lab would, if laid end to end, be positively ridiculous.

Berlin will most likely be the scene of his chemical study next year. We are sure that he will go far and all our best wishes are with him.

Activities: Tennis; Scientific Society; Literary and Debating Society; K.P.S.; C.O.T.C.



MURPHY, George Butler

"Ye little stars! Hide your diminished rays!"

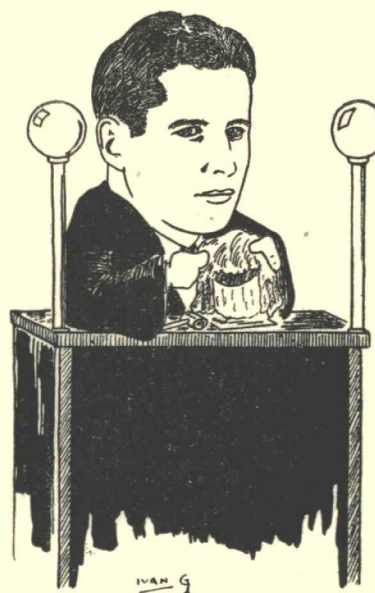
Pope

The famous and popular George first graced the halls of Loyola seven long years ago. Since then his familiar smile has always been on hand to greet cordially the somewhat dazed Freshmen. It is a tribute to his impressive way that none of us have failed to become Eastern-Township conscious.

He is a man of many activities and has made his mark in Intramural Hockey, where his goal-getting ability has won him the name "Flash". He has been the faithful and efficient manager of the Junior Hockey Team, and all have heard of the famous rugby midgets coached by the famous mentor, Flash Murphy, the Connie Mack of Junior High School Football.

Economics, political science, and sociology are his favourite studies and in all of these he excels. After passing the next few years at Harvard, he is expected to return and revolutionise the business methods of the Eastern Townships. His home district or stamping ground should be a Utopia within a decade.

Activities: Editor *Review*; Vice-President Dramatic Society; Editor *News*; Intramural Hockey; Councillor St. John Berchmans' Society.



O'CONNOR, James Brendan

"There is no true orator who is not a hero."

Emerson.

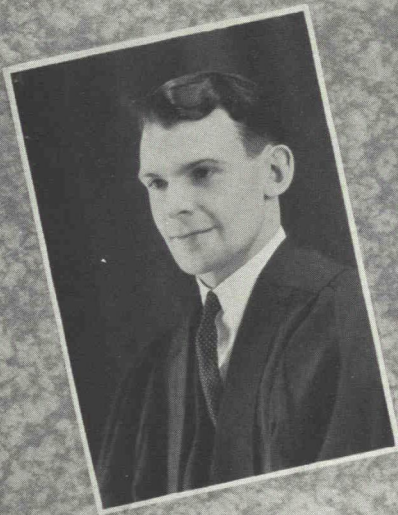
While Benny's reputation at Loyola is mainly based upon his oratorical abilities, his latest and greatest success was in the Inter-University Debates. But he is also near to genius in organizing, and this stands him in good stead in performing the multiple and intricate duties of class secretary.

Numerous activities do not exclude him from taking a large and prominent part in the informal discussions of the corridors. He is always ready with a view on any subject from disarmament or socialism to the philosophy of Spinoza; when conversation is in lighter vein, his fine sense of humour and droll remarks make him a favoured member of all gatherings for diversion.

If his future endeavours take place in a field that puts a premium upon persuasive ability and personality, that calls for leadership, enthusiasm, and sportsmanship, we predict for him success. If not, well, he will succeed anyway.

Activities: First Ass't, Sodality; Sec'y Senior Year; Councillor L.C.A.A.A.; R.O. of C.O. T.C.; Councillor Debat. Soc.; Edit. *Review*; Tennis Team; Inter. Debat. Team.

ARTS 1932

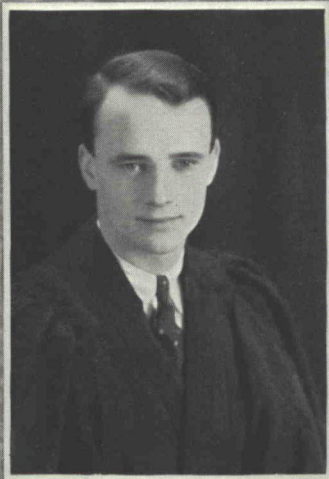
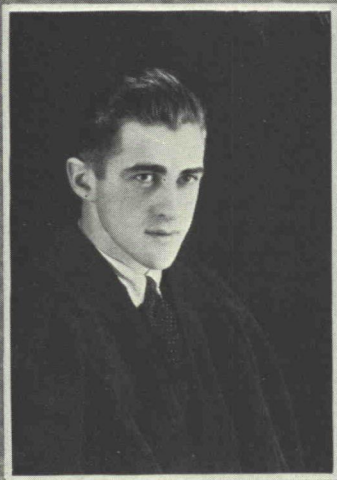


ALFRED PARADIS
ALFRED SAVARD

CLARENCE QUINLAN
KEVIN SCOTT

DALTON RYAN
FRANCIS SHAUGHNESSY

ARTS 1932



GEORGE THOMS

FRANCIS WALSH

WILLIAM TIGH

EDMUND WAY

HUBERT TOUGAS



O'GRADY, Kevin

*"But I shall be back with the yellow gold
Before the morning light."* Noyes.

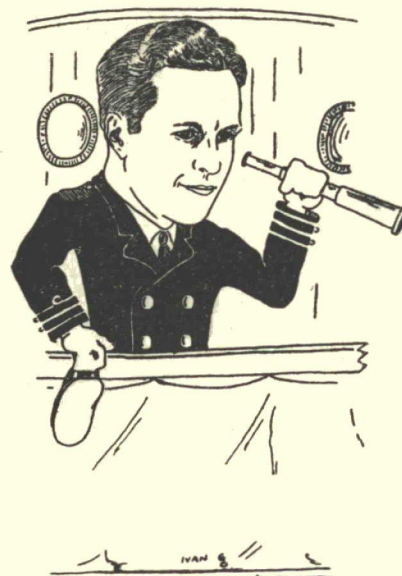
From the mining belt of Northern Ontario came the Celt of Celts, Kivin O'Gr'raady, and since his first year in Freshman his generous Irish disposition, unassuming ways, and rare spirit of fellowship have secured his position among the regular fellers of the class.

Kev broke into the ranks of the orators this year. It is seldom that a speaker at his first appearance achieves the success that was his against the Lions Club in the Montreal Debating League.

His knowledge of mining and of the resources of his native province make him an authority on the subject in our midst. In the last Mock Parliament he held the exalted post of Minister of Mines. Though a hockey player of real ability, he has been kept out of the game by ill health and has been missed greatly by our squads.

Whatever may be his work, his innate and characteristic qualities will, we feel sure, see him through to success.

Activities: Montreal Debating League Team; Literary and Debating Society; Intramural Hockey; Scientific Society.



O'HAGAN, Robert Joseph

*"But give to me a good ship, tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we."*

In Bobbo or Bubble (Take your choice, he doesn't mind) we find another reason why life at Loyola is so cheerful. Loyola would not be Loyola if there were no Way-O'Hagan feud, if Bob did not disrupt the economics lecture by holding to his objection, if this son of Fort William ever became careless of his attire.

Bubble's appreciation of the great composers immediately wins him the respect of any "lofer of moosick". The relative merits of Mendelssohn and Bach have precipitated some very heated arguments in his room.

Twice a week Bob forsakes his Alma Mater to attend an accountancy class at McGill. We are not familiar with either accountancy or McGill but, knowing Bob as we do, we bet that success will crown his endeavours.

Activities: R.S. Sodality; Literary and Debating Society; C.O.T.C.; Scientific Society.



PARADIS, Alfred Napoleon

*"The great mind will be bravely eccentric
And scorn the beaten road."* Goldsmith.

From the wilderness of Arthabaska came "Fido" Paradis, strong man, tennis player, social lion, and philosopher.

Fred stepped out onto the courts here, a dark horse (dark horse, not Black Horse), and proceeded to go through to the finals in amazingly simple fashion. A terrific driving game, a strong service, and daring net play make things almost as dangerous for spectators and neighbouring players as for opponents.

He started as a Phlat member, but things happened fast and now he is on the outside looking in—much to the delight of many French Canadian sub-debs. Best to you, Fred!

We almost forgot to mention his aversion to turning corners at anything less than 60 m.p.h.

Activities: Captain Tennis Team; Literary and Debating Society; C.O.T.C.; Scientific Society.



QUINLAN, Clarence Gordon

*"He has been bred in the wars
Since he could draw a sword."* Shakespeare.

"But, Father, that is hardly consonant with the attitude of the School men". Some such introductory remark from a clear deep voice in the back of the class always commands attention. We know that Fritz has an objection and his are worth listening to. We also know from long association that his sense of values is a decidedly true one. This feature of his character is enhanced by a real and uncommon sense of humour. His yen for the impersonation of German professors has won him high recognition in our dramatic circles.

We have yet to mention another phase of college activity in which Fritz has shown a marked degree of ability and efficiency. As a subaltern in the C.O.T.C. his power of controlling men is manifest while his lively and manly appearance is one of the boasts of the unit.

Good luck, Fritz! If the world thinks as well of you as we do, then you have nothing to worry about.

Activities: Sodality; 2nd Lieut. C.O.T.C.; Dramatic Society; Mock Parliament; Golf Team; Programme Committee.



RYAN, James Dalton

"He wraps himself up in his serenity." Swift.

If still waters run deep, then Dalt, alias Chappie (who, by the way, hails from Rio), is one of the deepest men in Christendom—and outside of it too. The old philosophers had a name for it—"Equanimity of Spirit". Never is one able to detect any disturbance in Chappie, save an occasional attack of indigestion. But no matter how placid he may appear, he always gets where he wants to go and is always in at the kill. Bulldog tenacity behind St. Bernard placidity, that's Chappie.

As a member of the Junior and Intermediate Football Teams he has established himself as one of the deadliest tacklers Loyola ever produced. All in all, Chappie, you may be proud and the whole gang unites in wishing you happy landings.

Activities: Secretary-Treasurer, Dramatic Society; Inter. Football; 2nd Lieut. C.O.T.C.

SAVARD, Patrick Alfred

"See Naples and then die!" a proud saying. But I say now 'See Quebec and live forever!'" Kirby.

No one can fail to admire a man who has always a smile and a word of cheery



greeting for all. Thus, though but two years with us, Fred has found a high place in our esteem. Socially, Fred has kept up the duties inherited from past Loyola men, residents of the old capital. He also startled the Catholic Social Service Guild by outlining every phase of sociological research. In athletics he has devoted his time to hockey and demonstrated his ability in the Junior Hockey League.

McGill Law School, we hear, will claim his allegiance next year. We feel sure that his ability and capacity for hard work will win him a high place in his profession.

Activities: Sociological Lecturer; Junior Hockey; Mock Parliament; C.O.T.C.

SCOTT, Kevin Paul

*"And may say with the hook-nosed
Fellow of Rome, I came and saw, and overcame."*
Shakespeare.

The "White-Haired Boy" from Ottawa! What dreary moments we might have listlessly endured, had not Kev been with us these last five or six years. When it comes to wit, ready and sparkling repartee, none can equal him, and woe betide the unlucky individual



who irritates or provokes him to verbal battle. But there is more of humour than wit in his composition. Both have served him well in his debating on the Championship Team and in his onerous duties as senior officer in the C.O.T.C.

Key comes of a long line of distinguished speakers, lawyers, and parliamentarians, and we expect the perfection of the family tradition to be expressed in his career. Osgoode Hall's gain will be Loyola's regretted loss next year.

Activities: Inter. Debating Team; Manager of Hockey and Junior Football; Senior Cadet Officer C.O.T.C.; Councillor Debating Society; Editor-in-Chief, *News*; Editor, *Review*; K.S. Sodality; President, K.P.S.

SHAUGHNESSY, Francis John

"I warrant you, my man's as true as steel."
Shakespeare.

Frank has become a tradition at Loyola. Any athletic organisation without Frank is akin to the conception of porterhouse without steak. In all games, but particularly in football and hockey, he has distinguished himself by his unlimited courage, true sportsmanship, and clever play. To cite instances would be but to repeat



the story of countless games. Suffice to say that he was hockey captain last year and football captain this year.

By his graduation this year Loyola loses a character that is admirable from every point of view. For Frank's outstanding merit in the sphere of sports has not been attained at the expense of his studies; the same perseverance and steadiness that is seen on the field is also to be found in his work.

Activities: Prefect N.R.S. Sodality; Captain of Football; Inter. and Q.A.H.A. Hockey; Councillor L.C.A.A.; Baseball and Track; Scientific Society; Literary and Debating Society; C.O.T.C.

SHERIDAN, Edward Francis

"Yours is the world and everything that's in it,
And what is more, you'll be a man, my son."
Rudyard Kipling.

It is our firm belief that when all human deeds are done and all human voices but one are hushed forever, that last orator will be Ed Sheridan, engaged in some vigorous denunciation of a popular misconception. With a genius for argumentation he is ever able to spot the fallacy in an argument or to bring home his point by delving deep



into his amazing mental store of quotation, anecdote, and statistics. It has even been said that the persistent and all but irrefutable Bill Tigh has been at times compelled to admit defeat.

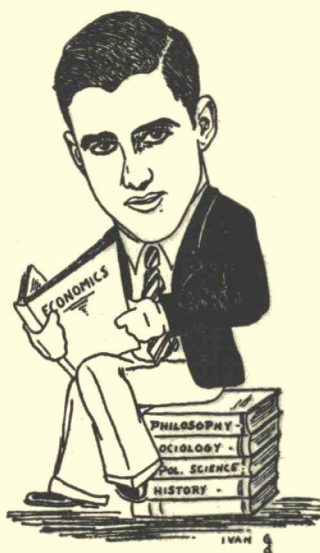
Ed was on the debating team that brought Loyola a Dominion championship this year and also won first prize in the city elocution contest. He managed the Intermediate Football Team, is president of the Athletic Association and of the class of '32, and is editor of the present Review. Despite his many and varied activities, Ed manages not merely to keep up with his class work but to lead in it. He leaves Loyola with a fine record and an even finer promise of a brilliant future.

Activities: Manager of Inter. Foot.; Pres. L.C.A.A.; Councillor L.C. Lit. and Debat. Soc.; Pres. Senior Year; Editor-in-chief, L.C. Review; Inter. Debating Team.

THOMS, George Francis

"You know I say what I think, no more, no less."
Longfellow.

A man with the courage of his convictions, an assiduous worker and proud of the fact, a versatile, rugged athlete, a patriotic citizen of Verdun—such, in



short, is George Thoms, whose personality is a happy blending of downright ability and unfeigned modesty.

As a student he ranks among the honour men. He has a natural aversion to flowery language and quibbling, believes only in facts concisely presented, and possesses synopses that are always in great demand before examinations.

On the rugby field his play was characterised by an indomitable fighting spirit. His work in the R.M.C. game will always remain a happy memory to others. He is also one of the mainstays of the hockey team, playing an effective and reliable game on defence.

During his seven years at Loyola, George has learnt and put into practice the best traditions of the place; he goes forth a worthy representative.

Activities: M.C. Sodality; Dramatics; Inter. Football and Hockey.

TIGH, William

"Never the likes of his logic was heard."
Alfred Percival Graves.

Seven years have passed since Bill first entered Loyola. During this period he has proved himself a student of



exceptional ability and versatility. He is diligent in class work, a competent organiser, and a debater of note. No branch of college activity, it may be truthfully said, has not felt his beneficent influence.

Possessed of a magnetic personality, Bill is popular with all. Some indeed attribute to his personality his prominent position in social circles; but the general consensus of opinion has it due to his excellent imitations of the bagpipes, and of bird calls and to his emphatic denunciation of socialism.

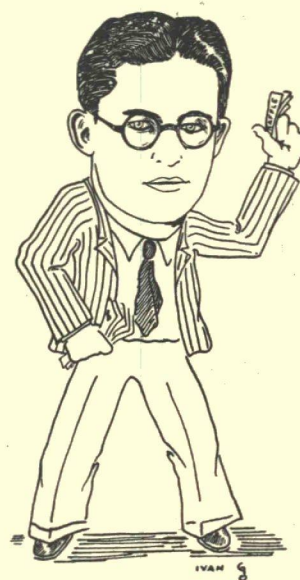
In graduating, Bill has the best wishes of all and we look forward to even greater success for him in the business world.

Activities: Montreal Debating League Team (2nd year); Circulation Manager of the *Review*; Councillor L.C.A.A.; Carnival Organiser; Inter. Football; Intramural Hockey.

TOUGAS, Hubert Wilfred

*"Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."* Gay.

Remembrance of Bert's happy repartee and mirthful turning of a happy word must ever remain in the minds of the



present generation at Loyola. Versatility is his characteristic. His care-free contributions to corridor symposia are only surpassed by his skill with the black disc in intramural hockey.

If we apply the School men's adage "Agere sequitur esse" to our Bert, we find he must be self-sacrificing in an unlimited way; for the criterion of self-sacrifice is to run a raffle to refill the depleted coffers of the L.C.A.A., and Bert has run many.

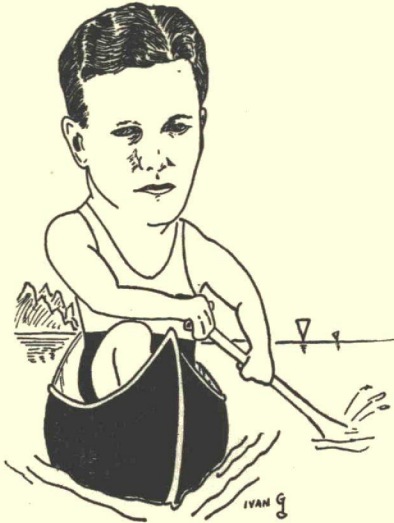
We will not go on to enumerate his many qualities. All may be concisely put by saying that one has only to make his acquaintance to become his friend.

Activities: Raffle Organizer L.C.A.A.; Literary and Debating Society; Intramural Hockey.

WALSH, Francis Anthony

"What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar."

Red is of the serious and conservative type that convinces. He joined us in Fourth High and has embodied in himself those ideals that fill us with pride when we point Red out and say

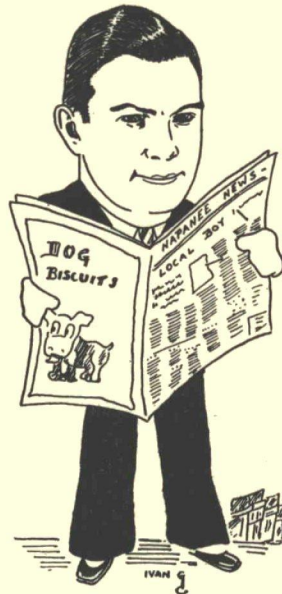


"There's a Loyola man". It is not only that he has taken to himself high standards (Loyola standards) but, particularly, the manner of his living up to them that commands our whole-hearted respect.

But do not think that he is just one mass of seriousness. Any such idea would be dispelled at once if you saw him driving recklessly the worthy descendant of his Model T. He is a proponent of red mustachios, an enthusiastic skier, and a noted football mentor. His favourite arguments against pseudo-sophisticates (Mr. Cuddihy) are derived from the aesthetic view-point, and his invectives are reinforced by his unassuming manner and his admirable command of English.

Liked by all, respected by all, he remains ever sincerely, Frank (Red) Walsh.

Activities: N.R.S. Sodality; Intramural Hockey; The "Orphans" Football; Junior High School Football Coach.



WAY, Edmund Joseph

*"With Atlantian shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies."*

Milton.

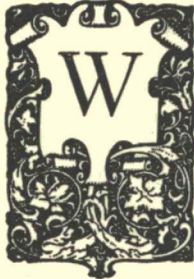
Four years ago Napanee sent us Eddie, who has proved himself to be an athlete, a student, and a militarist of note. Weighing close to two hundred pounds, Eddie always provides sturdy opposition at inside wing. A hard working student with a flair for mathematics and air thermometers, he is at his best in the Physics and Chem Labs.

We understand that he has only two ambitions remaining to be fulfilled before leaving Loyola; the first is to place beyond cavil and dispute the vast superiority of No. 2 Platoon; the second is to break the high-jump record at the coming field day.

Modest, sincere, and a true friend, he will be missed by all; we can only say that whatever be his chosen profession we are assured of his success.

Activities: M.C. Sodality; Councillor St. John Berchmans Society; 2nd Lieut. C.O.T.C.; Inter. Football; Track Team.

The King of Hearts



WHAT a time for him to come down!!", moaned Terry for the tenth time, as he ceased his restless pacing up and down the room, and flung himself into the depths of the arm-chair. Again he drew the crumpled telegram from the pocket of his dressing gown and re-read the message:

ARRIVING FRIDAY AFTERNOON STOP UN-
UNCERTAIN WHETHER BY MOTOR OR TRAIN
STOP WILL CALL YOU AT YOUR ROOMS STOP

THE KING

It was a familiarity that they both enjoyed, that the father's nick-name should be used by the son.

Well, his dad would be calling any time now, and there'd be the devil and all to pay; and goodness knows what would come of it!! He didn't care anyway!! But he did. It might break "the King's" heart. You could never tell how he'd take such a thing. He was so rigidly and scrupulously honest himself. Besides he wasn't anything of the city sophisticate, but one, with the granite-like, unalterable code of the wilds. This business would run right against his grain. Oh well—the harsh ringing of the telephone broke in on his gloomy reverie.

"Yes, this is Terry, who,—is that you King, how are you? Oh, I'm fine," listlessly, "In half an hour? O.K. Bye, bye."

Well, get set Terry, strike up the band and that sort of rot.

While the lad waited for his father's arrival, he busied himself nervously tidying up the room, and setting things to rights. Books were hurriedly jammed

into the wrong book-shelves, papers carelessly brushed aside. He removed his dressing-gown, combed his hair, donned shirt and collar and tie.

Twenty minutes to wait.

He picked up a magazine, and put it down without opening the covers. He looked longingly at a package of cigarettes which had remained unopened on top of the book-case since the commencement of the football season, and then looked hurriedly away out of the window. Might not play to-morrow, but he wouldn't break training until to-morrow night.

Fifteen minutes to wait.

He picked up a newspaper, and seeing his own name emblazoned in inch type on the full page headline, he wearily put it down again. With a sigh of disgust, he ceased trying to divert himself and merely sat, thinking of the glorious, care-free past, the awful present and the blacker future. Well, there was nothing to do about it. He just couldn't tell the King, and so he'd have to let the team down. Anyway he owed the King a deuce of a lot more than the Varsity.

Suddenly the door burst open, and a giant of a man entered. Silently they clasped hands, looking deep into each other's eyes. Terry's wavered first. This was the man he had let down, and his heart gave a queer little jump. The King's countenance seemed lighted up from within. There was something more than paternal affection in that look, there was also friendship, companionship, pride, and admiration. Terry was every single thing in the world to him, and his was the affection which is never ashamed of its depth.

One could tell at a glance they were father and son. The same massive yet perfectly proportioned build, the same



LOYOLA COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Front Row: E. SHERIDAN, *President*, Mr. H. LACROIX, S.J., *Moderator*, W. DALY.

Middle Row: C. HAYNES, G. GEORGE, B. O'CONNOR, W. TIGH, L. McKENNA, L. BYRNE.

Back Row: F. SHAUGHNESSY, C. BUCHER, R. DALY, J. McDONNELL.



RESIDENT SODALITY

Seated: J. ANGLIN, T. ELLIS, REV. FR. MCCARTHY, R. DALY.

Standing: M. BEDARD, E. WAY, J. DARCHE, W. SINGLETON, C. HILL, E. ESTRADA.



NON-RESIDENT SODALITY

Seated: E. GOUGH, F. SHAUGHNESSY, REV. FR. MCCARTHY, S.J., B. O'CONNOR.

Standing: R. KING, J. TOPPINGS, G. BURMAN, J. TANSEY, L. CARROLL, J. BULGER, W. STEWART, G. THOMS.

curly brown hair, Irish eyes, and aquiline nose. The senior bore his forty-five years well; he scarcely looked his age. His deep tan and lithe movements bespoke an outdoor life, nor did the signs lie, for throughout the timberlands of the north-west More O'Brien, "The King", was known as the greatest lumber magnate of them all, a lord whose domain was many rolling miles of pine, and spruce, and cedar; whose word was law, whose promise was better far than a notary's contract.

Without education, he had risen from the estate of a lumber-jack, by innate ability, industry, and a realistic idealism regarding the possibilities of the development of the north. O'Brien was a pioneer, and all the primitive virtues of the race were manifest in his countenance.

The boy resembled his father in many respects. Perhaps it was the air of culture and refinement which seemed to detract somewhat from his appearance of rugged strength of character. Perhaps it was some hint of weakness in the chin or mouth, or perhaps about the eyes.

"Terry, boy," burst out the King exuberantly "it's a proud and happy man I am this day. I bought every paper I could pick up on my way over from the station, and I find my own Terry takin' more space than the Chinese and Japanese Donnybrook. On the front page. 'Terrance O'Brien elected President of Students' Council. Grid Star selected as most representative student to head students' organization. Huge majority.' To think o' Terry O'Brien leading the high-brows and the aristocrats. It does my heart good. And, shure on th' sportin' page you can see nothin' else but the grand old name. 'Terry O'Brien, the Gallop-in' Gael will lead St. Mike's against Dominion gridders.' 'St. Mike's favoured to maintain unbeaten record, while smashing Dominion's'. 'Coach William (Spike) Mulqueen predicts

O'Brien will score three touches.' Oh, it's wonderful, boy. It's all I ever wanted you to get out of college. To make your mark in the respect of every man, in all lines: academic, an' social, an' athletic. Tell me, boy, do you think you'll win,—but of course you will; Mulqueen says you will and if he's not Irish, then bad cess to him?"

"Well, I don't know, King," answered Terry slowly, "any way, I don't think I'll be playing,—in fact I know I won't!"

"What's the matter, hurt?"

"No, not that,"

"Disqualified? You haven't been up to anything, have you, Terry, boy?"

"No, it's nothing like that at all dad. I can't tell you; I just can't, that's all. You wouldn't understand, King, and besides if you knew, you wouldn't want to know. If you get what I mean,—Oh dad, I'm nearly crazy about it now, can't you leave it alone?"

More heaved himself out of the chair, and stood looking down at his son.

"Terrance, lad, there's more in this than meets the eye. You're keeping something from me, boy, and I never thought I'd live to see that day. When your mother died, Terry, when you were born, I thought the world had come to an end. There was nothin' to live for, an' I wanted to die. My life was as empty as the Halls of Tara without a harp, or the northland without a tree. An' the old soggarth that was with her at the end, came and put his arm around me and said, 'More, you've got the child to cherish, so thank God for His goodness, and accept His Holy will!' . . . An' so, lad, I went in an' looked at you sleeping in your cradle, that my darling Noreen was to have rocked, an' I swore by the love I had for her, and which could never die, that I'd be father, and mother, and friend, and brother to you. That I'd make the good things of life yours, because she'd want it so. And in that way, Terry, there came into my life a

love greater than any before, Terry, because it was my love for her and the one for you rolled into one. So I thanked God for it, as the good father said. And all my life I've tried to do the right thing, so that no man could ever scorn you as More O'Brien's boy. Tell me, boy, have I ever been over-harsh with you, or unforgivin', or misunderstandin'? Haven't we been friends and brothers, and is there something you can't tell your brother? An' so be it's as bad as that Terry, my own heart is broken, and life is empty again, boy, for my heart can't stand suspicion, and you leave me nothin' else. . . ."

Terry was sobbing openly and unashamed. More crossed over and put his arm around his shoulder . . . "Out with it, lad, sure there's never a thing can come between us, so long as you can own up like a man!"

The boy looked up slowly, and there was a new light of confidence in his eyes. "Gee, King," he said slowly, "I wish I deserved to be your son; I'll tell you what's wrong."

"You know, dad, I came down from the limberlost to town, pretty early this year, near two weeks before classes opened. I had nothing to do,—none of the fellows were back,—so, like a fool, I started going over to Wally Ainsmith's. He keeps a gambling house. It's a high-class place and the stakes run fairly high sometimes. I know your views on gambling,—you told me never to play, even though you're a habitué yourself. You say a man's a fool to let it get him, and it always does if you indulge the inclination. I found that out. Anyway I went in for poker in a pretty big way, and one night, when I'd had a little too much to drink Wally took the limit off, and opened up the game sky-high. I lost two thousand dollars, and about five hundred in cash, and the rest in notes I gave out. I figured on selling my roadster to cover them. Next night, I was back,—but not playing, I'd had enough. I saw

exactly the same play being enacted, only they had another sucker to work on. And Ainsmith was cuffing cards, and mixing his deals. I figured they'd been putting the same thing over on me, because I'd been holding uniformly good hands, but theirs always seemed a little bit better. Later, I told Ainsmith I wouldn't pay him, but he threatened to bring the notes to the Prexy, and perhaps take up a lawsuit. That'd mean the boot for me, so I just had to kick through.

"Now here's the crazy part of it. I figured I didn't owe Ainsmith a cent, so I decided that two could play at a chiseling game. I had a couple of notes from him, so I knew his signature; my writing is very like his, so I forged his name and endorsement to a cheque for fifteen hundred dollars". More stiffened in his chair as Terry continued. "Oh, I know it was pretty black, King, it was insane, but I reckoned on paying Ainsmith in his own coin. Anyway, the day that lectures started, I cashed the cheque,—disguised, and sent the fifteen hundred over to Wally's."

"Just a crazy Irishman's trick," moaned More. "We always did have too much imagination. I'm disappointed in ye, boy, that ye disregarded my orders about gambling. You'd think I didn't know what I was talking about. And not takin' your medicine like a man cuts still deeper, but what's done's done, and we can always start over on a cleaner page. But go on, boy!"

"Well, I never went down there again since lectures started. I was through, and I always will be. But yesterday, Ainsmith was up to see *me*! Somehow or other, he's traced the cheque to me, and if I play to-morrow, he'll prosecute, and I'll be heaved out of school, and publicly disgraced,—if not jailed. The idea is this. St. Mike's are the favourites to beat Dominion to-morrow for the Canadian championship. But without boasting, the whole of St. Mike's offence is built

around my running and passing plays, and Ainsmith figures that if I don't play, Dominion will win. Most people would think he's right. So I'm to stay out of the game. He'll get plenty of money placed on Dominion at one to three,—St. Mike's money is going begging for takers,—and the nice part of it is that Dominion will win. Simple, isn't it?"

For a long time, neither man nor boy spoke.

"Well, lad, you know what to do, huh?" queried the King at last.

"What?" answered Terry dully. "I guess the thing to do is to play honest, King. I wasn't worrying about the disgrace so much for itself. I was worrying about you, and now that I've got it off my chest, I don't care so much as long as you'll back my play. I can't let all the fellows down, so to hoot with Ainsmith. We'll beat Dominion yet."

"That's the spirit, boy, and I have an idea there won't be any disgrace, or prosecution or any thing else. You were wrong, there's no doubt about that, but I can mind the time when I lost all my season's pay in a crooked walnut show, and when I found out it was crooked, I manhandled the slicker and took my money back. Ethically, the system may not be sound, but it's almighty satisfyin'. Where is this Ainsmith's joint? Anyway, I reckon I might talk to Wally."

"You can't manhandle him, King," cautioned Terry swiftly. "He's a hard lad, and he keeps a couple of gorillas in the place all the time. Better let things slide, and settle in court, or out of it, if possible."

"Listen Terry," answered the father, "I never took a crooked nickel in my life, and I never paid one under extortion, and I never bought my way out of any kind of a fight yet, and it's no time to start. If you give me his address, I'll see Ainsmith,—there may be a kick in the old boy yet. You get a good night's sleep for that game to-

morrow, and I'll see you in the morning."

The same evening at about eleven o'clock, a massive, and slightly intoxicated gentleman, in evening dress, knocked at the door of the dignified conservative-looking mansion that stands on the northeast corner of Murray Square. A liveried doorman opened the grill and inquired his name.

"Tell Ainsmith that More Milloy wants to see him. Tell him Terry O'Brien sent me. Tell him I'm a fine fellow, and here's ten dollars for you."

A half a minute later the door opened and More walked in, to be greeted by a tall, sallow, quiet individual who introduced himself as Ainsmith.

"Just in from the north woods, with lots of money and a big desire for a good time. I reckon I want to show you city fellers how real poker is played."

"Always willing to arrange a little game for a friend of Mr. O'Brien," murmured Ainsmith suavely. "There are a few choice spirits in my private suite. Will you join us? It's more comfortable than the public playing rooms." Ainsmith was a good judge of affluence, and he always preferred to save the good pickings for his own private plucking.

Swaying suspiciously, More mounted the stairs. In a luxuriously furnished apartment, four men in dinner jackets sat at an inlaid poker table. Two were evidently students,—somewhat the worse for liquor,—Brice and James. The other pair were of Ainsmith's caste, professional gamblers, Yates and Zelli.

The introductions completed, Ainsmith and More sat down. On a significant look from the former, Yates yawned disgustedly and proposed a raise in the stakes. "Let's make it five for white, ten for red, and twenty for blue." Brice withdrew on the plea that he had to be going. James agreed nervously. More approved boisterously.

Play continued for some time with luck consistently, but not markedly favouring More. As he drew in his winnings, he continually chaffed the others on their losses. James withdrew after dropping four hundred in cash, and giving Ainsmith his note for two hundred more. Still, luck favoured the giant, and the gamblers grew more and more irritated at his banter. Suddenly unable to contain himself longer, Yates burst out, "Look here, Ainsmith, let's take the limit off, and play money on the table. I'll be called a piker by no man, least of all a farmer from the sticks."

Ainsmith looked at More, "Are you agreeable, Mr. Milloy?"

"Of course, of course, of course," Mr. Milloy growled. "The more money you wise guys put up, the more I can win. I should kick."

Play re-started. Zelli's deal. More won. Ainsmith's deal. More won. The stakes had not amounted to very much. Yates deal. More held three aces and two useless cards. On the draw he picked two queens. Full house, aces and queens. The betting was high. Zelli dropped out. Continued raising. Yates dropped out. More raised Ainsmith a hundred. The proprietor looked at his cards, and pushed all the money before him out into the center of the table. "See you and raise you five hundred."

More dropped five century notes on the table and laid down his hand. Ainsmith held four deuces.

O'Brien's deal. Ainsmith picked up his cards, nine, ten, jack, queen of diamonds and the five of clubs. He discarded the five spot. And the chance in a thousand came through,—he drew the king of diamonds. A straight flush, almost royal. The betting was very high. Yates and Zelli dropping early. More chaffed Ainsmith every time the latter raised asking him to bet big money. Six thousand dollars lay in the middle of the table. More had no more

in cash. Suddenly he laid his hand face down on the table. His eyes cleared and his shoulders stiffened.

"Ainsmith," he said, "I'm 'King' O'Brien, Terry's dad. I know all about the mix-up,—Now I think my hand is better than yours, and I'm willing to bet on it. I'll put my signed and endorsed check for a hundred thousand against that check my boy forged. Are you game or are you yellow?"

Ainsmith regarded him steadily. "But Mr. O'Brien," he spread his slim, perfectly manicured fingers on the edge of the table, "what guarantee have I that the check will be honoured, if I win?"

"Listen, Ainsmith. They don't call me 'King' for nothing. The money's in the Royal Bank. I never in my life broke my sworn word, and I swear it'll be paid."

Ainsmith considered a moment. O'Brien had kept two cards on the first round. He drew three. Ergo, most likely a full house, a very small possibility of four of a kind, possibly a straight flush, but most unlikely would it be as high as his own. A good bet. "O'Brien," he said slowly, "I live by my wits, and I have to guess men right. I don't often make mistakes. It's a good bet."

O'Brien drew out his cheque-book, and made out the slip. The gambler turned to a small safe which stood in the corner, manipulated the dials, and in a few moments came back with a blue check. Each examined the other's document, and they were laid in the center of the table. Yates and Zelli had remained silent throughout the transaction.

Ainsmith, with an air of easy assurance laid down his cards. Nine, ten, jack, queen, king of diamonds. He looked triumphantly at O'Brien, while the latter stared at the paste-boards as though sensing defeat. O'Brien looked at his hand and spoke slowly, laying down each card as he mentioned it.

"Well, gambler, I've got, the ten of hearts, . . . the jack of hearts, . . . the queen of hearts . . . the ace of hearts . . . and 'the King', also holds the King,—of Hearts." As he laid the last card on the board, the nose of a stubby, evil-looking little automatic appeared over the edge of the table.

"Sit very still, gentlemen," he drawled. "I don't doubt your honesty in the least, but there are those who can take their losses like gentlemen, and those who can't. I'm sure none of you are of the latter class,—especially when you are looking at this," and he pushed his weapon forward suggestively "You, Zelli," he directed, "light a match to those cheques."

The sulphur flared up, and then the paper.

"Good, now crumple up the ashes. That's the boy."

"Now take all the bills, and put them all in my top-coat there. Anything over and above what I came with, I'll donate to charity in the names of those celebrated philanthropists, Yates, Zelli, and Ainsmith. And by the way, Ainsmith, I hope you haven't bet too much money on Dominion, because you see, Terry'll play to-morrow, and you know what that means.

"And now, boys, I'm going to give you a little lecture." He regarded the three before him. They gazed at him somewhat after the manner of cornered beasts. One moment of carelessness on the part of the keeper, and they leap. More's voice grew harsh. "You dirty rats, you should confine your activities to college kids who don't know the ropes. I was playing poker when you people were in rompers, and there aren't so many tricks that have been invented since. You're about the clumsiest workmen I ever saw. I've seen lumber-jacks in the camps who could teach you things. Sharping is bad enough, but when it comes to black-mail, damn you Ainsmith, I should put a bullet in your dirty carcass. Why . . ."

Carried away by his passion, the muzzle of the automatic wavered. In a flash the table was overturned and the room plunged in darkness.

Terry was in the throes of a nightmare, in which he was being tackled by dozens of grinning Ainsmiths, as he tried to get to the touch-line, lugging a ball formed of crumpled cheques,—when the telephone awakened him. He rose, mumbling grumpily, prepared for the usual wrong number.

"Yes, this is Mr. Terrance O'Brien . . . To what hospital? . . . Yes, I'll go right up, yes, right away. . . . Thanks Captain."

It was surely the most absurdly attired driver ever to sit in a driver's seat that sent the big roadster careening through the deserted streets, at three in the morning. Up the heights the car surged, up the long drive to the portecochère of the General Hospital. And likewise it was the most surprised man in the world, who opened the door to have a wild-eyed young giant in pajamas leap by him with his dressing gown flying behind him, and leaving one slipper in the vestibule.

The doctor met him outside the private ward in which his father lay. "Now, my boy," he said kindly, "there's nothing very much to worry about. I called you before I made my examination, thinking I'd better have some relative here, in case some drastic action was necessary. I found your address in a letter in his pocket. The police found him lying in a lane over on the south side. He had been pretty badly beaten up. Though serious, his condition is by no means immediately dangerous. He's got a broken collar-bone, and a sprained wrist, a couple of cracked ribs, and a lot of bruises. There's a concussion of the brain which may or may not be serious, I don't think it is, but I'll have to wait for X-ray plates before I can tell. No in-

ternal injuries, I'm pretty sure. He's unconscious now,—been so since they found him, but you can go in and take a look at him if you want to."

More lay on the bed, breathing heavily, his eyes partly closed. An unsightly bruise disfigured his face, and his head was crowned with a great bandage. As the boy sank to his knees beside the bed, the patient started to murmur, and mutter to himself, quickly and thickly. The boy could catch little beyond the words, "Made Zelli burn the check anyway, burn the check anyway, . . .". A lump welled in Terry's throat and his head sank forward on the counterpane. Great tears coursed down his cheeks. If anything should happen to "the King" because of his folly. "Oh, God, please don't let anything happen to him, please, please, . . ."

The tableau continued for a moment until the doctor lifted him gently and said, "You might as well go home. There's absolutely nothing you can do here; and I don't want a nervous wreck on my hands as well. There's positively no immediate danger. If there's any change, I'll have you advised right away."

Terry left, but it was little sleep he got that night. At seven, he dozed off fitfully, only to wake again at nine. He dressed and drove to the hospital.

"Still, no change," he was told. "He's still unconscious." The boy waited around until eleven, when the deep boom of the campus tower clock warned him he should present himself at training table. "Might as well go over," he thought wearily. Was he going to play? For the first time he thought about the game. He looked at the still form on the bed. He knew that the King would want him to. Why let Ainsmith win the rubber after all. He was as useless as a baby around the hospital anyway.

Up at the field-house all was hubbub and confusion. Two teams unbeaten and untied in two years, meeting for

the first time for the mythical championship, in what was billed as the greatest grid-battle of the century. The great defensive work of St. Mike's pitted against Dominion's high scoring power. The lightning dashes of Terry O'Brien against those powerful ends of the visitors. The battle of the century!

Spike Mulqueen, the hard-bitten mentor, famed from coast to coast for his great football system, his green derby, and his two-for-five cigars, found Terry sitting solitary and disconsolate in a deserted corner of the refectory.

"S'matter, Gallopin' Gael, feel nervous?" Spike was in rare spirits. For the first time in his life, he had a team which he confidently expected would take the championship.

Terry looked up, "Coach, I feel terrible, honest, terrible."

"What's wrong?" Concern was written all over his face. This was serious, the scoring threat feeling that way, just before the game.

"No sleep last night, ate no breakfast, can't eat any lunch, feel awful."

"No sleep," exploded the mentor, "No sleep, whadd'ye mean, no sleep. Didn't I tell you to get to bed at nine, and no foolin'?"

"Dad met with a bad accident,—run over by a truck,—I had to go up to the hospital to see him at three o'clock this morning."

"Wurra" moaned the man, his indignation vanishing, "Tough break, kid, but don't let it get you. They ain't nothin' you can do about it. They'se about fifty thousand people expect you to do your duty, and go to work this afternoon, and if you're on to your *game* and play up, that'll help him more than any doctor can. Now listen,—you go up to the pool, and swim the length,—no more mind you,—and get one of the trainers to give you a rub down, and massage your legs and stomach. Come down, and climb outside a cup of tea, two poached eggs, and two pieces of toast. Then meet me outside

on the drive, and we'll go for a spin. I've got some instructions to give about this game, and since you're going to handle the team, there's plenty I've got to tell you."

"Three-quarter time, and the scoreboard reads 0-0, at the moment," droned the radio announcer. "But unless I miss my guess, Dominion will get a touch in a minute or so. It's the visitors' ball on the home-team's five yard-line, and St. Mike's are weakening fast. They look like a beaten team right now. This is truly the battle of the century. A great game, folks, but it's a pity that O'Brien isn't on to his game. He's doing his best, but it's none too good. His mind can't be on the game, 'cause he's called some funny plays in tight places,—O'Brien, the quarter back that never made a mistake before. Perhaps he hasn't been training hard for a little thing like the mythical championship, for he looks the worst of a tired crew. So far Johnny Cannon has turned in the best effort for the green-shirted St. Mike's squad. His great defensive work and marvellous running have saved St. Mike's so far, but it doesn't look as though he'll have much chance here. Most coaches would have yanked O'Brien on his showing so far, but Mulqueen has all the faith in the world in the Gallopin' Gael, and, anyway, St. Mike's without O'Brien are like gold-fish without the gold. There's a lot of commotion down by St. Mike's bench, but I can't see what it's all about from here. They'll be starting again in a moment, this broadcast comes to you through the courtesy . . ."

Down by the St. Mike's bench was being enacted the strangest drama that ever a football bowl beheld. More O'Brien, his head bandaged, and crazily surmounted by a silk topper, at a

rakish angle, in hospital night-gown, top-coat, and patent leather shoes was speaking in low fierce tones to his son.

"Get out there and play the game, you, Terry! Would it be makin' me ashamed of the grand old name, that you'd be doin'? Quittin' on me, and lettin' Ainsmith beat us both after all I've done? You're not quitting on your dad, are you, boy, on the old King,—Play you're heart out, boy,—Oh, I know what's been botherin' ye, Terry, avick, but fergit it,—I'm all right,—there's the whistle now, do it fer me!"

"Well, folks, the game's starting again. Last period; nothing all; second down; Dominion in possession on St. Mike's five-yard line; five yards for a touch. Look's like a plunge by Cramer, Dominion's great plunging half. It is,—Cramer was nailed in his tracks by,—just a minute,—by O'Brien. Last down five to go. I don't think Dominion will kick. No, they're taking a chance; no it's a short end run to the right; Cramer's cutting in; he's nailed again by O'Brien. Well, it's St. Mike's ball. First down on their three-yard line. O'Brien is barking the signals. They shift. O'Brien is fading back; it's a forward; yes, a forward to the right, and its completed, folks, it's completed. The St. Mike's crowd have gone wild. O'Brien to Cannon for thirty yards. It's still anybody's game. That was a beautiful play, so daring it took Dominion completely by surprise. They're lining up, they shift right. O'Brien around the right. The interference have taken the ends out, he's in the clear, he goes, twenty, thirty, thirty-five yards, and is brought down by the Dominion safety man at the side line. On two plays St. Mike's have carried the ball from the shadow of their own goal-posts right into the enemy's territory. Somebody's out there. Can't see who it is. He's up, it

was Conway, right end of Dominion. St. Mike's seem to be coming to now. I wonder if it'll last. They're lining up now; it's a plunge; Munroe through left; smeared by Cramer. Second down, ten to go. They're lining up, shifting, the ball comes out,—to O'Brien, he's fading back, looks like a forward to Cannon again. No,—he's taking it himself, wide, around the left end. He stiff arms Cramer, he goes twenty, thirty, he cuts back, he goes round the safety man like a merry-go-round,—he's in the clear. It's a touch, folks, it's a touch. I don't know if you can hear me, the crowd have gone crazy. It's the nicest bit of broken-field running I ever saw, and without boasting I've seen plenty. St. Mike's woke up, and don't Dominion know it. This boy O'Brien looks like one of the greats of all time. He's got that magnetic quality. Once he's on his game the others play right up to him. That's a different team right down there on the oval. And what a difference! But that O'Brien,—oh man,—he's got a shift that makes the boys strain the old vertebrae trying to touch him, and a change of pace that makes the opposition run all over itself O'Brien back, Cannon holds the ball. It's converted, a perfect placement, the score is now 6-0 for St. Mike's, and this broadcast comes to you through the courtesy of

Down on the oval, Mulqueen was on the field. "Can you keep goin', Terry, can ye keep it up lad?"

"Dunno, Coach, my legs are like lead, I,"

"Fight 'em, every bit, only about ten minutes to go. Fight 'em, fight 'em, fight 'em"

"There's only two minutes to go folks, score 9-0 for St. Mike's—Terry O'Brien, the Galloping Gael, just kicked a field-goal after a fifty-yard march by the fighting Irish. That was

three minutes ago. This St. Mike's team is out on its feet, but it's just too Irish to quit. They're dead, but darned if they know it. Dominion is trying desperately to score, but they've failed to make yards this period. O'Brien seems to be all over the field,—ubiquitous is the word isn't it, or something like that. He's 99 44/100% of St. Mike's attack and defence. Dominion's ball on the twenty-five yard line. Cramer through left for seven yards, before O'Brien pulled him down. Wonder how long this kid can take the punishment he's taking. Last down, one to go; I think Dominion will chance it. Yes, Cramer through right, Cannon's got him. I can't see whether it's yards or not, just a minute. O'Brien's out. Guess the interference got him for once this period. Yes, it's yards and first down. O'Brien's up; he's groggy, but up, anyway, . . . Say, he's been stopping the whole Dominion attack single-handed. And let me tell you when Stockton and Cramer and their boy-friends hit, they hit hard. Dominion are shifting, it's an end run to the right. That's beautiful interference, Carsley goes five, ten, twelve yards before Munroe gets him. It's yards again, folks, Dominion's ball on the four-yard line. Sixty seconds to go and five yards for a touch. It looks like Dominion's chance to avert a shut-out, as they say in baseball parlance. They're shifting, Cramer through left,—O'Brien came over and made the tackle for no gain. He's out! No, he's up. Second down, and this broadcast comes to

Down on the field, Terry could hear the Dominion quarter call "One, four, seven, eleven, shift, . . . one, two, three." Cramer again,—mechanically he swung to the threat. There he was,—around the knees,—now dive, . . . NOW. Gee, how it hurt,—for a minute his stomach gave a queer little hop. Everything murky for a minute. Someone

was pushing a wet sponge down his back. Smelling salts,—the bottle partly tipped and some of the liquid fell on his lips. It burned. He wondered dully if it was because his lips were cut or did it always burn. What a lousy taste! Gee, my shoulder. Someone was slapping him on the back, and telling him what a smart tackle it was. No gain either. He found himself saying, for no good reason at all, "I know how smart it is,—try to stop him yourself, and see how smart you've got to be to get him." Cannon was bending over him and his head was clearing. "Just one more play, Terry, that's all. Let's go. Stand up. Line up." Terry moved mechanically around behind his line,—slapping them, shouting incoherent encouragement, and defiance. Would they pull Cramer again, or would it be Stockton? Cramer was the logical bet, but they might give Stockton the call, to cross them up. He watched Cramer's eyes. Yes, Cramer would get it,—Cramer telegraphed his plays by his nervous looks at the backs of his interference. Yes, there it was, Cramer's spinner formation. Can't stop Cramer again. Arm will break off at the shoulder. Gee,—no, hurt too much. Here's Cramer; gee, he's big,—and fast. Let him score, we've still got the game. Aw, don't quit. Not now. The King up there on the bench wouldn't quit. Dive. Through the interference. At the knees. "Dive O'Brien!" Got him,—game over,—didn't hurt,—much,—blackness . . .

That evening in Terry's room, the King sat in the big arm-chair, his head still bandaged, his arm in a sling.

"Well, after the lights went out, somebody got clumsy, and missed my head and hit my shoulder,—they didn't miss the second time, and I woke up in the hospital, about 11:30 this morning. Tried to get in touch with you, but you were driving with Mulqueen. Guess he didn't want you thinking too much about me. I felt *oke*, except for a headache, so the doc said I could listen to the game over the radio. Well, I knew right away what was the matter with you, so I figured I'd better come. The doc wouldn't hear of it; spun a lot of talk about complications, and didn't seem to realize that it was a hang of a lot worse for me to have to sit and listen, than to go to you. So, I just waited till the nurse was out of the room, and grabbed my clothes out of the cupboard, and down I came via the fire-escape. Felt pretty shaky, but I made it to the street. Took a taxi to the stadium, and, thank God, there was a semi-intelligent under-grad at the gate. And so I got in."

"In a major fashion, you got in," echoed Terry. "But tell me, Dad. Suppose you had lost that hundred thousand check?"

"Well, you see, boy, according to Hoyle, a royal straight flush beats an ordinary straight flush, and maybe it was a little bit of poker sense that I got from the boys up north, and maybe it was a little bit of phenageling, that made me know just what Ainsworth held . . ."

Terry smiled, "I figure you're always going to be King, to me, dad. *Vive le Roi!*"

E. SHERIDAN, '32.



The Juniors

AFTER a year devoted to assiduous key-hole peeking and patient caves-dropping, your two noseey reporters are now prepared to give you what is vulgarly known as the 'low-down' on the members of the illustrious class of '33—Intramural Hockey champs, ardent supporters of every college activity, prominent in affairs military, devotees of Chemistry, exponents of the highest in Philosophy and ever listed in the 'among those present' at the gayest social functions of our fair metropolis. But as we were saying

Vincent Walsh has grown up in the shadow of Loyola, and is one of the pioneers of the class of '33, having joined it in Prep school days, when he didn't know a rectangular hyperbola from a procoelous vertebra, and cared even less. As an authority on dirigibles and other matters aeronautical, he cannot be equalled, and we have strong suspicions that his prime interest in C.O.T.C. is to make the world safe for democracy and heavier-than-air machines. He is the proud co-author of a System of Auction Bidding, which is not yet quite infallible, but Vinny takes these minor reverses with a gentlemanly fortitude befitting one whose full title is C.S.M., L.C.C.O.T.C. Seriously, though, Vinny is a capable and highly intelligent young man, upon whom the exalted mantle of a Senior will next year descend most gracefully.

Angelo Sesia is another serious-minded individual who aspires to a literary career, and is well on his way to see those hopes realized. Besides being an Editor of the *Review*, he is a regular contributor to two well-known local periodicals. From what we have seen of his writings, we venture the

suggestion that "Angus" has a fair notion of what it's all about in Manchuria, and elsewhere. His mandolin playing attracted the favourable (!) comment of no less a personage than the Dean, and he confided to us that his favourite radio crooner is none other than the famous Italian baritone, Signor Eduardo Cantor.

And do you know that Michael Hugh McMorrow by actual count has made more speeches and broken more test-tubes than any other ten people in the class? Moreover, he's proud of it. Incidentally, if you want to start a heated discussion, just say something anti-Irish when Mac's around. But don't say we didn't warn you! He takes life calmly, with a philosophic shrug, thinks PH_3 is a college degree, and a electrolyte is something you turn off when you go to bed. But that's a horse of a different hugh.

Somehow we strongly suspect that Jack McGovern spends considerable time signing his name and appending the magic initials M.D. Indeed, his thirst for medical knowledge causes him to gravitate in the direction of the Montreal General Hospital. And (a propos of nothing in particular) that open door at the east end of the Chem Lab serves a far more useful purpose than mere ventilation. ("Thank you, Mr. Bell!"). Moreover, the lad reads Kipling in his spare time, which may explain everything. (Quick, Jeeves, we'll have ten volumes at once!)

Paul Simard, 'the man of the moment', rejects the past and neglects the future. Paul has left his thumb-mark on every readable philosophical treatise, and at the mere mention of 'human historical testimony' raises a sceptical eyebrow with the patronising

air of one who knows. But he is no mere intellectual recluse—the glamour and charm of Montreal's *beau monde* have an irresistible charm for him, and on occasion he plays the genial host to members of the class at his luxurious bachelor establishment. *Noblesse oblige*.

Fernand Legault, 'the man with a price on his head', is Lachute's gift to Loyola—Lachute's loss is Loyola's gain, not to mention his indirect swelling of the coffers of St. Mary's Hospital! Ferdie is a seeker after truth, and his involved questions concerning the intricacies of Philosophy provide pleasant interludes during classes. We hope that when the strains of Lachute's brass band welcome home its 'shining light', Ferdie will not forget his old classmates.

Talking of one good French-Canadian naturally leads us to another. Pride of the Pre-Meds, Jimmie Bourgeois modestly attributes his Ontological successes to his daily diet of four dough-nertz (an unsolicited testimonial for Madame Langford). And, incidentally, what the little guy doesn't know about Confirmatory Tests for Strontium could be engraved on the scarf-pin of a microbe. Lately we've been hearing rumours that Professor Bourgeois' theory: "There are not any molecules" is revolutionizing the modern concept of Physics. We often thought ourselves that it was all done with mirrors, wavelengths, quanta, and crinklings of Space Time around an Event-Particle.

Edmund Malone (not to be confused with Mahatma Ghandi, George Jessel, and other famous Irishmen) rates a double A at the bridge table, and modestly admits: "Lenz and Culbertson are good too". His "X-Y-Z of Contract" holds to the "Reproach Forceful" system, which handy volume can be concealed beneath the Ace of Spades, and retails for \$1.50, complete with shin-pads for unresponsive partners. Combining the urbanity of a head-waiter with the despotism of a dictator,

Eddie (Edmund to you, Sir) rules the Quartermaster's Stores with undisputed sway, and in this he is aided and abetted by

Daniel Mascioli, litterateur, orator, and debater par excellence. Dan is a leading citizen of Timmins, Ont., the last frontier of civilization where they pull in the sidewalks as the curfew tolls. But despite such a handicap this young Fascist has risen to a level where he can argue pro or con, in fact both pro and con, with any professor in the land. We have great hopes for our Dan and the day is not far off when "Local Boy Makes Good" will blare across the front page of the Timmins Telegraph.

An unbeatable goal-tender and a fast hard-checking forward, Lester Carrol can rightly be called an all-round good hockey player. With a personality supersaturated with smiles, "Red" blarneys his way through such trouble as Chemistry and Economics. His only noticeable failing is a fondness for indiscreet neckties; he unblushingly appears in cravates of such magnificent combinations of contrasting colours that even a pseudo-artist of the ultra-modern school would immediately change his bootlegger at the very sight of them. We must admit, however, that Red has never yet desecrated the Seventeenth of March by wearing anything but a neckpiece of the orthodox emerald.

Jean Girard is one of the 'late draft' which joined the class of '33 in September. This nattily-dressed gentleman pursues his way with exactitude and promptness, albeit there have been occasional lapses on traditional Saturday mornings. So little time does he spend with us after class, and so modest is he in our midst that we have little first-hand knowledge of him, and we were never known to commit ourselves rashly, though Dame Rumour hath it that Jean is no dim light in the social firmament.

To say that Herbert Clough is eloquent is an understatement. We are quite sure he could sell ice-cream freezers to Eskimos in Alaska, snow-ploughs to Hottentots in Africa, and Ontology text-books for Juniors to read during the summer vacations. To speak entertainingly at any time is an achievement for anyone, but to do so all the time is natural to Herbie. But far be it from us to limit the recounting of his activities to the Rostrum—Philosophy is his pastime, hockey his element, C.O.T.C. his joy, and collecting funds for the Junior-Senior banquet his crown of thorns.

If you'd like to meet John McIlhone in his element, put on a track suit and run ten or twenty miles with him some morning. Jack's idea of starting the day off right is to get up at about three or four o'clock in the morning and run around the Island (the Island of Montreal, in case you're weak in your geography), to work up a respectable appetite for breakfast. Incidentally, Jack lives some twelve miles from the College, and we often wonder how he can get home in time to get up in time to follow this routine. And long will the day be remembered when Jack discovered that setting a match to a hydrogen generator is a sure sign of early spring—which piece of information fell like a bombshell on the rest of the class. (Advice to budding Chemists: Don't.)

Clemens Bucher is a man of parts, in fact of parts outside of parts (as we Scholastic Philosophers say), or what is commonly known as Quantity. Clem is our annual commuter from New Liskard, from the land where men are men and kibitzers are hanged from the flagstaff of the Grand Union Hotel. And as might be expected, Clem excels at such a gentle (for him) game as football. We quote from the *Montreal Gazette's* account of the opening game against Bishop's U.: "The star of the game was Clem Bucher, who besides

holding down his regular position at middle, gave a remarkable exhibition of kicking, gaining yards for the home-sters on every exchange of punts, and accounting for a total of six rouges."

"Ah, But I Call It Love!" Russ Columbo? Nay, none other than William Campbell Rigney, alias "Commodore Bill", known far and wide as 'the sunburned baritone', tuning up the good old larynx. Years ago, Bill succumbed to the lure of a scarlet tunic, "pill-box", and swagger-stick, but his stay at R.M.C. was short, and the C.O.T.C. welcomed him back with open arms. A whole year in the Limestone City was too much for Bill; it's the little eight-month sojourn in Montreal that puts vim, vigour, and vitality into an man!

From Cornwall, a nearby suburb of Kingston, comes William Edward ("Farmer Bill") Daly, leader of the "Back-to-the-Land" movement, ardent pacifist, who sways the Commons with his impassioned harangues, preaches open sedition against the C.O.T.C., and is the foremost exponent of the flying tackle as it should be tackled. Bill's playful little pranks have earned him rebukes by the score, but such slight set-backs have little effect on Little Willie's high spirits, and where would Ye Flatte be without its Master of Ceremonies? In brief, Bill is the epitome of all that a student should be: gentleman, athlete, humorist, and scholar.

The authorities had a little trouble early this year in convincing John MacNamara that Chemistry Lab was necessary for a foundation in Law. However, Mac finally showed up, arrayed in the whitest of white lab coats, and proceeded to go through his experiments with unbelievable rapidity, ably assisted by Bill Rigney and an uncontrollable sense of humour. Though his stay at Loyola has been somewhat short, Mac leaves a host of friends behind him, and at future gatherings, his turn-out on parade in

full C.O.T.C. regalia will be recalled with many a reminiscent chuckle. His departure will leave a gap in the ranks of the College Hockey Team that will be hard to fill, and a vacancy in the class that we can never hope to fill.

Ross Ryan's calmness and imperturbability is proverbial. Indeed, even when a hydrogen generator explodes, he does no more than flicker an eyelash to dislodge pieces of glass. Ross hails from turbulent Brazil, where the presidential term is measured in days instead of years, and where any undue display of emotion leads inevitably to a ride in a hearse. Hence it is not to be wondered at that such little things as high marks in Philosophy (high, even when judged by pre-depression standards) leave him absolutely unmoved.

John Joseph O'Brien is at present giving us convincing proof of that famous axiom of the medieval schoolmen: "Agere sequitur esse", or, translated somewhat freely, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Jack's irresistible grin has been known to cheer the boys up even in the dread hour preceding a

Chem Oral. Draughtmanship is his forte, and his diagrams are nothing short of masterpieces. But if you haven't seen the 'Little Corporal'—six foot one inch of elongated humanity—smartly arrayed in khaki, your education simply isn't complete.

Jacques Laflamme is firmly convinced in his resolve to die for the sake of science; no experiment is dangerous enough, no gas poisonous enough, and no reaction violent enough to daunt Speed. He will probably blow up some day in a blaze of glory trying to discover just how much Sodium you can put in Sulphuric Acid and still keep the roof overhead. The above mentioned pastime (which can be listed under games we'd rather watch than play) demands so much of Speed's time that he has been forced to restrict his activities to the mere holding of high positions in Class, Scientific Society, Debating Society, Dramatic Society, and C.O.T.C.

J. LAFLAMME.

J. O'BRIEN.

* * *

*WHY does a river ever seem to be
 Alive, as we are too?
 Its waters, flowing onward to the sea,
 Ne'er know where they shall find their end
 And when that end shall be.
 Nor are the very banks it passes on its way,
 Its self-hewn bed of sand and mossy rock,
 Wiser of that rendez-vous than they.
 And thus our lives flow on;
 Thus we near death as surely and as true
 As a river nears its outlet in the sea;
 Though when and where our fleeting life
 Shall come upon those icy depths
 The river knows as soon as we.*

J. H. NEWMAN, '34

Trisecting the Angle

(Copyright)



GEOMETRY traces its origin to Ancient Greece and from the same source have come three problems which are classics in the history of Mathematics. They are the Duplication of the Cube, the Squaring of the Circle and the Trisection of an Angle.

Recent newspaper publicity has again focussed attention on the third problem and, as journalism so frequently does, has confused the issue. None of the solutions published solve the problem, for the simple reason that the conditions of the problem are not fulfilled; the constructions are not Euclidean. There is no difficulty about trisecting an angle mathematically, unless one is restricted to strictly Euclidean methods, that is to the use of a compass and ruler. But if these conditions must be adhered to, the problem appears to be insoluble. The argument for this assertion is as follows. The equation of the straight line, $ax+by+c=0$, is an equation of the first degree, that of the circle, $x^2+y^2+2ax+2by+c=0$, is of the second, and no combination of straight line and circle will give us an equation of the third degree. But, to trisect any given angle we must, equivalently, solve graphically an equation of the third degree, $4x^3=3x-a$, where a represents the sine of the angle to be trisected and x the sine of one-third of the angle. Consequently, if we are restricted to the use of ruler and compass, it does not seem possible to perform a construction which involves an equation of the third degree. This argument appears to be conclusive.

But the problem is by no means insoluble by non-Euclidean methods.

For example, if four straight arms, pivoted at one end, are arranged mechanically so that they open fanwise in a uniform movement, the two inside arms will, in every position, trisect the angle enclosed by the two outer arms. A "trisector" of this type was described in the *Scientific American* for December 11th, 1915. This is only one of several methods that have been proposed. As early as 1696, the mathematician Ceva described an apparatus, shown in figure 1, in the form of an articulated lozenge, AC, completed by two arms, CE and CF, sliding along the arms AB and AD produced. If $CE=CF=CD$, the angle at A is one third of the angle ECF.

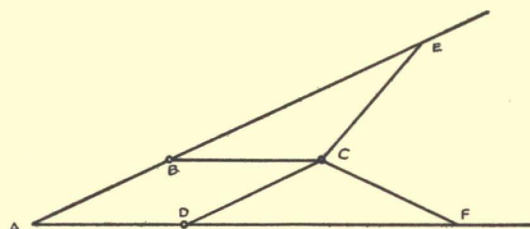


Figure 1

Descartes, in 1629, suggested a solution by means of a cylinder; Barrow, in 1672, ingeniously proposed a cylindrical mirror; Bergery, in 1835, and Laisan in 1875 also constructed "trisectors". Amongst others, Sylvester's "Compass", Kempe's "Centre-parallelogram" and Hart's "Invertor" are historical. One of the most interesting, and at the same time most practical, devices is one based on the properties of the Conchoid of Nicomedes. A description of this is to be found in the *Scientific American* for September 25th, 1915.

Perhaps the oldest solution known is that given by Pappus, a Greek geometrician who flourished at the end

of the third century of the Christian era in his *Collection*. This work, as the name indicates, is in great part a collection of the most important results obtained by his predecessors, completed by notes of the author extending previous discoveries. But as he does not distinguish between his own work and that of others, it is not known who deserves credit for the proposition on the trisection of the angle. This solution is shown in figure 2.

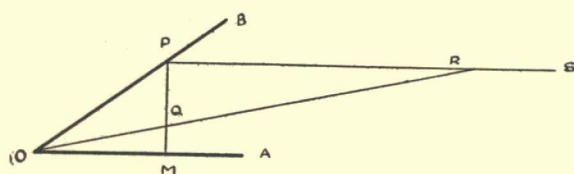


Figure 2

Let AOB be the given angle. From any point P along OB drop a perpendicular PM upon OA and through P draw PS parallel to OA. The line OR is then drawn so as to cut PM at a point Q such that the line QR = 2OP. If this construction is possible, then AOR = $\frac{1}{3}$ AOB.

The problem obviously is to find the point Q. This can be done by non-Euclidean methods, or with a ruler and compass by trial and error. But, though the construction is non-Euclidean, the proof, once the figure is constructed, involves no proposition beyond the first book of Euclid. This solution, in slightly different guise, appeared recently in an Ontario newspaper. The author, it would seem, has merely rediscovered, by independent work, a solution that may be found in any edition of Pappus' *Collection*. Incidentally, this figure holds only for angles less than a right angle.

Figure 3 gives another simple geometrical proof known to mathematics since 1621 as Snell's theorem. Let AOB be the angle to be trisected. With any radius AO describe the circle ABEF. With rule and dividers, draw a line BD

so that DE intercepted between the circle and AO produced is equal to the radius of the circle AO. From E draw the diameter EOF. Then shall the angle AOF = $\frac{1}{3}$ the angle AOB.

The proof is simple. The angle AOF = the angle EOD = the angle EDO (since the triangle EDO is isosceles by construction). In the triangle EDO, the exterior angle BEO = the sum of the two interior angles, EDO and EOD; consequently, the angle BEO = twice the angle AOF. Similarly, the angle BOF = twice the angle BEO, therefore four times the angle AOF. But the angle AOB = the angle BOF minus the angle AOF, or three times the angle AOF. In other words, the angle BOF = $\frac{1}{3}$ the angle AOB.

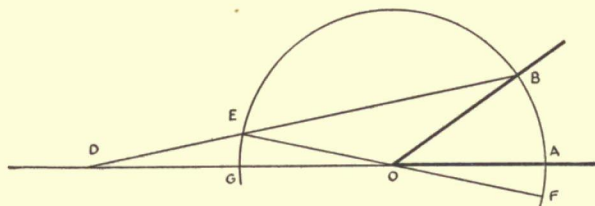


Figure 3

As in the previous solution, the problem consists in drawing the line DB so that DE is equal to the radius AO of the circle, and this cannot be done by strictly Euclidean methods. But, the construction once made, the proof is Euclidean.

A third construction, which to our knowledge, has not yet appeared, is shown in figure 4. It is due to Mr. H. A. Devitt, Registrar of Loyola College.

Let AOB be the angle to be trisected. With any radius AO, describe the circle ABC. Let OD be any radius rotating about O and moving between A and B. Let DC represent the line joining the points D and C in any position of DO. EF is the perpendicular bisector of DO and is, therefore, the locus of all points equidistant from O and D. Therefore the point of intersection of FE and CD will always be equidistant from O and

D. If, now, we imagine the radius OD to rotate about the center O until the point of intersection of EF and DC lies on the arm OB, then the angle AOB will be trisected by the line joining O and D.

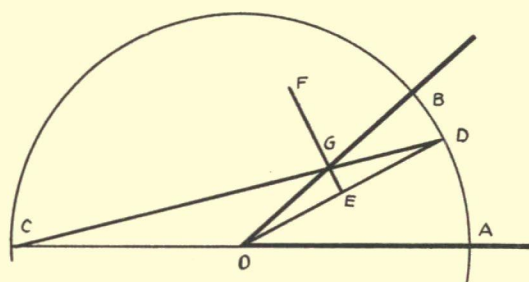


Figure 4

The theorem is quickly proved. The angle DOG = the angle ODG = the angle OCD (the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal). But the angle AOD = twice the angle OCD (the angle at the centre is double the angle at the circumference on the same arc). Therefore the angle BOD = $\frac{1}{3}$ the angle AOB.

As in the preceding cases, the construction is non-Euclidean, but a simple "trisector" has been designed by the writer and produced in the Physics workshop. A diagram of this device is shown in figure 5. It is made of two arms of thin metal, pivoted at D. The edge FE is perpendicular to the edge CE and midway between O and D. A notch is cut at C' at the same distance from O as is the pivot D. At O a hole is punched to allow the insertion of a pin.

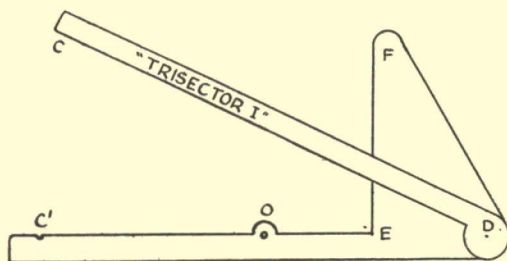


Figure 5

To trisect any angle AOB, figure 6, the trisector is placed so that the hole at O falls on the apex of the angle and a pin is inserted. With the edge OE lying along the line AO, a second pin is inserted at the notch C', i.e. at the point C along AO produced, making CO = OA. The trisector is now rotated about the pin O, keeping the arm DC against the pin at C. When the edges CD and EF, of the trisector, and the line OB intersect at a common point, a line is drawn against the edge OE of the trisector and this line trisects the angle AOB. Obviously what has been done is to construct the lines OD, EF and DC in metal so that they can, in practice, be moved into any position about the point O.

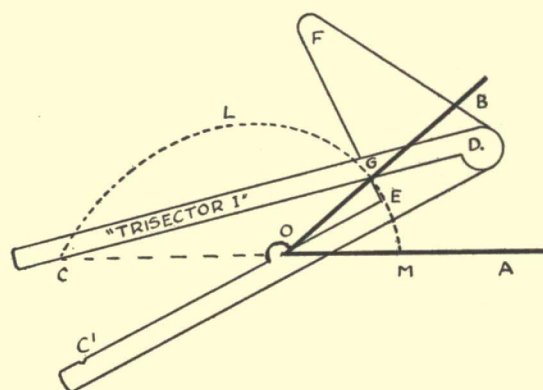
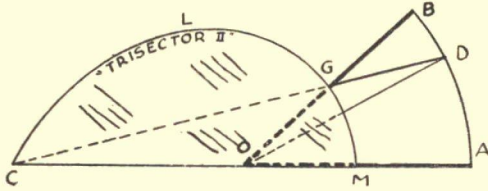


Figure 6

If, in figure 6, we consider the locus traced by the point of intersection of the lines CD and EF, as the radius rotates from A to C, it is easily shown that this locus is the curve CLM shown by the dotted line. If this figure be cut out of a sheet of celluloid or of thin metal and a point marked at O, making CO = 2OM, this simple device may be used to trisect any angle acute or obtuse.

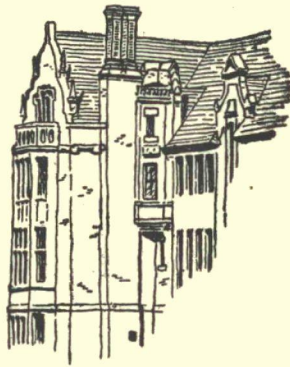
Given the angle AOB, figure 7, the "Trisector II" is placed along the line AO, so that OM falls along AO with the point O at the apex of the angle. The point G, where the curve cuts the line OB is then marked. Join CG and the angle OCG = $\frac{1}{3}$ the angle AOB. Or, by producing CG to cut the arc of



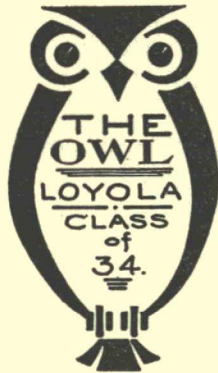
Incidentally the equation of this curve is $(3a + x)(x^2 + y^2) = 4a^3$, when $a = \text{OE}$, that is $\frac{1}{2}\text{OD}$, the radius of the circle ADBC (figure 4). Its polar

In the opinion of the writer, these two trisectors, the latter in particular, are the simplest and easiest to manipulate that have yet been suggested. It might be added that from a construction similar to that shown in figure 4, the angle may be divided into other fractions than a third, and by additional arms the "Trisector I" may be adapted to perform these constructions. Some of our readers may be tempted to develop these.

EUGENE F. CHABOT, S.J.



Sophomore



WHILE the Japs and the Chinese were holding their tea parties in the far East, and France was training a new crop of prime ministers, affairs in Sophomore were moving along at a successful, though quite conventional, gait.

An innovation of no little importance in the history of the class, was the appearance of an official class paper, *The Owl*. Realizing that giant oaks spring from acorns, we are not at all disheartened at our feeble attempt at journalism this year.

The Sodality, the Forum Debating Society, the C.O.T.C., as well as the various hockey and football teams, all boast the presence of a goodly number of Sophomores. Intense modesty, that quality possessed by most geniuses, prevents us from pointing out the important positions that these Sophomores occupy.

THE OWL OBSERVES

The Owl has spoken. Yes, *The Owl* of '34, after maintaining a dignified silence since the beginning of the term, has graciously allowed himself to be interviewed. This fact may seem of little import to some, but we, who have tried to bring his about for months, are aware of its great significance. Here is how the event came about.

In the dead of night, not long ago, the Sophomore classroom was visited by a well-dressed stranger, who gained entrance by Newman's window. As he peered furtively about him, he was startled to see two golden circles of light apparently suspended in the corner.

The Owl, for it was he who had frightened the intruder, spoke in deep, sepulchral tones: "Who are you, and what seek you here?"

Terrified at hearing this wise old bird employing human speech, the stranger answered lamely: "I'm just a reporter from the *Eagle-Tribune*, and was looking for a story about the famous Loyola Class of '34."

The Owl pondered for a moment. "You shall have it," he finally decided. "To begin with, the Class President, Laurie Shaughnessy, is a conscientious worker and a general favorite. He is much more noted for his prowess on the football field than for his fondness of the C.O.T.C. His bosom pal, John 'High-Sign' Tansey has also been a very conspicuous figure in college as well as in class activities. Graeme Bailey, the third man-in-the-corner, is the possessor of many talents, but since he is of the quiet, retiring type, they frequently pass unnoticed.

"Then there is Charlie Hill; how shall I describe him? Studious, eager to learn, yet ready for a joke withal. He is, in class, the original human question mark; at all times he is, in his bubbling nature, a personified exclamation point. D'Arcy McGee, who also comes from Bytown, is showing the effect of his advancing age. A once effervescent personality has now matured into a silent dignity which well becomes his noble countenance.

"Luigi Segatore, the Will Rogers of Sophomore, needs all his ready wit and powers of persuasion to convince the Physics professor that he should be allowed to do his experiments. Speaking of experiments, Glen Ryan, who comes from Brazil 'where the nuts come from,' spends many an extra hour with the Juniors in the Chem Lab, delving into the mysteries of alchemy.

"Jim Bulger shows an admirable interest in the History course and the monthly drill competitions. John Demetre, the one man who, with the courage of his convictions, marches into class with a moustache, devotes his spare moments to the solution of crossword puzzles. Three Rivers is still ably represented at Loyola by Jean Darche. This 'habitant' gentleman is very much in favor of long winters, for he spends considerable time on skis.

"On playing field or speaker's platform, William McTeague is equally at home. Buster is following an extra-curricular course, of which the lab. work consists chiefly in a study in bones. Cyril Cuddihy, with his ready smile—truly a proper advertisement for any tooth paste on the market—must not be left unmentioned. On the rugby field his presence is painfully felt by the opponents, while, as a C.O.T.C. corporal, he is a match for anyone—even Bulger. Art Phelan, Musketry Instructor and debating enthusiast, by his amazing acrobatics in class hockey has brightened the moments of many an otherwise dull game.

"Frank Fleury will never forget the time when he came in at ten after nine to find that there would be no class till ten o'clock. Ever a forceful speaker and a logical thinker, Frank has shown himself to be an excellent president of our debating society. Maurice Bedard, on the surface quiet and retiring, is known to his intimates as a man of breezy wit.

"Whenever a Sophomore hears the eternal question, 'Why?' there regis-

ters in his mind an image of Georges Amyot, our inquiring brother from Quebec. An elocutionist of no mean ability, Georges has made his presence felt especially when he has 'spread terror,' (cf. Fox's speech on Napoleon's Overtures), over the rest of the class. Jack Anglin has one of the deepest and most intellectual minds in the class (being from Toronto). He is an ardent exponent of Brutus' philosophy, Stoicism, but his poise was somewhat shaken when he backed the wrong team in the World Series last fall. Cheery Pat Ambrose did not ride a white horse in the St. Patrick's Day Parade, but he was Loyola's delegate to several meetings of the United Irish Societies."

All this while the excited reporter was scribbling feverishly. He looked up anxiously as the narrator paused.

"Is that all? But I thought that there were more than that. What about those three musketeers, Hawke, Shea and Pilozzi?"

"Of course I have not forgotten them. Johnny Hawke is a steady worker, and showed great promise in the annual Freshman-Sophomore Rugby Classic. Walter Shea, the old reliable, continues to add to his scholastic laurels; *The Owl* is indebted to him for faithful and assiduous support.

"John Pilozzi is a lover of all the fine arts. These three can, on occasion, give an excellent exhibition of close harmony.

"George Burman is another of the bright and shining lights of Loyola '34. As business manager of *The Owl*, he has generously given of his time and energy to make it a success. As an example of a broadminded yet hard working student, we have Wilson Kennedy. His long debate with Ed. Gough, begun last November, has not yet come to a satisfactory conclusion. When I mention Ed. Gough, I cannot fail to remember the great kick Freshman's Jim Murphy got out of that memorable football game.

" 'The atrocious crime of being a young man' means little to Jim Gallagher, at least on the speaker's rostrum. John Henry Newman (not the Cardinal), in whom burns most brightly the muses' flame, has been one of the regular contributors to the class paper.

"A vigilant keeper of the gate, Richard King, by that flaming top is a

bright beacon ever showing where lies the swiftest exit from class. It is not only with reference to the fact that he sits in the front row that I say that Dickie is one of the first in place."

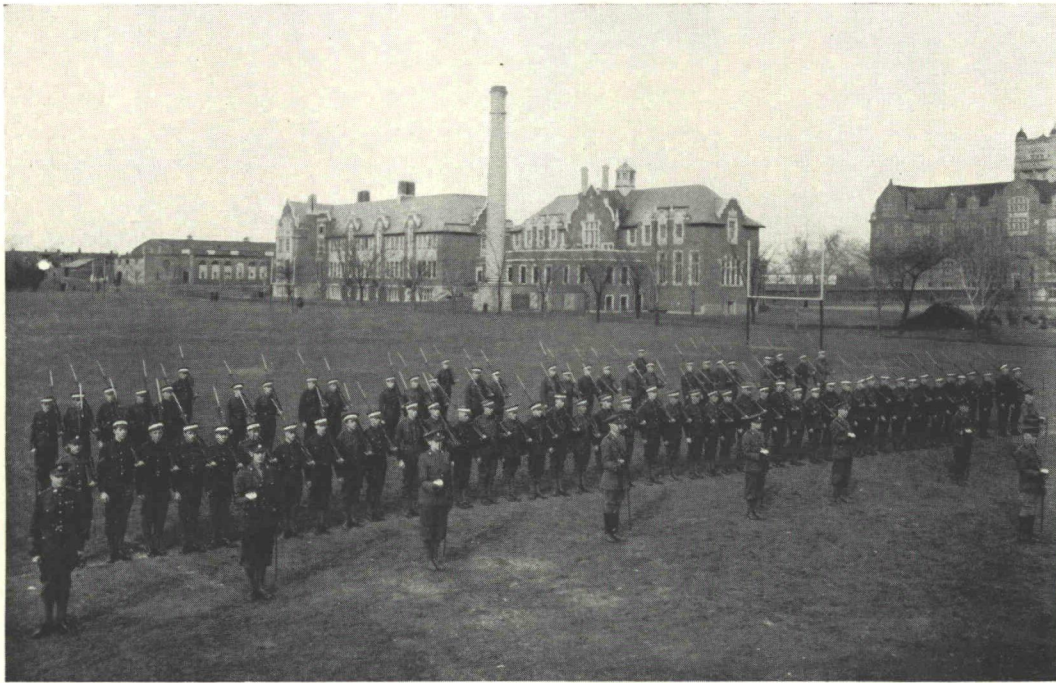
The Owl closed his eyes. The interview was over. Then into the fearsome shadows of the night, our well-dressed stranger stealthily withdrew.

1 1 1

A Tree is Just a Living Prayer

*WHY is a tree just that—a tree?
Did God name it thus, or we?
How has it beauty, what is the poetry
Enfolded there for some to see,
For some to love, to thrill some heart
With a nameless, tranquil happiness?
And why should it thus impart
Such joy? Is it not just a thing of bark,
Of branches and their leaves? That cannot be.
For when the autumn steals those leaves
To weave a carpet for the snow,
It still has majesty and gentle grace.
A soul must give it life; a tender heart
Must throb its thanks and praise unto its God.
This must be the answer to it all—
A tree is just a living prayer,
A silent hymn of perfectness.*

J. H. NEWMAN, '34



LOYOLA CONTINGENT C.O.T.C.



THE CADETS



JUNIOR

Front Row: H. CLOUGH, L. CARROLL, T. McMORROW, W. DALY, F. LEGAULT, J. MCILHONE.

Middle Row: J. GIRARD, W. RIGNEY, V. WALSH, A. SESIA, D. MASCIOLI, J. BOURGEOIS.

Back Row: C. BUCHER, MCGOVERN, J. LAPLAMME, E. MALONE, R. RYAN, J. O'BRIEN.

Absent: P. SIMARD, J. McNAMARA.



SOPHOMORE

Front Row: A. PHELAN, J. HAWKE, C. CUDDIHY, W. KENNEDY, L. SEGATORE, F. FLEURY, FR. MCCARTHY, S. J.

Middle Row: G. BAILEY, J. GALLAGHER, G. RYAN, J. ANGLIN, M. BEDARD, J. NEWMAN, W. SHEA.

Back Row: L. SHAUGHNESSY, J. BULGER, R. KING, W. McTEAGUE, G. AMYOT, C. HILL, E. GOUGH.

The Loyola College Scientific Society

UNDER the able and energetic direction of its Moderator, the Loyola College Scientific Society during the past year was an important factor in the extra-curricular activities of the students. Elections held on Oct. 5th resulted in the following executive:

President—H. B. Denis '32.

Vice-President—J. Laflamme '33.

Secretary—R. E. Daly '32.

During the year, the following speakers addressed the society:

October 14—The Life of Tycho Brahe
—R. E. Daly.

November 1—Galileo—A. Savard.
Kepler—K. O'Grady.
The Schneider Cup Races
of 1931—V. Walsh.

February 3—Television—Dr. David A.
Keys (McGill).

February 17—Optic Phenomena—Mr.
R. MacKinnon, S.J.

March 2—Teletype—H. K. Munroe
and assistants (Bell
Telephone Co.)

At the last two lectures, held in the new Physics Hall, the Society was honoured by the presence of Rev. Father Rector and other members of the Faculty.

The following extracts from the *Loyola New* will give a brief summary of these two lectures by outside speakers:

"Professor Keys first stressed the necessity of obtaining four distinct results:

1. The conversion of lights and shadows of the subject to be transmitted (picture or living person) into electric current variations.

2 The transmission of these either by wire or by radiation.

3. The retranslation of the received electrical energy into terms of light and shadow.

4. The perfect synchronisation of both sending and receiving apparatus.

"He then gave a summary of the principal attempts to solve the problem, stressing the work of Baird in England. After commenting on the deficiencies of the old-type selenium cells, he explained the photo-electric apparatus now in use. The lectures were illustrated with the Professor's own slides, one of which, a working demonstration of the scanning-disk, was a marvel of ingenuity. Another striking illustration was given by means of a neon-lamp and variable speed motor with segment-disk."—*Loyola News*, Feb. 1932.

"The first speaker, Mr. Munroe, dealt with his subject from the historical and commercial point of view. Teletype, he stated, was but another fruit of man's ceaseless effort to conquer space and time. Transportation and communication facilities had, in consequence of this effort, advanced in recent years by leaps and bounds.

"Mr. Kilby, assisted by Mr. Bull, then proceeded to demonstrate the technical side of Teletype. He first traced out by means of diagrams the electrical and mechanical actions involved. Then detaching various units from the machines brought up for the purpose, he pointed out the working of each unit. Reassembling the machines and connecting them the lecturers proceeded to transmit from one machine to another, using a Page Type machine at one end of the circuit and a Tape Type machine at the other.

"J. Laflamme, '33 moved and E. Gough, '34 seconded the vote of thanks

to the speakers. Some sixty-five attended the meeting."

—*Loyola News*, March 8, '32.

On December 21, the Society joined in the official opening of the enlarged Physics Laboratory, and offered a lantern-slide lecture by K. O'Grady on "The Beauty of Snowflakes." This was

followed by a one-reel film called "Jewels of Winter Storms."

It is sincerely hoped that the Society next year will increase its activities and further the work which has established its importance in the College within the past year.

H. B. DENIS, '32.

The Stage Coach

TO call the stage coach a means of conveyance is to be guilty of barbarous materialism. One might as well call Hamlet mere paper and ink and the Mona Lisa a paint-spattered canvas. The stage coach is a thundering, blinding miracle, the supreme achievement of this eighteenth, the greatest and fastest of centuries.

Naturally, every ride in a stage coach is an experience greater than any ever had by countless generations dead and gone. Yet, as star differs from star in glory, one ride stands out most vividly in my memory. The coach was not crowded. There was an elderly man of perhaps sixty years; with him, two little boys whom I took to be his grandchildren; an enormously fat middle-aged woman with a bright coloured hat and a wellfilled lunch basket; two very thin and very tall women, who were also very stiff and very stuffy, accompanied by a pretty, vivacious girl of eighteen, whom they watched with all the savage care of a lioness guarding its cub.

When everyone had found a place, the luggage been packed into the boot, and the fat woman begun her second sandwich, the guard blew his whistle for the start. I took a last look into the

coach. The pretty girl was seated—I should rather say jammed—between her two aunts, for I felt they must be aunts. The little boys were unusually quiet for little boys and not constantly calling their grandfather's attention to everything about. The fat woman was munching contentedly. Then I climbed to my seat beside the driver. The excitement of anticipation prevented my noticing anything about him, except that he had enormous areas of red face, a dark greatcoat, and an uncomfortable gruffness.

The coach began to move; slowly at first, as if in contrast with the terrific pace that was to come; then, with increasing momentum; the wheels were spinning when the last villagers enviously waved goodbye. Our triumphant journey had really begun. I felt myself in a strange dream: strange, because I was completely awake in every sense; yet a dream, because I was in another world, a dizzy, roaring, wonderful world. The beat of the hoofs was a beautiful symphony. The whistling, dazzling speed was a divine gift that rocked the coach.

I glanced at the driver. Incredible! Horrible! He was asleep. Asleep in the midst of all this grandeur, this exalted

happiness! For a moment I had only scorn for him. Then suddenly I realised the danger we were in. Here we were, travelling with the speed of a meteor along a winding English road. Absurdly, I thought that the occupants of the coach were depending upon me. Two young boys, with their whole lives before them. A chivalrous man of the type that is the backbone of our nation. And England's brave women! I could see them all holding out their hands and beseeching me to save them.

I tried to awaken the driver, but he was in an unbelievable stupor. Still we charged onward. I began to feel that, not only the people in the coach, but everyone on the road was screaming for my protection. We passed two or three small carts solely (as it seemed to me) by the grace of God. Suddenly I conceived an idea. The best way, the only way to end the mad rush was to stop the horses. I groped through the wild, blinding wind towards the driver and finally felt the might leather in my

hands. I gave a tremendous tug. Magically, our speed was lessened. I gave another tug, The horses slowed down and soon stopped altogether.

The driver only grunted stupidly. I, dazed and giddy, tumbled down and peered into the coach. The aunts were obviously trying to show their keen disapproval in a lady-like manner; plainly, the little boys were irritated; the fat woman seemed as disturbed as she possibly could be; and the young lady, had she been building any illusions about me, certainly was sitting there amid their ruins. Their stark ingratitude weighed me down. True, I had delayed them for a few moments. But I had saved them from a mangled death. And they were annoyed! I threw a cloak of silence about myself and returned to hulk in my seat. Slowly we started to move again, and then, while I sat magnificently alone, we rounded a corner and soon were lost in a cloud of dust.

ELMER SHEA, '35.

Work

*Work, work, work. Will never the work be done?
Work, work, work from dawn to setting sun.
May never the work be done!
I am the slave of my work,
It calls to me in my dreams,
It wakens me out of my sleep,
Saying, "Nothing is as it seems,
Except work,—work that has blessings for you,
Work that you only can do.
Arise, you sluggard, arise,
Be glad of your good right hand,
Be glad that your body is strong,—
For the work that is calling is good.
It is work that the great world needs,
It is Life that is calling to you."
I laugh as I hasten to rise:
Who am I that I dare to shirk?
I am called by a voice from the skies,
Saying, "Children of Eve must work".*

E. SHERIDAN, '32

Exchanges

- Black and White Review*, Catholic High School, Montreal, P.Q. A fine annual, well laid out and printed. Their sport write-ups are particularly well done.
- The Champion, Campion College, Regina*, The format and printing of this book are excellent. There is a sparkle and snap to the articles and reports of school activities.
- College Times*, and *In-Between Times*, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont. A good newsy magazine, with much matter of real interest to the students. It has an excellent humor column. More photographs would liven it somewhat.
- College Times*, Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P.E.I. Usually people from "The Island" (Don't ask "What island?" Prince Edward Island, of course) are quite willing to tell you what a fine place they come from, etc., etc. But in this magazine, there is no official mention of the college where it originates. The first time that Prince of Wales College is mentioned is in a letter to the editor. But there are many excellent qualities which amply repay the half-hour search for the above-mentioned title.
- Eastern Echo*, Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto, Ont. The literary and poetic effort displayed in this book is very commendable. The various activities are given due notice in proportion to their importance.
- Folia Montana*, Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, N.S. A fine annual. A notable point is the absence of crowded print, possibly overdone at times, as when a whole page is devoted to a short poem. A high quality production.
- Green and White Quarterly*, LaSalle College, Manila, P.I. In a class by itself. The editor complains that he is not receiving the number of articles that he would wish, but it seems that he is wonderfully well served by his versatile and bilingual contributors.
- Lower Canada College Magazine*, Montreal, Que. The heading over the Exchange department of this excellent work represents a Redskin facing a Pilgrim Father, each with the light of battle in his eye. Not knowing which one represents ourselves, we feel uncertain about making too many remarks about this promising publication.
- The Mitre*, University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que. One of the more workmanlike of our exchanges. With further development we may expect something really outstanding from this already remarkable literary periodical.
- The Nardin Quarterly*, Nardin Academy, Buffalo, N.Y. Purely literary in character, without even advertisements. A book of great promise. It may be read and enjoyed by everyone.
- Red and White*, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P.E.I. A fine little quarterly, with an abundance of essays and poems. Brief quotations from outstanding writers are used with good effect in filling out the pages.
- R.M.C. Review*, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont. A very smart magazine, showing the result of the soldierly training of this well-known institution. Every department is given its due amount of attention. The Alumni section is very well organized.
- Souvenirs*, Collège Jean de Brébeuf, Montreal, Que. One of our few French exchanges. The magazine has many pictures of life at the College, giving a clear idea of the routine and also of events not so monotonous.
- Stonyhurst Magazine*, Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, Lancs., Eng. To this magazine, the most mature of all our exchanges, may we, at this late date, extend our heartiest congratulations on the appearance of their Golden Jubilee Number in June of last year. The magazine is a most finished product, with none of the rough edges of many college periodicals. *Ad multos annos.*
- Souvenir Annuelle*, Collège Ste. Marie, Montreal, Que. A very impressive publication. Each article has an air of finish and completeness. The photography is very well done.
- St. Joseph's Lilies*, St. Joseph's College, Toronto, Ont. It can scarcely be classed with school and college periodicals, for the nature and the quality of the articles are entirely different from the usual type. Photographs would tend to brighten its sombre pages.
- St. Mary's College Review*, Brockville, Ont. It displays a spirit of good fellowship that should be the envy of all who read it. It has a very fine literary section.
- Westhill Annual*, Westhill High School, Montreal, Que. An interesting, well arranged book. Might we suggest more literary work of a serious tone?
- Westmount High School Annual*, Westmount, Que. A real students' Annual, by the students, for the students, and about the students.
- We have a suspicion that some of our exchanges may have been misplaced and consequently have been overlooked in this article. We wish to apologise for this, since all are highly appreciated and we wish to lose none.

E. GOUGH, '34.

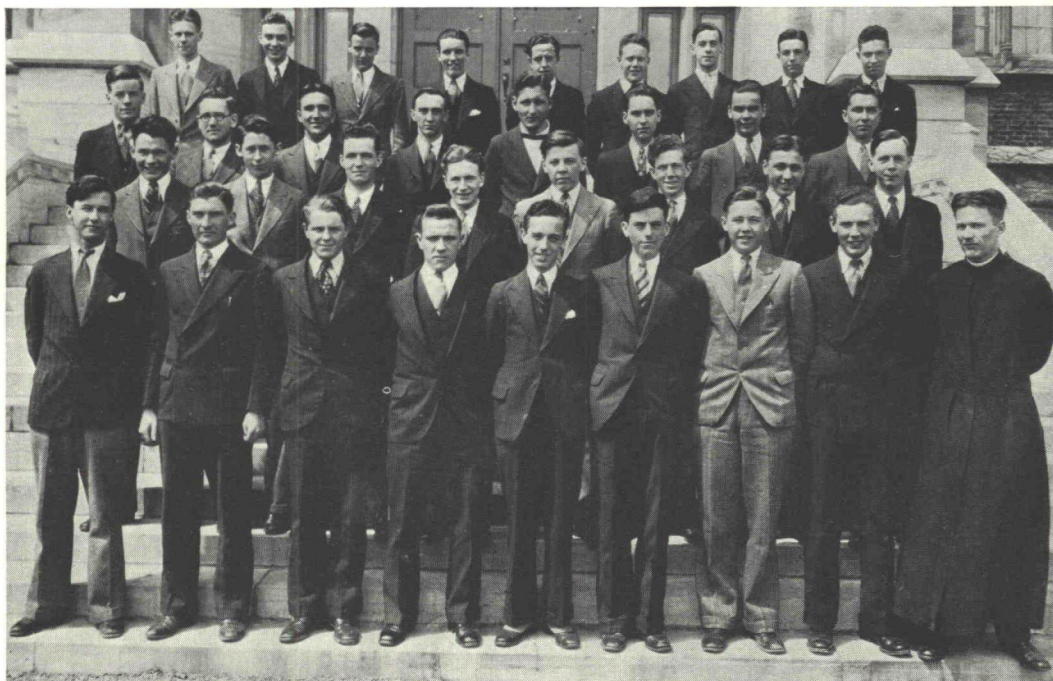


THE ST. JOHN BERCHMANS SANCTUARY SOCIETY

Front Row: J. ANGLIN, T. ELLIS, MR. BEDFORD, S.J., W. SINGLETON, E. ESTRADA.

Middle Row: G. COLLINS, F. POWER, W. DALY, F. COSTELLO, P. LANCIOT, M. VALLANCE, W. MURPHY, K. SCOTT, C. CORKERY, R. BUCHER, J. GROHE, P. FILTEAU, E. KENNEDY, E. WAY.

Back Row: D. McNICHOL, P. MARRIN, T. MOTT, J. BARRY.



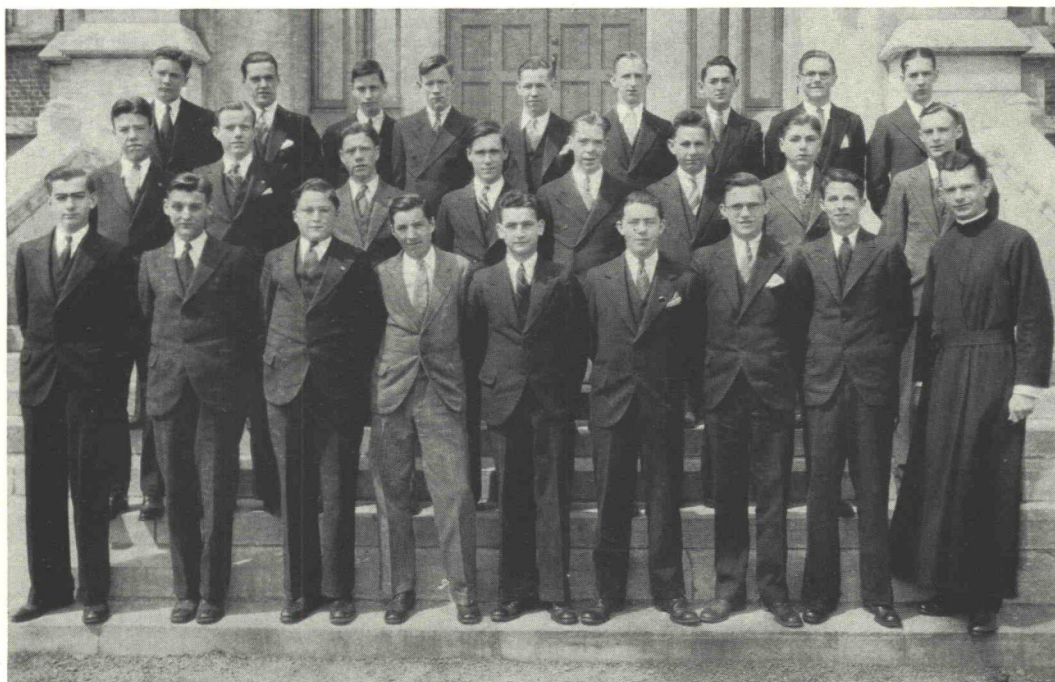
FRESHMAN

First Row: J. DAIGLE, P. MARRIN, R. McILHONE, M. KELLY, J. PREFONTAINE, D. GRIFFIN, L. BOURKE, M. O'BRIEN, MR. LONERGAN, S. J.

Second Row: G. MCGINNIS, R. O'CONNELL, R. CURRAN, G. AUBUT, E. KIERANS, E. COSTELLO, R. DEVLIN, A. KEYES.

Third Row: G. COLLINS, R. ALTIMAS, M. BRABANT, F. HAMMILL, R. BUCHER, S. DELISLE, R. ROUTH, F. ST. CYR.

Fourth Row: R. MACDOUGALL, E. SHEA, R. FITZGERALD, A. THOMAS, J. PILOZZI, M. DUBEE, R. STANFORD, T. DORAN, R. SHAUGHNESSY.



FOURTH HIGH "A"

Front Row: R. BUSSIERE, C. HINPHY, G. JORON, E. PENNY, A. CLEMENT, W. STEWART, B. McLELLAN, T. CLANCY, MR. PHELAN, S. J.

Middle Row: J. TOPPINGS, E. STAFFORD, J. HEFFERNAN, J. McLAUGHLIN, R. DENIS, J. DODGE, J. STARR, M. CONWAY.

Back Row: H. FITZGIBBON, J. REGNIER, W. POWER, J. MACDONALD, J. McDONNELL, J. SAVOR, W. GRIFFIN, J. O'DEA, L. DUGAL.

Episode Africain



It was evening when we came to Fez. The rough brown track that led from Algiers had broadened into a splendid metal highway. Forlorn processions of camels moved along the dusty road; the Moors, wrapped in loose voluminous robes, looked up as we passed. To the north the cobalt Riffian hills thrust up their snowy summits to the azure skies, contrasting vividly with the peaks of the Middle Atlas to the south, which the noonday haze rendered indistinct. In the bottoms beside the road, sleek cattle grazed, or drank the crystal-clear water of some winding stream. Far ahead, on a distant hilltop, a white patch spread itself in the sun—Fez, the long-hidden Holy City of Morocco, for over a thousand years the centre of the Moslem world in Northern Africa.

The city, unlike others founded by the Moors, is compact and well-built. The outer walls, silhouetted against the evening sky, loomed forbiddingly on either side. Massive watchtowers surmounted the ramparts on either side of the road. We drove into the city through an immense horseshoe-shaped gate-tower, the noise of our passage echoing and re-echoing from the battle-mented walls. Within these walls the city lay, a vast expanse of low buildings with uneven flat roofs. From among these rose the minarets of the mosques, vividly etched against the red and gold of the evening sky. We could distinguish the dark bulk of the Mulai Idris and the slender tower of the Mussulman University of El Kairouin, the Mohammedan Oxford of northern Africa. Twilight swiftly merged into night as the

car turned into the narrow alley that led to the hotel.

Next day we set out to explore the town. And what a job that was! Fez has four separate quarters: the Medina, or native section; the Jewish quarter; the palace of the Meridine Sultans and the new French residential section outside the walls. The Medina seemed the most interesting and thither we went. Beyond the mosque we entered the "street" of the Sellers, an unimposing alley filled with a conglomeration of every race in northern Africa. Little native donkeys appear almost invisible under their loads. An imperturbable Arab rode by on an ass he might well have carried on his shoulder. Berbers from the hills, heads swathed in creamy white turbans, and clad in white djellabas stalked past the stalls, wicked looking yatagans dangling at their sides. Swarthy Moors, clad in white and brown, mingled with Jews in blue cloaks, wearing black felt caps. Here and there a Senegalese or a Legionnaire lent colour to the scene with their blue and khaki uniforms. Overhead a lattice of reeds covered the street.

The shops of the merchants are small cubby-holes on either side of the way, so small that one wonders how they manage to store their merchandise. We stopped at a goldsmith's bazaar. The old Moor, with a red fez, sat cross-legged before a beautiful inlaid table, engaged on a piece of exquisite filigree work, which he informed us was for the Sultan's palace. Slowly under his hands the design appeared, a beautiful mosaic pattern representing Mahomet's transition to heaven. This art is handed down from father to son; Ali informed us his forefathers had practised their trade before the expulsion of the Moors

from Spain. In the next stall a saddler was plying his trade, busily gilding an already ornate saddle, meanwhile arguing with a heavily-bearded Arab concerning a cinching strap. Next door evidently was an emporium. The father was manufacturing leather slippers, while two sons were busy on crude painted pottery and glazed tiles. And so it went on down the street. Bazaars were everywhere, full of silk embroideries, gay mats from Salé, rugs from Rabat, and brassware from Marrakesh. And everywhere was that noisy, jostling throng, bargaining, wrangling, shrieking the superiority of their wares, with the water sellers and the couscous vendors yelling loudest of all. The Moors believe in the old saw about advertising.

Abruptly the street ended in a roughly hewn pile of stones, evidently intended for a wall. Turning into a dark passageway, not without some trepidation, we emerged into a "street" narrower than any yet encountered. On either side crumbling buildings overhung the coarse paving-stones, windowless save for narrow slits high in the upper stories. The place had the appearance of a medieval fortress; everywhere was that strange and musty smell of decay. The noise and clamour of the bazaars had died away and our footsteps echoed hollowly on the flagstones. I realized we must have entered El Bali, which is the old section of the town. The appearance of the houses began to change—for the better. Here and there the magnificence of one marked it apart from its neighbours—jewels of Moorish architecture which recall the Alhambra or the Giralda at Seville. Before one of these we paused, our silence a tribute to its breath-taking beauty. The façade of the building was inlaid in geometrical patterns of mosaic tilework, interspersed with weird and beautiful porcelain work. A bronze door, inlaid in gold, blue and vermillion, gave entrance to this imposing mansion. Above

the doorway an Arabic inscription was superimposed on a square of gold filigree. Half an hour's deciphering with the aid of our Arabic dictionary finally elicited this information "Here Boabdil, beloved of Allah, rested." Boabdil, the last of the Moorish rulers in Spain, fled here after the fall of Granada. Farther down an open gate enabled us to see into the garden. In the middle of an oval of white tiles a gilded fountain was playing, the water tinkling sweetly as it cascaded among the rocks. On the terraces surrounding the oval, groups of cypresses cast their shade over clusters of jasmine, and the vivid red fruit of the pomegranate mingled with the duller tones of the apricot and oleander. That was as much as I saw, for the Moorish gardener, catching sight of the two infidels admiring his handiwork, shouted something uncomplimentary in his own language and slammed the door in our faces.

The next item to draw our attention was a Moslem graveyard. It was Friday, the day given over to the Moslem women in the cemeteries, and we arrived in time to see their weekly tea party. The women bring flowers and food to place on the graves, and make a sort of picnic out of the occasion. In the shade of the cypresses groups of them were sitting wrapped up in their flowing white robes, chatting gaily with one another, utterly oblivious of the fact that the mortal remains of their Berber ancestors were only a few feet below them.

Here the street broadened and the houses became more modern in appearance, the ornateness of the upper stories contrasting with the plainness of the lower. The balconies and window apertures were picturesque with bronze carving, and the latticed windows were curiously reminiscent of Spain. Iron grills let into the white walls gave one glimpses of cool, white-arched courtyards within, resplendent with porcelain tiling and plaster art work. Near

one of these, a ragged minstrel was making hideous noises on what looked like a miniature banjo with two strings, and rendering a fitting accompaniment in a very wheezy tenor. He stopped long enough to demand a suitable reward for his labours, and seemed disgusted when he was given five sous.

The "traffic" began to get thicker now. A rich old Moor went by astride a large mule, sitting in an uncomfortable-looking saddle with red tassels. Behind him followed his servant—or perhaps it was his bodyguard—an evil-looking brigand armed to the teeth, who eyed me with disfavour. A clatter of hooves, and a cream-white Arab horse trotted into view, tossing its head in a vain endeavour to free its mouth from the bit. On its back was an Arab—a Bedouin from the Northern Sahara, to judge by his garments. Behind him flowed his burnous, revealing the sash that encircled his waist and in which were stuck two chased silver pistols. His long flintlock was slung over his shoulder, butt uppermost, in characteristic Arab fashion. A flirt of the horse's mane, a sharp command from his master, and he was gone as suddenly as he had come, leaving two Europeans gaping after him. If only I had obtained his picture! Native women padded by on heelless leather slippers, face and figure shrouded by the ever-present djellaba, water-jugs balanced precariously on their heads. We turned down the steps past some Marabout's tomb—which unceremoniously occupied the centre of the road—and skirting the market stalls made our way to our hotel, which had appeared above the surrounding flat roofs. A howling mob intercepted us. Sweetmeat vend-

ors, lemonade purveyors, mendicants of every description besought us to buy their wares or give baksheesh (in not too polite parlance known as a "hand-out"), their turbans, fezes and black skull-caps making a vivid splash of colour in the white sunlight. Dodging the endearing embraces of the couscous merchant and the proprietor of the refreshments, we dashed for the hotel, pausing for one last glance at the silk merchants sitting crosslegged by their embroideries, smoking their bubbling water pipes. Our last picture of Fez.

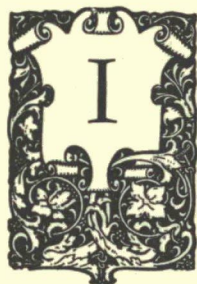
Later we visited Salé, the home of those hardy corsairs, the "Sally Rovers," as our forefathers used to call them. The town's chief claim to fame since pirating went out of fashion is her famous matting. Across the Buregeg river is Rabat, the official capital of French Morocco, also an ex-lair for Barbary pirates. The descendants of the corsairs now follow the equally lucrative and less hazardous pursuit of mulcting the innocent and guileless tourist. At Volubilis we explored the massive red-walled ruins left by the Romans. Here the legions of Caesar camped and founded their westernmost military outpost and granary in what was then Mauretania. About the time of Diocletian the centurion stationed there, together with his soldiers, was overwhelmed by a number of native tribesmen. Later Mulai Idris, the first Sultan, built a city near the deserted Roman camp. But we were convinced that our real glimpse of Morocco had begun and ended where it first started—in Fez the Golden, the Pearl of Islam, Allah's Jewel of the West.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN, '35.

CRYSTAL burn, walled with mossy jade,
Where gleaming, silvery-speckled trout
Sent darting shafts of light amid the shade,
And threw the shadows into rout!

J. H. NEWMAN, '34

Freshman



If you had attended Loyola College this year, you would most certainly have heard of the "cut" system. It is an eminently good system, but unfortunately it has one disadvantage: a roll-call must, merely for formality, be read at the start of each class. We shall suppose for the purpose of this article, that you are in the classroom during the roll-call. Moreover we shall suppose that at that time each student is called, instead of quietly sitting at his desk and serenely answering his name, he shall drop his all-covering mask, and shall be seen as he actually is, doing perhaps that for which he is most noted, whether it be playing backgammon, or flying the Atlantic, or both. Please do not say that this is too absurdly fantastic, for really it is no more so than supposing you should be in the room at all. Roll Call!

Altimas. At this moment Ray is eloquently helping to bring a debating championship to Loyola, managing everything that must be managed (including the Loyola Q.A.H.A. entry), and struggling under an unusual number of prizes for studies.

Aubut. Jerry is playing outside wing on the Intermediate Football team, scoring for the Intermediate Hockey team, dispensing some of the Aubut humour, and above all the much-envied Aubut laugh.

Bourke. Now you are likely to have your hair singed by a marvellously well-aimed bullet, and to be met by a smiling Len, hugely enjoying a little practice away from the Loyola shooting range.

At the same time he is playing hockey for the Freshman team, and playing many other games, almost as successfully.

Brabant. If you can still see after a glance at the Brabant hosiery and the Brabant cravats, you will know that Maurice plays football and hockey extremely well, is among the few good runners at Loyola, passes examinations brilliantly, but plays tennis very poorly.

Bucher. Here you pause to admire. In Dick you see the eternal scholar shining forth. You admire the brilliant touch with which he translates the ancient classics. You bow low before such earnest studiousness, and enviously pass on.

Collins. You find in George a country boy slightly awed by the big city. You wonder how one so rural can be so prominent a humorist, hockeyist, and tennis player. You conclude that he is a youth of rare natural abilities, and you are completely right.

Costello. You will find Ed, if you look hard enough, under truckloads of books and magazines. You will, with persistence, get him to talk interestingly and authoritatively on many profound subjects. But sooner or later you must give way, and let your place be taken by some rollicking hero of fiction.

Curran. On the ice you see a hard-checking hockey player. In the classroom you see an industrious, successful student. On the ice, in the class, everywhere you see a sincere friend. And all these people are Dick Curran.

Daigle. Sven is another booklover. You might have difficulty in distinguishing him from one of the romantic characters of which he is so fond. But

if you doubt his reality, I would refer you to Brabant, who bears livid scars—the result of Sven's physical exuberance.

Devlin. Roy is at the moment feverishly looking up the second aorist infinitive middle of some obsolete Homeric verb, writing a poem which he shall shortly call "terrible," and talking things over with Dan Griffin, his constant companion.

Delisle. Here you are puzzled, for never before have you come across so uncommon an amount of quietness. Silence is Sylvio's only password. Of course you know that he conceals much under this cloak, but unfortunately that is scant relief for your perplexity. Reluctantly you pass on.

Doran. You see Tom talking to the other members of the triumvirate of Doran, Stanford, and Dubée. At the same time you see him at one of his many social affairs, perhaps dancing round a gorgeous ballroom. You see him—but he does not see you.

Dubée. M. D., the leading athlete in the class, is starring at every sport. He has chosen Bridge as a career, but as a pastime he gives extemporaneous speeches, especially in French. It has been said that M. D. has taken a cut or two, but at any rate he is obviously present today.

Fitzgerald. Fitz is the only man who ever seriously threatened Ed. Lennon's position as official sport statistician. Outside of Ed himself, Fitz knows more sport gossip and fact than anyone in the school. As a pastime he studies Special Greek, but sporting accounts are his real interest.

Grothé. You will probably not get to know Paul-Emile very well, for he is a member of a very select clique of boarders. But you will know—for it is apparent enough—that he is a splendid mathematician, and an interested, sincere student.

Griffin. He plays hockey on the class hockey team, comes around first in most every exam. and, what is more, buys the Gazette every morning. You will admit that such varied virtues are not often found in one man.

Hammill. You see Frank in the midst of every crowd. You hear him laughing and joking. You see him gathering honours in his studies. You might be inclined to think you know Frank, but as a matter of fact his real self is a stranger to you.

Kelly. Spike is now on the football field, tackling every opponent who is unfortunate enough to come near him. Then he is tearing down the ice, scoring for Freshman's marvellous Intra-mural Hockey Team. And finally he is passing examinations with astounding nonchalance.

Keyes. You see Andy in the Loyola nets, stopping pucks every way and with everything, including his nose. Then you do not see him for weeks, but that is because he is away while his nose heals. Then when he returns, you realize just what you have missed, the Keyes constant smile and pleasant nature.

Kierans. In Eric you find a great man who—like most great men—is feared as well as admired. We of Freshmen admire Eric for his brilliance in studies, good cheer, and unselfishness. But among the more prejudiced people in Sophomore, Junior, and Senior, Eric is feared for his bone-shattering, body-checks in hockey.

Marrin. At this moment Phil has solved a trig problem which is still puzzling the rest of the class. He is busy at his second favourite occupation, reading a novel. Thirdly, he is explaining the wonders of Winnipeg to a group of sceptical Easterners.

Macdougall. In Bob you find a person who at the same time is an arduous worker and the possessor of a naturally

brilliant mind. As if that were not enough, Bob is extremely active socially (although this he will firmly deny) and an excellent skier and tennis player.

McGinnis. If you look behind that unusually large smile, you see Jerry scoring touchdowns against McGill, Bishop's, Sophomore (yes, especially Sophomore), running in the McGill Meet, and all the while gently removing pieces of thread from St. Cyr's back.

McIlhorne. Do not rush Bob, for he has just finished a ten-mile road race, and is feeling slightly tired. Now he has recovered his breath, and is playing football and hockey for the College Junior Teams, and all the while exchanging wise cracks with little Georgie Collins.

Murphy. There is an extremely intriguing legend about the School as to how Jim accumulated his weight. It is said that he acquired a love of Shakespeare at an early age, and Julius Caesar was one of his favourites. The lines "Let me have men about me who are fat," so impressed him that he went as far as he went. However, it is more likely that his bulk has increased merely to be in keeping with his heart, spirit, and sense of humour.

O'Brien. You will have some difficulty finding Mike, for he is gracefully lying on the football field, covered with generous portions of Segatore, Letourneau, Way, and Tansey. When these gentlemen shall move, he will busy himself, writing firstclass essays and poems, and shall take his share of prizes for proficiency in studies.

O'Connell. Here you feel both pleased and sorry. Pleased that you are observing enough to see that Bob is one of the most diligent workers in the class, but sorry that his reserve is as impassable as an ice barrier.

Prefontaine. At this moment Johnny, who has a most unusual genius for backing the right side in any contest,

is talking to—or rather listening to—a few of his victims. Johnny is also a leader in class spirit, for it was he and Ed Costello who volunteered to act as water-boys on the stirring day Freshman defeated Sophomore in football.

Routh. Randy is now coolly and masterfully defending Canadiens against Maroons. As you watch him, he plays his trump card "but who won the more games?" The argument being over he again assumes his calm, untroubled air.

St. Cyr. You are now looking at the one, original "What-a-man!" the blushing escort of a beautiful farmer's daughter (that is, the daughter is beautiful) to all the St. Lambert Social Affairs. Then again, he is playing football for the Loyola Juniors, and through it all he and McGinnis are laughing at McGinnis' jokes.

Shaughnessy. Even before you see Ray you hear him. But when you do see him, he is starrng at football and hockey. In his more serious moments you hear him mutter something about sups, but you find his serious moments very few.

Shea. You pass him over for you see he is busy writing this article.

Stanford. You hear the same wit so characteristic of the many Stanford Brothers. You hear some questions quietly placed before the Apologetics Teacher. You hear a queer mixture of French and English, which is supposed to be French. And all this is done by Ronnie merely being himself.

Thomas. You can see Art playing football, hockey and tennis, mostly with Ray Shaughnessy. He is at the same time reading, and preparing to pass his magazines to Ray Shaughnessy. When he has done that, he will translate Latin, and he will help Ray, and Ray will help him.

All present! Fine! Take your . . .

E. SHEA, '35

College Diary

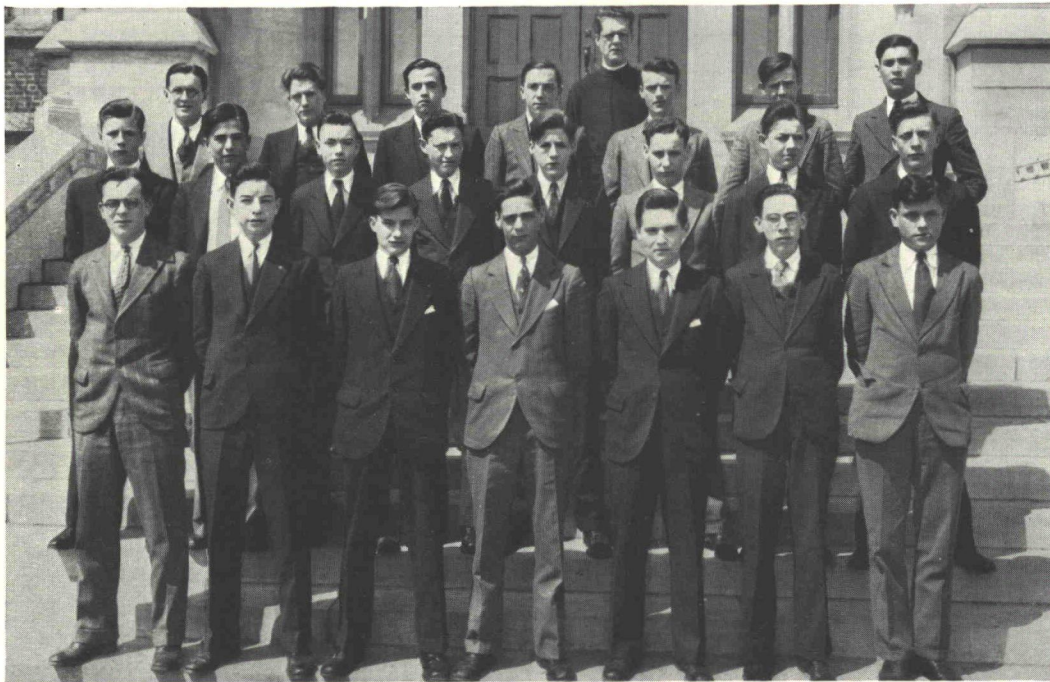
- Sept. 9th.* Opening of High School. Children in Second High look with commiseration on "new-boys."
- Sept. 10th.* Pre-season football practices begin with twenty candidates on hand. High School students take in Mr. Shaughnessy's football advice between summer stories.
- Sept. 17th.* Gloom, broken only by loud slamming of doors, announces return of college students. Many "old-timers" seeking front rooms, with new arrivals hearing, "These back rooms are O.K., if you have a winter overcoat." "Bish" Ellis returns having left "pal" O'Connell in charge while on his holidays.
- Sept. 22nd.* Report comes in re Alumni Golf tournament at Knowlton, Earl Coughlin winning Alumni trophy. "Mugsy" Power finishes, but posts no score—such high figures in these depression days. Retreat opens for college students, with Fr. Noll, S.J., former professor, preaching.
- Sept. 27th.* Football team victorious against Ottawa U., 16-13. Shaughnessy brothers complete first forward pass to be thrown in Canadian Football for a touch.
- Sept. 28th.* Announcement of cut system in college, with appointment of re-"lie"-able beadles.
- Oct. 2nd.* All rush to answer C.O.T.C. call, with "Sarce" Way taking over first platoon. Publicist R. E. Daly joins Agnes McPhail, M.P., in her condemnation of military training.
- Oct. 4th.* Football team beats Sherbrooke A.C., 26-1, completing 9 out of 13 passes. "Little" boys—i.e. McGinnis, Dubee, R. Shaughnessy, B. McTeague, and Billy Daly—star.
- Oct. 6th.* High School, accustomed to new athletic director, beat D'Arcy McGee high 27-0. "Fat" Murphy takes over coaching duties of squad.
- Oct. 13th.* Back from week-end—reason: Thanksgiving Day. Eventful bus-trip to Sherbrooke yesterday. "Squi" joins party somewhere in vicinity of Magog. Won game, 3-2, lost "Squi", almost lost Bucher, McTeague, Scott, and Fleury. Sherbrooke taxi squad reaches new high in daily earnings.
- Oct. 17th.* Welcome victory over our ancient rivals, Bishops—score, 19-0.
- Oct. 18th.* Tom Ellis accounts for his actions in Toronto, and describes convention activities, which he claims he actually attended. Someone murmurs "What an imagination!" Others inquire as to state of "Silver Slipper."
- Oct. 21st.* At McGill stadium. Old Jinx functions as perfectly as of yore. We only tie 4-4. Rumors that "Orfuns" also played. Dubee blushes. Scott gets penalty for rough playing. Field-house crammed with broken bodies.
- Oct. 23rd.* Initiations into Kappa Pi Sigma total success save for slight lapse of blanket-holder, and subsequent collection. Eight months complete rest should help victim. GRR!! GRR!!
- Oct. 24th.* Beat Bishops in Lennoxville, 6-3. Another successful bus-trip, with Gordy George and Bill Tigh disappearing mysteriously, while "Prexy" Sheridan wonders at identity of admirers. Managers never get a break.
- Oct. 31st.* We win Provincial Championship, defeating McGill, 7-2. Physics Lab closes for repairs. Lennon and Frank Shaughnessy begin long celebration.
- Nov. 7th.* Team travels to Ottawa, and wins 10-6. Some boys stay over—apparently Ottawa has its attractions. Dubee swears he missed the train.
- Nov. 11th.* Armistice day. No truce between Gagne and "Choppy", nor between Mascioli and the world in general.
- Nov. 14th.* Rugby ends as team loses to R.M.C. 42-0, in sudden-death play-off.
- Nov. 19th.* Annual Sailors' Concert held. Various skits, big success. Triumphant procession in ancient chariot to Child's. Old friendships renewed, new friendships made. One which will never be forgotten—and not in the spring either—"Oh Cheyvin" (Editor's note—"ch" hard, as in Monark.)
- Nov. 24th.* Colorful crowd witnesses annual Sophomore-Freshman classic, as latter win 12-11. McTeague claims pigskin kept rolling, and referees were not "natural."
- Nov. 25th.* Philosophers' Day. Extramural activities pursued with vigor by Junior and Senior.
- Nov. 27th.* Successful Debating season commences, when F. Flood and E. Cuddihy defeat McGill in Montreal Debating League. Sheridan, O'Connor, and George begin spending long evenings in library, in prep. for "Great Russian Question."
- Dec. 8th.* Sodality Day. Impressive ceremonies, excellent banquet. In entertainment, "One-line" Dubee forgets his part.
- Dec. 12th.* Hockey season opens,—Juniors lose to McGill at Forum 3-1. Andy Keyes spectacular in nets, and claims there were 10 pucks on the ice, and McGill used them all. No ice at home yet.
- Dec. 17th.* Simple Freshman makes naive remark, as passing Biology Lab. at noon. "Must be the skeleton in the closet!" Oh well, he has yet to take Ontology.
- Dec. 21st.* New Physics lecture-room and renovated Lab officially opened at Philosophers' concert. Dr. Quinlan obviously intended for biologist.

LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW

- Dec. 22nd.* Bob O'Hagan goes West at tea-time, and opens saving account. He begins to think of navigation opening.
- Dec. 23rd.* Christmas Holiday begins—general exodus of students—plenty of shopping—all presents, of course. Lambda Law Club dance huge success.
- Jan. 7th.* Work—or rather—classes resumed.
- Jan. 13th.* First examination, all Juniors fail—to finish.
- Jan. 23rd.* Beat Bishops 3-2. Sino-Japanese officially opened,—in Debating Society. Great discussion re "Soya" Bean—and whether or not C.O.T.C. will enter. George Thoms resigns from that unit for 10th time. Reason: Inability to cope with cithelanguage.
- Jan. 28th.* Exams finish. Week-end commences. We discover at least one Toronto student already gone.
- Jan. 30th.* Another visit to the dear old town of Sherbrooke. We lose to Bishops, but receive warm welcome at hands of snow-shoers, who appeal greatly to McNamara, the old Racketeer. Some confusion re trains, but all arrive back safely.
- Feb. 1st.* Three somnolent Seniors suddenly prefer bright lights, and join ranks of non-resident students. Quebecer Savard cannot be persuaded, and hence retains dignity.
- Feb. 6th.* Game continues while stadium burns. No one to fiddle, and Neronian party flops. Only damage done however is 1-0 victory for McGill, who had previously defaulted the game. Red Carroll claims our customary solid defence went up in smoke.
- Feb. 9th.* Shrove Tuesday. Hockey squad journeys to Clarkson Tech in Potsdam. Immigration authorities are only heavy losers. What happened to John McIlhone's hat?
- Feb. 15th.* Someone figures out the cost of showers. Apparently intends research work in the lab.
- Feb. 19th.* Double unanimous victory for debaters here and at Queens. First step towards a debating championship. Kingston knows all about victory by 2:30 A.M.
- Feb. 20th.* Old Boys with two complete teams hold students to scoreless draw. An enlarged edition of Paul Noble almost scored at least once. "Sis" Shaughnessy wonders how Alumni keep in condition.
- Feb. 24th.* Sophomoric Tansey, and Laurie Shaughnessy discovered playing "Hop-Scotch" with children from the "University." Rumored they intend competing for St. Ignatius School Kindergarten Championship.
- Feb. 26th.* Win Dominion Intercollegiate Debating Championship. Second occasion since the college entered. Toronto hears a few things. Osgoode hall lawyers in full retreat. Body of Single Judge who ruined a perfect all-year record found in Lake.
- Feb. 27th.* Tied for Provincial hockey honours with Bishops. Played in Sherbrooke Arena until 11:45, but neither could break a 1-1 deadlock. Mr. Murphy kindly regales team at St. George's Club. Having watched Art Thomas eat seven egg sandwiches, Mr. Lacroix, S.J., asks if that is natural.
- Feb. 28th.* Sheridan and O'Connor, just back from Toronto, lose debate to George and Scott, just back from Sherbrooke, before Women's Catholic League. Sheridan gets lost in Convent building.
- March 5th.* Last Intramural game of season. Freshmen eke out a tie with Senior. Juniors claim to have won the Championship, but Convenor Ed. S. maintains that customary five game play-off with Seniors must decide title-holder.
- March 8th.* News announces New Chapel to be built this summer. Ross Ryan hopes pews will be more comfortable. Many claim they will seek work on new building.
- March 12th.* Rumor has it that Bob O'Hagan is chartering a bus to New York for Easter. Laurie Byrne and Ed. Sheridan claim their calorimeter has no water equivalent. Cf. Physics Professor for confirmation of that report.
- March 17th.* We find an unusually large number of Irishmen around. All journey to town and return at 6:15 P.M. "Oh, we did, too, Father!"
- March 23rd.* Seniors begin three-day retreat. Vacation commences for remainder of students.
- March 31st.* Further Debating Honours. Bill Tigh and "Buster" McTeague win final debate against Spoke-Club of Montreal and annex Beatty Trophy, emblematic of Montreal Debating League Championship. With Ed. Sheridan's brilliant victory last week in Elocution contest sponsored by Montreal Debating League, and also the Intercollegiate Debating Championship, we have clean sweep of all possible speaking honours.
- April 4th.* Young Farmers Party goes into power in Mock Parliament. Farmer Bill Daly advocates all return to the Farm—i.e. Cornwall.
- April 11th.* Jacques Bruneau loses trousers. Apparently one cannot sit in HNO_3 with comfort.
- April 15th.* Harry Hemens finally compiles statistics to prove that he has spent half of his life on the street-car. Where is this town of Rosemount? Lennon wonders why he did not count his transfers.
- April 20th.* Celebration of Rector's day. A welcome holiday in these days of hard work. Everybody who takes Physics—i.e. all seniors celebrate "holiday" by working twice as hard as usual.
- April 26th.* Final preparation for C.O.T.C. inspection. Rheumatism, fallen arches, and sprained ankles incapacitate half of the members.
- April 27th.* We end this darn diary to study Physics! Aren't you glad?

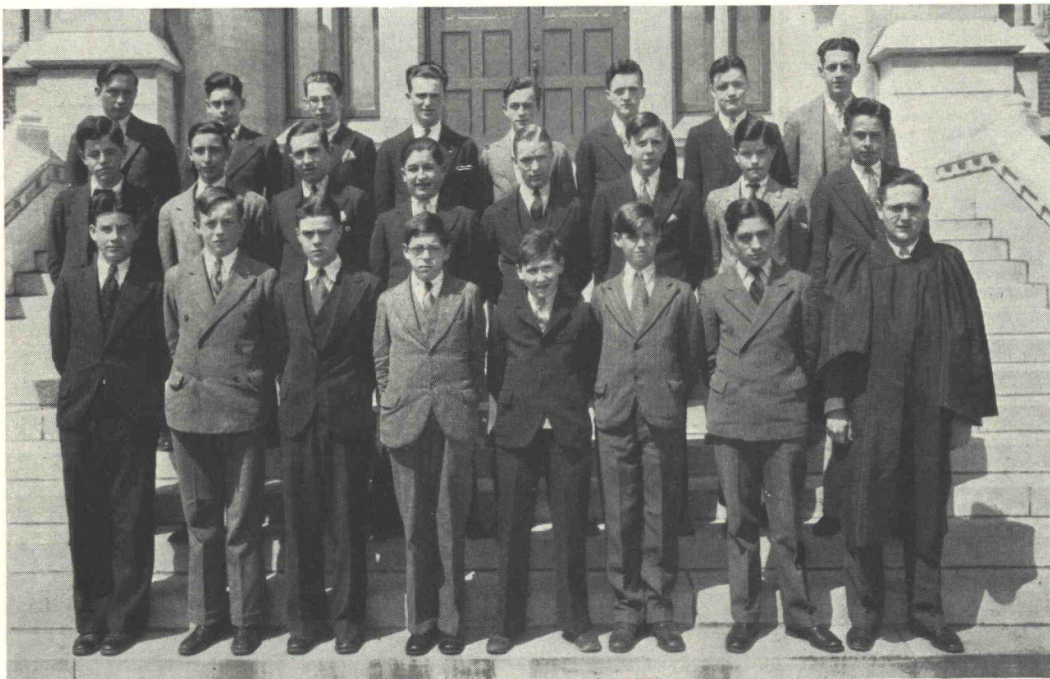
KEVIN SCOTT, L.C. '32

GEORGE MURPHY, L.C. '32.



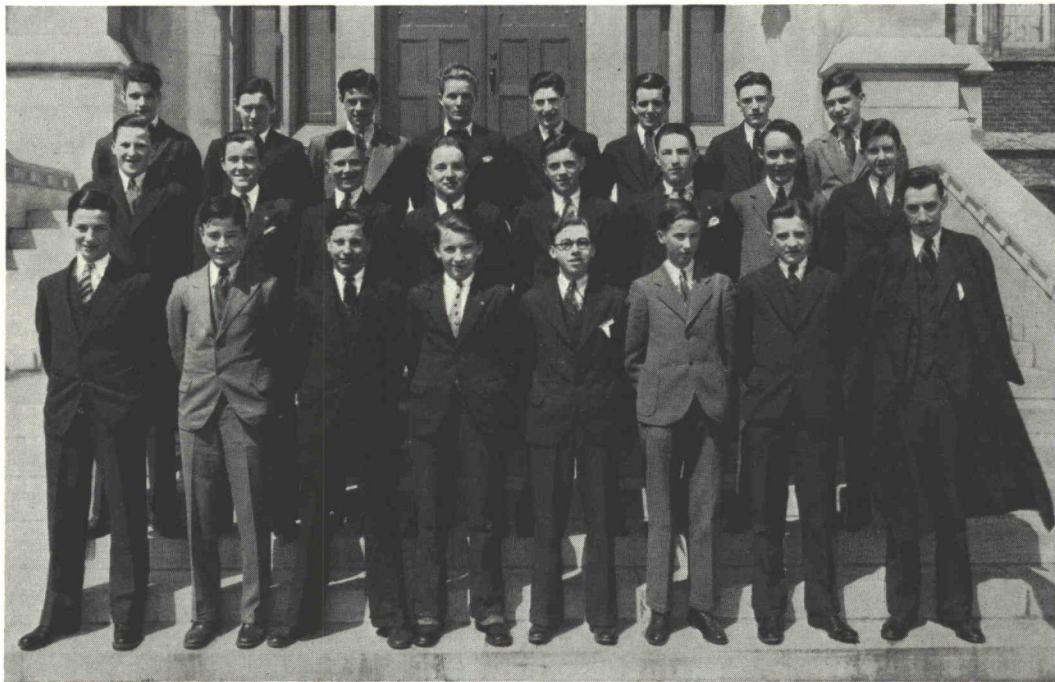
FOURTH HIGH "B"

Front Row: A. STEDMAN, F. KANE, A. COURTEMANCHE, V. JONES, R. PARKER, J. DANAHER, B. MACDONALD.
Middle Row: A. CASGRAIN, M. RECAREY, J. LANGLOIS, J. JOUBERT, C. HAYNES, P. HINPHY, H. TRACEY, W. MACKEY.
Back Row: L. MCKENNA, W. SINGLETON, B. FAHEY, N. HOGAN, M. LAMBERTUS, P. DOYLE, E. ESTRADA,
 Mr. MCINERNEY, S.J.



THIRD HIGH "A"

Front Row: P. DUSSAULT, F. COSTELLO, F. QUELCH, D. MCCOY, L. BATEMAN, J. WHALEN, T. DEMITRE, Mr. RICHARDS.
Middle Row: M. CRONIN, P. MCKEOUGH, G. KIELY, N. MALO, E. CONWAY, P. GILMORE, M. VALLANCE, R. LAFERME.
Back Row: B. HAMMOND, E. ESTRADA, J. YEATMAN, J. BURKE, R. PHELAN, C. MACDONALD, E. COUGLIN, W. MORLEY.



THIRD HIGH "B"

Front Row: E. STONE, L. McKEOWN, H. PAUL, J. RINAHAN, H. MCKINLEY, E. HANKEY, A. PHELAN, MR. ROWE.

Middle Row: J. MACDONALD, J. TOWNSEND, N. THOMAS, J. PATTERSON, W. WALSH, P. FILTEAU, B. CULLITY,
E. BRONSTETTER.

Back Row: B. HINGSTON, K. LANGSTON, C. GRIS, H. TRIHEY, W. GALLAGHER, J. CASTONGUAY, J. BROWN, S. WERTYNSKI.



SECOND HIGH "A"

Front Row: A. ROYER, H. SHAW, H. CONNOLLY, R. CLARKE.

Middle Row: E. GAREAU, E. TYLER, J. PORTEOUS, T. DILLON, *President*, FR. BRESLIN, S. J., C. KANE, *Vice-Pres.*,
J. BARRY, *Sec'y-Treas.*, A. BURNS, P. McASEY.

Back Row: L. KUCHARSKI, J. O'REILLY-BOYCE, A. FAHEY, W. McNALLY, J. O'BRIEN, A. TIERNEY, A. GASKIN,
S. CLARKE, G. STAMBACH.

High School Chronicles

FOURTH HIGH "A"

THIS cheerful chronicle was written on the sun-lit campus on a holiday afternoon. It was the only imaginable way of attempting to reflect the bright, crisp sparkle that characterises every member of the class. First came to mind Louis Dugal, class President and Chairman of the Debating Society. These onerous offices and the ungrateful task of collecting for this and that laudable undertaking do not interfere with Louis' standing as a student. Convinced as we are that one cannot come late to school and yet succeed in study, we must admit ourselves completely at a loss to explain his fine marks, for he is late every other day. There is never a President without a Vice-President, and ours is Joseph Régnier. As is to be expected, he is also a brilliant student; but what is not generally known is his masterly knowledge and keen criticism of the merits and attractions of film stars. The Class Secretary is John McDonnell, a man of many parts, stalwart defence man in the Junior Q.A.H.A. Team, brilliant at argument with the French Master, only confused when it comes to figuring out the day for Latin Composition.

René Bussière is alphabetically at the head of the class, and, as well, prominent among our many intellectuals. His persistence in suggesting alternative constructions in Latin and Greek Prose and the pleasure he obviously finds in rising to his feet to speak at debates, mark him as a coming lawyer. Among those who nearly won the five-dollar gold piece at the inspection is the stout cadet, Armand Clement; perhaps his failure can be attributed to the absence of his friend, John McDonnell, who

was certified to be too weak to drill. Maurice Conway, the popular hero of the class, is an excellent baseball player and does the sport write-ups for the *News*. Mathematics claim R. Denis. The masters should not be solicitous about the risk he constantly runs of falling off his chair—he has his life insured. Another man famous for his mathematics is Jimmy Dodge; his love of the subject kept him at it all last summer. However, this lively lad is also distinguished for the big words he constantly uses and the habit of precision that makes him repeat every question. Harry Fitzgibbon, the star of the High School Hockey forward line, comes from Strathmore. Strathmore is a little to this side of Valois, whence hails the mighty atom, Eddie Penny, noted third baseman, who envies the boarders their proximity to the campus and stadium. Strange to say, John MacDonald is from far-away Halifax; John is a born enthusiast; hockey, baseball, football, Latin Prose, and the Halifax Wolverines, each in due season, hold him enthralled.

Thomas Clancy and John Heffernan are both track stars; after that, their interests diverge, for John is the class humourist, a Jake McConomy, while Tom shares Régnier's extra-curricular passion (see above). Though not as quiet as Jimmy Dodge, Clarence Hinphy at least holds second place as a strong, silent man; he is an officer in the Cadets and devotes much time to his books. Studious Guy Joron becomes bold when attacked and can defend himself with a chair as though it were a rapier, a blackjack and a knuckle-duster, all in one. The social leader of the class is John McLaughlin, who is also a singer of some note and a convincing elocutionist.

Bernard McLellan, the class genius, is an officer in the Cadets; a born leader, he comes first every month.

Among the more serious and mature is John O'Dea, who ranks first in application; John has been perturbed of late over conditions in his native Newfoundland. William Pendleton Power reads the *Gazette* with the concentration and assiduity of an old parliamentarian. Though quite studious, he uses his desk for other purposes than storing books.

As John McDonnell, so was John Savor certified to be too weak to drill. John is a hockey player of note but was kept out of the game for a great part of the season by a pair of bothersome tonsils. Emmet Stafford 'does not sleep o' nights', so much does he sleep by day; but do not think he is constantly drowsy for he holds the record for the high jump and makes a perfect start in his sprinting. The all-round athlete, John Starr, is a goaler in hockey and a wrestler of the Deglane school. In his private laboratory he is constructing a glider of such dimensions and strength as will support his weight. He draws cartoons and takes a keen interest in Irish politics. Withal, he is a student but only has time to study before tests. William Stewart, class orator, ably seconds the President in dunning people for their contributions and, as well, manages the High School Senior and the Juvenile Hockey Teams. We close with James Toppings, a man with unbounded admiration for the veteran 'Snake' Henry and a keen supporter of the M.A.A.A.

For this symposium corporate responsibility is hereby assumed by:—

BERNARD McLELLAN
JAMES DODGE
EDWARD PENNY
HENRY FITZGIBBON
JOHN HEFFERNAN
THOMAS CLANCY

FOURTH HIGH "B"

FAR be it from even the least of our members to play the Pharisee! Firm believers that the roses of Fourth "B" should not waste their sweetness on a desert air, that lights should never be hidden under bushels, and that, do what we will, truth, like murder, will out, we deem it only meet and just that one of our own rather than any other should have the privilege of bringing it all, the fragrance, the radiance, and the truth before the expectant world. A word, then, on the academic sensation of the year.

Fourth High "B": the second letter of the alphabet, be it observed, carries with it no disparaging connotation. Merely this: in September, the authorities thinking to make a Bigger, Brighter, and Better Fourth High divided the one class that bore the name, and called the better half "Fourth High 'B'!" Though some of the less enlightened will persist in maintaining that the division was to the advantage of those we left, we could never exactly see the move from that angle. So it was that, under the capable leadership of Brendan Fahey, class president, and the genial Leo McKenna, his assistant, Fourth "B" broke away from the ancient tradition, and set itself up as the senior class of the High School. The authorities, too, with an unerring sense of the fitness of things, saw to it that a correspondence should exist between the established scholastic eminence that was ours, and the position of our class-room. So high in the towers are we pitched, a deep-lunged and bright-eyed group, chiefly due to the exertion of climbing twelve flights of stairs as many times a day.

Surely the first to meet the gaze of the privileged visitor will be the ingenuous Alexander Casgrain. Beadle and general handy-man, during the winter season he persisted in dragging around a frightful pair of ski boots, though he

lost conduct marks galore, and no small measure of the high esteem in which he was held simply because of it. He sits in a slightly isolated spot, for Martin Foley, who occupies the next seat, never attends class more than one day a week. Morgan Lambertus, next in order, is at his best in an attack on the futility of classical learning, or equally good in as vigorous a defence of Rudy Valee and crooners generally.

Lending a cosmopolitan touch to the group are Henry Estrada and Miguel Recarey. Henry's scholastic success ensures him a place only a shade below Fahey's; all power to him. "Mike's" specialty is sleight-of-hand; between making packs of cards vanish into thin air and performing hair-raising stunts on the parallel-bars, he keeps the place in a perfect fever of excitement. Hugh Tracey, Pat Doyle and Romney Parker vie with one another in choosing the N. H. L. winners for the season.

Nick Hogan, one of your strong, silent men, is the despair of Bill Mackey of boy-scout fame, while Charlie Haynes, by dint of some superhuman skill known only to himself, manages to keep in check the political aspirations of Jean Langlois. The only one who felt sorry when the last elocution contest was cancelled were himself and Jimmie Danaher; we feel sure that Demosthenes would have been overwhelmed by the sheer futility of it all, had either one of them been alive in the great Athenian's day.

Paul Hinchy stoutly affirms that he suffers from an inferiority complex; we fail to see it. John Joubert and Grattan Kiely are the class sheiks; John's latest is the palest of pale blue shirts; while Grattan's ties are simply a sight to behold. Whitey Singleton is our sole representative from the States; his speed and proficiency on the steel blades have met with wide acclaim. Art Stedman manages to amuse the class from time to time by his ready wit and droll answers. Alvin Courtemanche and

Vincent Jones secured their First Aid diplomas last autumn; we keep them in case of accidents. Sandy MacDonald, capable defence man for the Senior High, is one of the really big men of the class; Sandy's shoulders are the constant envy of Joe Ryan, who suffers from very convenient relapses of rheumatism.

Finally, Fourth High "B", sticklers though they are for the complete evolution of the moral and intellectual faculties in education, nevertheless absolutely refuse to countenance a mere one-sided training; they clamour for the development of the whole man, or none at all. Staunch upholders of the maxim, "All work and no play—", the class contributed no less than five members to the Senior High Rugby team, and eight to the Junior team. A truly notable success attended the efforts of the class both in rugby and in hockey.

F. KANE.

THIRD HIGH "A"

IT seemed as if on this day Fate had decided to play tricks, and at every minute a new surprise was sprung upon us.

It is a beautiful day in Spring. Bob Lajoie, an advocate of a daily full-holiday, pays a visit to the class, and Joe Bourke, in the role of host, displays excellent entertaining qualities and amuses his guest throughout the six hours of his visit. Peter McKeogh remembers that we had Cicero to do last night, and Bobby Laferme does his own homework.

To make it worse, "Lindy" Malo, who solemnly declared in the Latin class: "My voice is feminine," manages to keep quiet, while "Packy" Dussault seems to be losing his loquacity just as Frank Conway becomes talkative.

Walter Morley gives his jaws and the chewing gum a rest. Marc Cronin forgets to bring a magazine to read, when the professor begins to question in

Xenophon, and after years of practice, John Whalen is unable to balance his chair on one leg and lands under the basket.

Phew! Even the professor feels nervous. After what Destiny has already accomplished anything might happen, and at any moment now. Why! even Frank Quelch is not in Jug! The world must be going round the wrong way! There is nothing to do but wait.

Ah! Here comes the Dean. He states that James Yeatman has broken the class tradition by not coming first in class standing. Horrors!

Ben Hammond keeps his wisecracks to himself and Frank Costello and Murray Vallance are not seen together.

There goes the bell; it's time for "break". Well, I hope that the surprises are over; but no, I turn round and face Stan Clooney, who actually shows signs of ill-humour.

This is too much for me—I'm going! . . . "Oh, is that so?" (It's the professor's voice.) Hmm—er—after all, it's not so bad; on second thoughts I had better stay and see it through. Theodore Demitre didn't go to a show yesterday and consequently his favorite topic is not heard today. Will wonders never cease!

Patrick Gilmore and Don McCoy are playing "Sink the Swiss Navy", a game which they introduced in Third A as the most practical of class games.

Even Robert Bateman seems to be growing old and our sturdy youth seems to have diminished another of his thirty-six inches.

Why, to-day is Thursday (test day) and Bob Phelan is present, and he knows the test matter too. It can't be true! Still, there it is; you can't argue against facts. Al Burman is jumping about the class; Ernest Coughlin takes interest in something other than bumping people around. "Cam" MacDonald is seriously studying and Grattan Kiely is awake!! Can it be possible! Is it . . . At that moment a book struck me on

the head and I sat up completely awake, gazing at the over-grown volume of "Selections from Orations of Cicero," which the professor had successfully hurled at me. What was the meaning of this? There was no need to ask the question, the book spoke for itself. Cicero, my regular visitor, had once more brought me to reality.

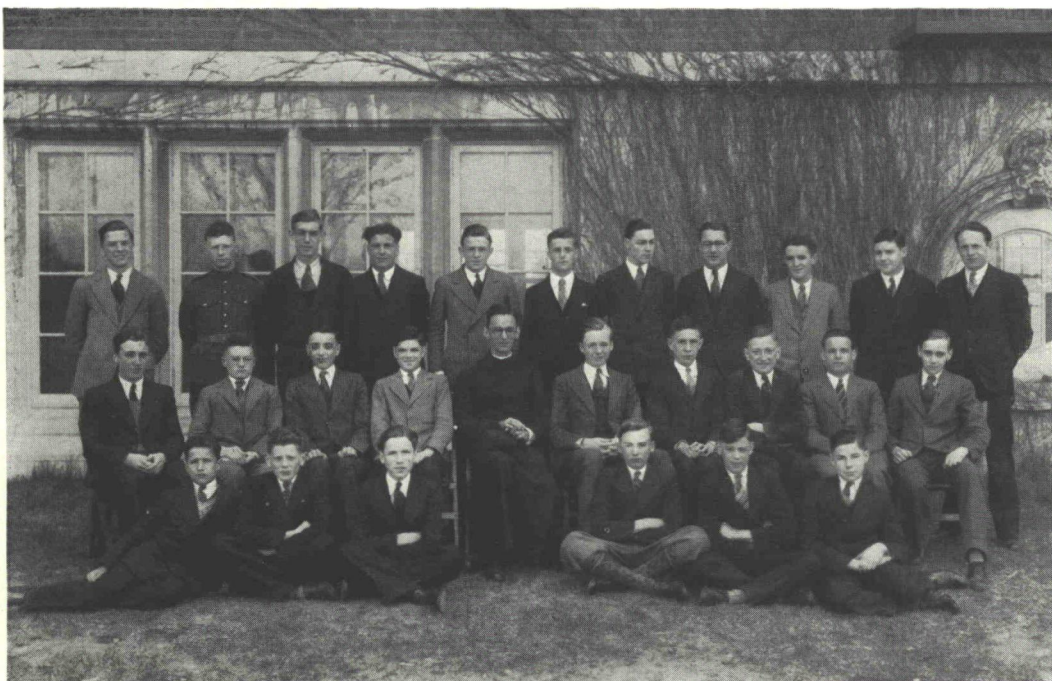
EMILIO ESTRADA.

THIRD HIGH "B"

JUNE, 1947. In my hands I held the annual issue of the "Loyola Review." I had continued my subscription from a sacred sense of duty. From some of the pages youthful faces, lighted by the fond hopes of inexperience, smiled up at me; from others, the determined features of sophisticated graduates glared in defiant mien. The turn of each page raised the veil of faded memory which shadowed my own happy college days and urged my curiosity on to news of the Old Boys whose fate had often caused me some anxiety. Naturally, the valiant crowd that used to help me beguile the tedium of a weary hour's Jug, held my chief interest. As Shakespeare, or some other tragedy, has so well said, "Nothing makes for friendship like adversity." I was prepared for anything. But what inspired seer, in the loftiest flights of imagination, could have foreseen the destiny of my fellow victims of III B?

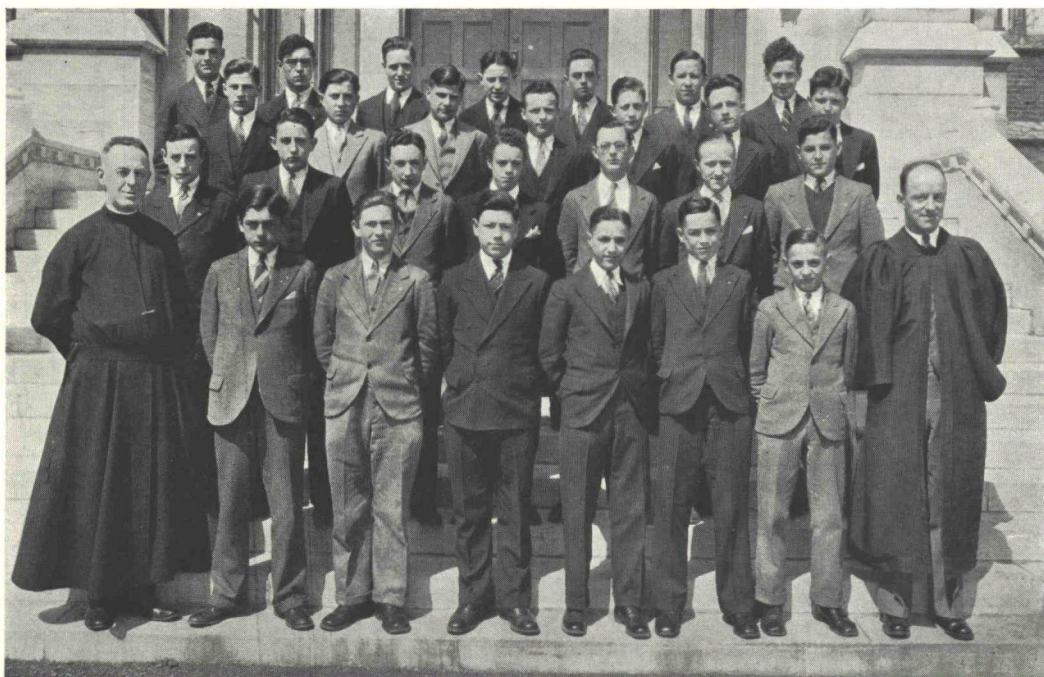
Jules Castonguay, manager of a populous hotel in Ottawa is assisted in the refreshment department by the notorious bouncer-team Hingston & Bronstetter. I always knew that Basil, somehow, somewhere, could find a practical and legitimate use for those feet.

James Tozzi finds the inspiration for his political harangues in perfecting his chef d'oeuvre, "Tell Me Not in Mournful Numbers."



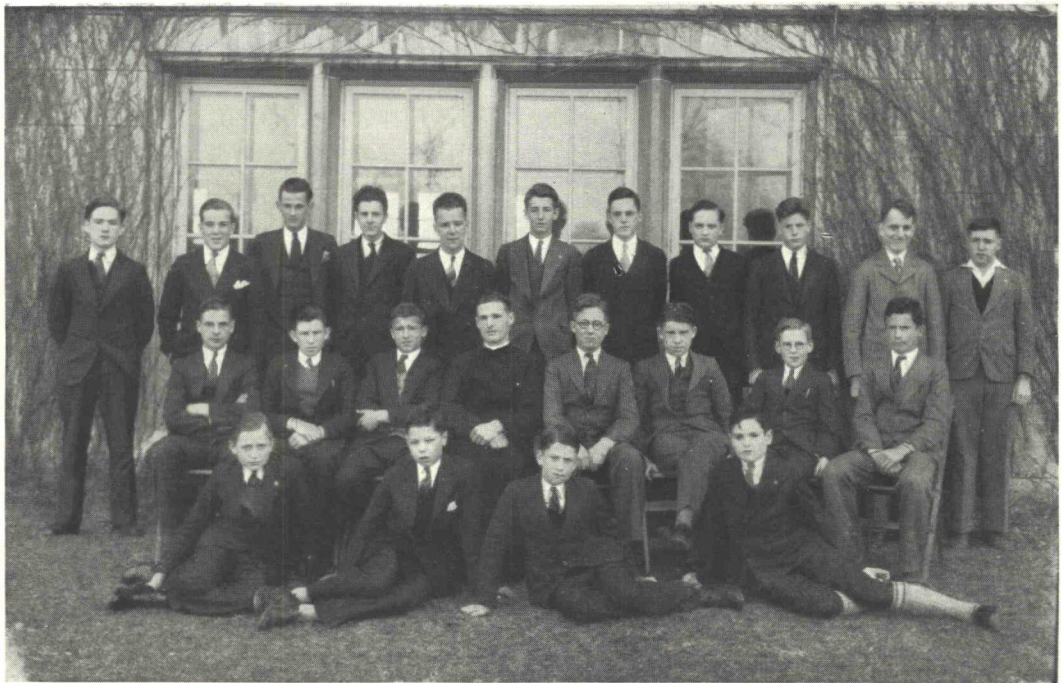
SECOND HIGH "B"

First Row: J. MADIGAN, W. MURPHY, L. WHITELAW, P. HYMAN, J. LABELLE, P. DAGNALL.
Second Row: G. GILBERT, S. HUTCHINSON, J. BADGER, E. KENNEDY, MR. CADWALADER, S.J., W. ALLISON,
 G. JOLY, P. SEVIGNY, C. CORKERY, J. BEAUDOIN.
Third Row: W. HOLLAND, E. BLAXALL, F. HOLLINGWORTH, A. SULLIVAN, R. McKEOWN, H. CLAYTON,
 W. LEE, F. PYTLIK, G. JOHNSON, M. SAVAGE, J. FLEMING.



SECOND HIGH "C"

First Row: MR. PAYTON, S.J., W. DUMAS, J. TRAINOR, L. CARLSTROM, P. SHORTENO, P. GRIFFIN, F. SHORTENO, MR. DOLAN.
Second Row: C. McDONOUGH, R. BOURASSA, P. REID, E. WARREN, R. KEEGAN, D. McNICHOL, J. ROYER.
Third Row: J. RHEAUME, A. JOCKS, H. RICHARDSON, H. CODY, J. GROTHE, B. MURPHY, H. McDUGALL.
Fourth Row: J. SHAUGHNESSY, E. STEWART, L. BURKE, L. CARROLL, J. MAHONEY, W. WRINN, F. O'HAGAN.



FIRST HIGH "A"

Front Row: J. HESLOP, B. CLARKE, D. FAHEY, V. SAVAGE.

Middle Row: G. FULLERTON, W. GAFFNEY, F. KUCHARSKI, MR. BEDFORD, S.J., V. FITZGIBBON, N. EMERY,
F. BURNS, C. PAYETTE.

Back Row: R. BEAULIEU, W. CLIFFORD, J. DEVINE, J. BOURRET, J. BRODERICK, R. BOILEAU, L. EGAN, P. LANCTOT,
K. FORBES, A. LAFLAMME, J. CARRINGTON.



FIRST HIGH "B"

Front Row: F. POWER, E. LANGE, J. MCCORMICK, G. MACDONALD.

Middle Row: R. THOMAS, G. REYNOLDS, J. SHEA, MR. GEORGE, F. LONG, G. MARRIOTT, L. TREMBLAY, D. MAHONEY.

Back Row: W. MURPHY, A. LIBBY, E. WAUD, A. ROLLAND, H. STREET, A. MCISAAC, T. MOTT, A. RELECOM,
M. MCANDREW, E. STEWART, L. LYNCH.

Dick Hermansen's voice may be heard by the courageous over station KNU, from Skzcyph, Denmark. At present he is giving a course of bedtime talks to ambitious youths on "Industry and Energy—the Secret of my Success."

Lewis McKeown captains the coloured porter-brigade at the Windsor. Persistent efforts at facial contortion in the balmy days when he enjoyed the "...virgineus puerili vultus in ore" have not proved in vain. The McKeown Automatic Board-Eraser, Door-Opener and Theme-Collector helps support Lew's wardrobe.

John Brown, Gene Hankey, Philip Steele, Humbert Paul and Barney Cullity are doing pedagogical acts at Loyola. Some fellows pay for their mis-spent youth here below, all right.

Joe MacDonald is still at sea—fishing for big game. His cherished dream to appear in the Olympics seems to approach realization. They say he has surpassed Jonas' stunt by holding out in the whale for a whole week. Bigger ones than this have found their way into the pages of History, but this one is just a trifle oily and can stand a generous bit of salt.

Paul Filteau of Cobalt is now rivaling Amos 'n Andy and the Toonerville Trolley in the fresh-air taxi-cab business.

Jim Langston has replaced Horatio Alger in the hearts of the young and romantic. His model of chivalry is Norm. Thomas, who, in dreamland, rivals the accomplishments of the well-known Merriwell brothers.

Carlos Gris has successfully terminated his third revolution in Mexico. Exact whereabouts unknown.

Bill Gallagher is on active service in the Foreign Legion. The why and wherefore he refuses to divulge. Another case of "Cherchez la femme," I guess.

Shades of Patres Conscripti! Stephen Wertynski is Polish Consul to Canada. I wonder how much he owes Cicero?

Bill Walsh recently made a great hit with his latest crooner, "Wake Me Up at the End of Greek Class." Harry Trihey composed the chorus.

Doctor McKinley is intern at the new hospital for the dumb. Jack Patterson, while not dispensing apparel to the well-dressed man, assists him in training the nurses. Jack has capitalized his proficiency at hand-holding.

Jimmie Rinahan is football coach at Hooey. His long experience in kicking at homework ought to be proving useful.

Jack Townsend has patented his "Coyote Love Call." No one has yet offered a plausible explanation of the name. The piece itself sounds more like the squeaking of a dozen dollar watches than anything else in the world.

I turned over the page with a wistful sigh. Certainly my humdrum career in the old barber-shop is an uninspiring story compared with those of my more favoured class-mates.

I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by an attractive customer in search of the shoe-shine department.

"Hurry up, Stone, and get to work on the lady's shoes."

ART PHELAN.

SECOND HIGH "A"

It seemed only yesterday

SEPTEMBER

RETURNING members rediscover Junior Building in same spot. Old faces look new—new faces look queer, and that sort of thing. Order of the day: bargaining in football outfits; boasting of a swell summer; browbeating First High men into buying all sorts of books, then buying all sorts of wrong editions in turn. Tom Dillon voted in as Class President; Charlie Kane as Vice-President, and

Jack Barry as Sec'y-Treasurer. Joe Porteous and "HAT" make appearance. Now we can start hibernating. Clarke, Cronin and Morley, newcomers, join in a hasty and prolonged search for x. Retreat brings month to a happy close.

OCTOBER

Intramural sports begin . . cherished hopes of again winning Lenaghan Shield. Bourassa invests in mountainous supply of copybooks, while Gaskin, depression-wise, uses the covers of the old ones. Forward passes cleave the air as Kane and Tyler and Barry cavort in the Junior Hi backfield. Tom Dillon and Cronin add pep to the Intermediates; Fahey smothers end runs and Morley hoists them H . . . W . . . and H as Seniors. Father Lally drops in and gives a spirited and much-appreciated ten-minute talk.

NOVEMBER

October's cherished hopes realized . . once again the Lenaghan Shield graces our classroom wall. Burke, O'Brien, Tyler, Dillon, Fahey, Barry and Morley romp through opposition—2B and 2C—to run up 52 points, while Cronin, Burns, Kane, McNaughton, Kucharski, Boyce, Stambach and McNally keep our score-sheet clean. Tierney, erstwhile non-combatant, plunges furiously into the fray. On to Hockey—good prospects. Shaw, over zealous, nearly loses foot. However, he spends the rest of the term recovering yards after an attack of Measles.

DECEMBER

No ice—no hockey. Sodality Day—Barry, Boyce, Dillon, Gareau, Kane and O'Brien now full-fledged Sodalists. Interesting letters from Garry Wells. Santa Claus in town—Roland Clarke seen near Eaton's! School breaks up on account of holidays! Ring down the curtain on 1931!

JANUARY

Class opens with Royer's favourite indoor sport—English Composition. Bourassa foregoes home-cooking for the next month or so to try lamb stew, the refectory's hot challenge to zero weather. Jack Frost obliges and we curb 2B—tie 2C—and repeat the dose on 2B—then the Gulf Stream goes awry, meandering hither and yon, and golf is seen on the campus!!! The Exams, like all good things (or is it "violence isn't long sustained"), come to an end, and then the fun begins. Out of the wreckage emerge Gareau and Tyler with 90%; Burns, Cronin, Kane, Kucharski, Morley, McNally, O'Brien, Porteous, Royer and Stambach with 80%. Cronin and Morley bid farewell to seek new fields in Third High. Charlie Kane, a moving spirit in the High School Carnival, blossoms forth in white ducks, or rather in white and ducks . . . missiles!!

FEBRUARY

Connolly starts off the Second Semester with a brand new set of early morning questions—some of them are teasers, as Gareau will attest. Stanley Clarke meets some tough words in Deharbe, but the t.w. lose out. Pat McAsey WAVES aside objections and revives interest in debating. Bourassa returns to Oxford precincts singing "I hear Me calling Me." A bevy of cantankerous flu' germs give our diarist, C.B.K. no yards! O'Brien and Barry, with drops in their eyes, feel their way about.

MARCH

Foul flu' fells Fahey! Roland Clarke debates against time and wins. 2B is met Algebraically: result is a tie. Royer, wearing a sport collar, and Stambach, his jaunty plus fours, do their best to induce Spring this way. No response! Shaw breaks into print with 94 in Greek Grammar! Boyce writes a cosmopolitan French Composition.

APRIL

Spring is just around the corner! So Gaskin takes home his skates! Porteous' watch stops with a loud click . . . at the other end of his chain! McNally reads and translates Nepos with great animation, much to Tierney's wonder and amazement. Kucharski disables his right hand just prior to the History Test!

MAY

The month of roses, riots and Reviews—the time for May poles, May queens and Maybe—the season of tests, tears and torment—the days of inspections, elections and culinary confections alias banquets! Tom Dillon drastically deterred from donning khaki determines to join the Highlanders! Connolly misses the \$5 gold piece by 27 cents! Heck! Barry collecting for phlowers, photos and phield day! So ends the year. Let to-morrow take care of itself!

W. L. KUCHARSKI, '34

SECOND HIGH "B"
1952

WHITELAW'S renown is the talk of the town; famed are his formulas and fictions. He wrote a maths book but after a look, even Einstein lost his convictions. The large share of fame that hallows his name must be ascribed to Pytlik by all men, for when Einstein's convictions suffered afflictions, it was our Frank who set him right again. Of Murphy's lot we doubt that you've got the slightest of suspicions; a sad, sad spectre for he's a collector of rare old French editions. Clayton is breezy and taking things easy, which he had a capacity of doing; he has moved to the States at C.N.R. rates—some say his trouble is brewing. Croesus would pay his bald bards to say loud praises about his wit;

each year adds fame to Johnson's name—No, we are not paid a bit.

In corners all dusty from volumes quite musty, Savage makes his plans with deep fascination; so, no matter what weather, we'll all hang together, cemented by murder and assassination. The wrath of men, John Madigan dispels with sharp invective and from his height, as well they might, men learn the right perspective. P.S. As a missionary, John has for his clients an unknown race of African giants. Anthony Sullivan is feeling quite dull again; the reason is not far to seek, a master at college, he now imparts knowledge of the myriad secrets of Greek. Kennedy essays in all sorts of ways to study the earth and the stars; he eclipsed the moon and expects to know soon how they built the canals upon Mars.

Though not a hard worker, yet chock full of zest, Corkery has built an Utopia feudal; freedom from worry, each day made for rest, under the flag of old Yankee Doodle. In argument we all own Joly's skill, for e'en though vanquished he can argue still and now his words of length and thundering sound amaze his ancient class-mates ranged around. Holland and Hymans have finished their course and pose as college physicians; the patients attended seem to grow worse—they follow the boys' traditions. McKeown was always a practical man; he repairs in a way that's nice all bullet holes in evening clothes—few patrons return more than twice.

Trained in life's long hardships and knots, Allison has a business that trots; in short he tries as none before to keep from being plucked once more. Blaxall is in the Army Reserve, but he wears his uniform each day; he says you never know but what a photographer might pass his way. Dagnal is surely a dynamic force and as neat as an old dowdy dollar; we recently heard from an unknown source that he never

grew any taller. A three-day week is what suited him in all that the Russians teach; but Gibby didn't know till he reached Moscow that it was merely a figure of speech. Sevigny has succeeded his father; to him no procedure is new; so he diligently dozes to the end of each case, then quietly asks "Où sommes-nous?"

As Hutchinson rose to each occasion, his rise in life has never ceased; we found he reached his lofty station by daily use of Fleischman's yeast. Johnnie Labelle in his newest model has flown 'round the world six times; it wasn't in vain for he managed to gain one of Rockefeller's shiny new dimes. The world has been calling forth Honorable Frank Hollingworth who far outstrips old Major Hooples; he grips all objections and throws out corrections in his wrestling talks to the pupils. With marvellous capacity and political audacity, Baudoin sits on some civic committee; he remedies abuses by offering excuses or dropping some sweet word of pity. He may yawn and figet for he's only a midget and to grow he needs snoozing and slumber; thus life will be for Fleming, you see, like the pages of some Christmas number. It seems true to me, said Winslow Lee, that the first hundred years are the worst; figure, frown or fret, I don't know yet my Algebra from the first. Mr. Cadwallader has been our master and our friend during days that have gone by on wings; with a magic touch the methods were such that a wee bit of knowledge still clings. Badger has quite deftly satirised our times and pointed out our follies in his rhymes; Sir John who has succeeded in verse to write sets up a claim to be dubbed a knight.

Perhaps we're all wrong in our calculations, for some whom we guessed would be doctors and teachers may, to be sure, become lawyers and preachers. In Tiny Tim's words, as now the task is done God bless us everyone.

SECOND HIGH "C"

WHILE playing golf one Saturday afternoon on Long Island, N.Y., I was surprised to meet H. McDougall or "Mac" as he was known when we were school-mates together some twenty-five years before. I chanced upon him on the eighteenth green. We had been close friends at school, and, after a lapse of so many years, we found much to talk about. Therefore, arm in arm, we entered the club dining-room and, in a quiet corner, like two old cronies, poured out our experiences to each other.

"Mac" was a prominent surgeon on the staff of one of the largest hospitals in the country. I was a successful merchant. When we had finished talking about the news of the day, we began to trace the other members of the class of L.H.S. '34.

Only a few days before I had met Bill Dumas. Bill, less fortunate than we, was bored with a position in Parliament and found little time with which to indulge in that great sport—golf. "Mac" told how he had met the Shorteno brothers. Frank and Pete were in the custom tailoring business and operated a chain of four thriving establishments. Fate had indeed treated them kindly.

I asked "Mac" if he had ever seen or heard of Cody or Reid, and remarked how well they had played hockey. To my surprise he told me that Cody had followed the sport and was now a professional hockey player, and that Reid was in the sporting goods business. Then I inquired what had become of Burke and Warren, who had been very good football players. He told me Warren was a druggist and Burke was in the lumber business and both were blessed with plenty of this world's goods.

Then, as we were smoking quietly, trying to think of the other fellows in that class, I thought I recognized a man

sitting a few tables away from us. I called "Mac's" attention to him and he confirmed my supposition. It was "Dan" O'Hagan. After making ourselves known to him, we spoke of what had drawn our attention towards him. It was that mass of red hair. He still possesses the same enormous amount as in those days of long ago.

Dan told how he had always remained friendly with McDonough and Keegan. He went on to say how McDonough had fared in this life's struggle. He was the proud father of three beautiful and well-trained children. He was working for the city as chief of the detective bureau. Dan was often a dinner-guest at the McDonough home and always enjoyed hearing the children tell their strange tales of school life. It always brought back pleasant memories. Keegan, he informed us, was a contractor. Through his keen insight and good management he had built up a very successful business.

Then "Mac" asked if we had ever heard from Royer; and I remembered it was he whom I had lunched with a few weeks previously while on a short business trip to Montreal. Jean, I told them, had succeeded his dad as owner and general manager of a chain of stores, and had in his employ a few old friends. Mahoney was treasurer of the firm, Stewart, secretary, and Bourassa had been taken in as junior member.

It was while I was in Montreal that I had trouble with my eyes. I went to an oculist and "mirabile dictu", the eye specialist was H. Richardson. He, too, had succeeded his dad in business. I was invited to dinner and met his wife and two children.

"Mac" then told how he had met Jack Shaughnessy at a football game the previous Fall. Jack had turned professional. Dan had met J. Rheume while searching for expert legal advice. Rheume, too, had followed in his dad's footsteps. I always thought he would be a lawyer. He certainly had the "gift

of gab" when we were school boys. Murphy, too, had studied law. He had offices in the same building as Rheume and they often bowled after hours on Saturday afternoons. That was about the only form of exercise their positions offered them. They could never find time for eighteen holes of golf.

Traynor I had come across by accident. I met him while waiting for a subway train in the N.Y. Central. He is a professor of History in one of our foremost colleges. He was in N.Y. to attend a lecture.

There was a lull in the conversation and, as we three sat smoking thoughtfully, an attendant handed me a telegram. I read it carefully, scarcely able to believe my eyes. It certainly was a surprise and a coincidence. The message was from Joe Wrinn, inviting me to his place for the week-end. I immediately telegraphed him and accepted, asking if I might bring two old friends. We arranged to visit Joe the following week-end.

On the appointed day we met at the train and began our journey. We arrived in Vinton early the next afternoon and had no trouble finding Joe's place. When I first saw it, I began to wonder if any one else owned any land except Joe. His property was very extensive, and his home very modern. Joe had not changed much; he was still quite heavy, indeed much more so than when I knew him twenty-five years before. The visit proved to be the biggest surprise of my life, for he had arranged beforehand to have a welcoming committee composed of Leo Carlstrom, the banker of the town, and Pat Griffin a steamship magnate, both former school mates of ours. The visit to Wrinn's place was quite enjoyable. I discovered to my delight that Joe had a private golf course. While there we learned that he had tried to have Jocks and Carroll there also; but they, being tied up in the railroad business, were unable to make the party complete.

We were not pressed for time so we decided to motor home. We took a round-about way and passed through Three-Rivers. There, to our delight, we met Ed. Courey. Ed. could not do enough for us. We learned that he was the foremost wholesale clothing manufacturer in that section.

Finally, some one remarked that we had seen everyone in that class of '32 except Grothe. So, on O'Hagan's suggestion, we went to Montreal. Sure enough, there was Grothe in his father's office—head of Montreal's largest tobacco concern.

Our journey over, we returned to our respective cities feeling about twenty-five years younger and much happier than when we set out.

DANIEL J. McNICHOL.

FIRST HIGH "A"

WE all gathered closely around the radio, tuned in on the station we wanted, and listened carefully. "Hello, everybody; this is Station O.N.E.A. telling you who's who and what they do in 1 A. First on our list is Mr. Bedford, S.J., class-master, or if you prefer, master of ceremonies. Then Mr. Kenny taught us what "x" and "y" were and what they equal. Mr. Dolan explained to us who the Egyptians and the Greeks were, and Father McCarthy, S.J., acquainted us with "Francais" and the meaning of it all. We will now inform you about most of the students.

Ray Beaulieu is one of the best losers in application. He likes hockey and can recite his latin verbs like a gramophone. Bill Brent hails from Toronto and likes rugby. Does he like French? Ask him! The class president is Jack Broderick, one of our local athletes. He likes to argue with the maths professor to get out of jug, but is seldom successful.

Frank Burns, one of our maths experts, is also very good in Latin. He is an honour man and played forward for the Bantams. Roderick Boileau, the fisherman from Gaspe, is good at balancing his chair, but once he failed, with disastrous consequences. Next, hear about Carrington, our Latin expert from Mexico. He took a siesta during Catechism class until his snoring brought about his downfall. 'Carrington, read the next question' 'Uh! What!' "What does the Third Article teach us?" "Wrong! Ten marks off application!" He is an honour man, but this doesn't prevent him from sticking his pen into the person who puts his feet on his chair.

Brocke Clarke is a newcomer from Quebec. Brock has the class leaders between the "devil and the deep blue sea". Bill Clifford, another stranger in our midst, hails from Three Rivers. He is our algebra expert and an excellent referee. Joe Devine, the crooning troubadour of O.N.E.A., rivals Columbo with his "bo-bo-boob."

Egan is a quiet but likeable fellow. Emery is the official class stenographer. Don Fahey is chief mischief-maker; one of his favorite occupations is to tickle Brent behind the ears and mark his neck with ink. He is an honour man, and played centre on the Bantams. Fitzgibbon is our Strathmore representative. Ken Forbes was prominent in the Q.A.H.A., besides being one of our best debaters and elocutionists.

Gordie Fullerton is a quiet and amusing person, particularly quiet when asked a question. Gaffney wears out the campus and the stadium. Heslop, our St. Lambert representative, likes hockey and rugby, and is an ardent scout.

Frank Kucharski is as good in class as he is on the ice. Arthur Laflamme's time is spent in filling his fountain pen and arguing about catechism with Mr. Bedford. Lanctot is one of our seven honour men; he is good in Latin and

likes hockey. Cliff Payette is our Lachine representative. He is quiet and bashful during elocution periods. Victor Savage dislikes the "Excelsior" motto of F. Burns, who is making a strong bid for first place in the class. He played on the Q.A.H.A. Bantams.

V. SAVAGE.

FIRST HIGH "B"

THAT the dinner had been a success was evident from the easy flow of conversation and the atmosphere of conviviality which seemed to permeate the salon. As the waiters served the coffee and then quietly withdrew, leaving us alone to indulge in the reminiscences which invariably accompany reunions, I gazed around at the assembled guests, all of them old classmates.

How quickly the time had flown, and what changes the passing years had brought with them. While some of the speakers of the evening dwelt on the various escapades and pleasant hours of their College careers, foremost in the minds of the majority of us were memories of more carefree days, when we first swore allegiance to our present Alma Mater; days when the now dignified and sophisticated Art Libby was our genial "porter" and Doug Mahoney, our toothless goaler and wise-cracker.

It hardly seems right that Eric Lange and John McCormick, formerly the class dwarfs, should have grown to such a height. The "Gold Dust Twins" Reynolds and McDonald are still as thick as ever; Trembley still smiles and answers "yes" to whatever is asked of him; Valois, Murphy, Savor and Street, our "Troubadours" of 1932, are liable to harmonize at any moment, regardless of the efforts of McIsaac and Lynch to stop them. Peter Ward established a record by arriving on time for the dinner; Stewart, McAndrew and Thomas, I noticed, had forsaken their gum-chewing habit. The changes were certainly drastic. Relecolm didn't attempt to strike up an argument; Mott, Rolland and Parenteau managed to stay awake during the entire proceedings; Marriott had forgotten to bring along one of his copies of "Wild West Adventures" and Shea made his appearance minus any startling color combinations. Giggles from the end of the table informed me that Frankie Power and Francis Long had not lost their sense of humor.

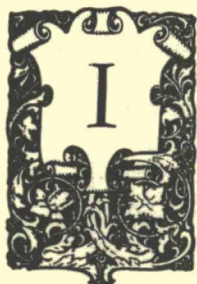
As the crowd began to break up, I realized how precious are the friendships formed during High-school days and my heart sent forth a toast to the Class in which we first met, where the firm foundations of lasting friendships were laid and where many happy hours were spent.

Judgment

*Oh God! when'fore Thy court I, naked, stand,
To accept judgment at Thy all-just hand,
In mercy weigh me not by my own worth;
Remember her, whose travail gave me birth,
Her virtue, prayer,
Her loving care,
Dear Lord, and let me pass.*

E. SHERIDAN, '32

The Arrival of the Athenian Fleet at Lemnos



It was a summer afternoon in the year 490, B.C., and the sun seemed to shine with more zest than ever on the small Aegean isle of Lemnos, which lies some hundred miles to the north-east of Athens in the track of ships on their way to the Chersonese. The island was then at the height of its power, renowned for its striking beauty and unexcelled for works of sculpture, painting and architecture.

About two miles from the city lay a long stretch of beach whose chalk-white sands, glaring in the sun's rays, presented a violent contrast to the crystal-blue waters of the Aegean. At the further extremity of the beach, reclining at full length—under the shade of a cluster of cypress trees, were two boys, Lexodis and Herodes, sons of Hesiod the famous orator and patriot. The younger, Lexodis, was talking very earnestly.

"I hear, brother, there is talk of the Athenian fleet being in these waters? What do you think of the report?"

"I'm afraid it's correct," said Herodes with that slightly superior air that elder brothers are at times wont to assume. "You see, while I was on my way to the Senate house this morning, I chanced to meet my old friend Solon.

He had just arrived on a Phoenician trader. He said that the night before last they fell in with a squadron of war-ships, which must have been Athenian, and that it was due only to luck and the heavy darkness that they escaped observation."

"Surely, they will not attack us. We have always treated them in the most friendly manner."

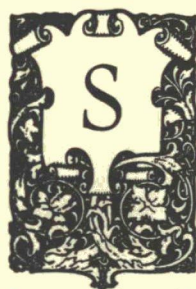
"Of course they won't," said Herodes. "We need have no fear of the Athenians. Why, shortly, they will be busy enough defending their own shores against the Persians."

Lescodis, however, was not altogether convinced by his brother's argument, and staring across the bright waters, as if fully expecting to see the ominous fleet, he relapsed into silence.

Later, as they picked up their javelins and made ready to depart, Lexodis clutched his brother's arm. He had seen something in the distance. With the same dreadful thought in their minds, they climbed the cliff behind the beach, and then, peering seawards, let out a cry of amazement. There they saw them, ship upon ship in line formation, bobbing up and down upon the inland ocean, and steadily approaching the shore. The Athenian fleet had arrived.

RICHARD O'REILLY-BOYCE, II HIGH A.





SHORTLY after the closing of the annual retreat the Sodality of our Lady was reorganized for the scholastic year. In conformity with the practice of former years the Sodality was divided into two sections, the resident students' and the non-resident students'. The following were elected officers.

Resident Students' Section: *Prefect*, Thomas Ellis; *First Assistant*, Robert Daly; *Second Assistant*, John Anglin; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Maurice Bedard; *Assistant Secretary-Treasurer*, Wentworth Singleton; *Sacristan*, Henry Estrada; *Master of Candidates*, Edmund Way; *Councillors*: Jean Darche, Charles Hill, Hugh MacDonald.

Non-Resident Students' Section: *Prefect*, Francis Shaughnessy; *First Assistant*, Brendan O'Connor; *Second Assistant*, Edmund Gough; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Richard King; *Assistant Secretary-Treasurer*, John Tansey; *Sacristan*, George Burman; *Master of Candidates*, George Thoms; *Councillors*: Lester Carroll, Lawrence Shaughnessy, James Bulger, William Stewart, James Toppings, John Brown.

The resident students regularly held their meetings on Sunday evening. The Little Office of the Immaculate Conception and the Litany of Loretto were recited; then a short sermon on a practical topic was given by Fr. McCarthy, S.J., the Moderator. During the first part of the year the non-resi-

dent students held their meetings Wednesday noons. From Ash Wednesday on, however, the meeting took place Saturday morning at 7.50. The Office and Litany were recited during a special Sodality Mass, and after Mass the Moderator gave the customary short sermon.

The activities of the Sodality were at least equal to those of former years. Early in December a raffle was held to buy Christmas baskets for the poor of the parish. Throughout the year postage stamps and tinfoil were collected for the missions. Old clothing was collected and given to the needy. Many of the members subscribed to the official Sodality publication, "The Queen's Work," and to "Jesuit Missions."

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the eighth of December, was, according to custom, Sodality Day. Rev. Fr. Primeau, S.J., celebrated the High Mass and was assisted by Rev. Fr. Moderator and Mr. Phelan, S.J. At the evening service, Rev. Fr. Rector received thirty-six new members into the sodality. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Fr. Bryan, S.J. The evening service was followed by the annual banquet and a concert.

This account would be incomplete if no mention were made of the zeal and devotion constantly shown by Fr. Moderator. His untiring efforts contributed greatly to the maintenance of the high traditions of the Sodality during the past year.

RICHARD KING, '34.
MAURICE BEDARD, '34.



DEBATES

As the years go by the account of debating activities at Loyola gets longer and longer. Indeed, since Loyola first entered the Inter-University Debating League in 1922, success has followed upon success and it would seem that in 1932 a point has been reached where further achievements could but equal those of our present debaters; but so the Review of 1926 spoke of their debaters, and yet Loyola ever forges ahead in this sphere of development with which her name is inevitably linked.

Since 1922 Loyola has been in the finals of the I-U.D.L. nine times and of these she has won twice. In the newly formed Montreal Debating League also she has a fine record, being in the finals last year, and winning this year.

The debating activities were conducted under the auspices of the Literary and Debating Society. The officers were as follows: Gordon George '32, *President*; Jacques Laflamme '33, *Vice-President*; Robert E. Daly '32, *Secretary-Treasurer*; and Brendan O'Connor '32, Kevin Scott '32, and Ed. Sheridan '32, *Councillors*. Reverend W. X. Bryan, S.J., was the Moderator of the Society. During the earlier portion of the year the Society was run as an extra-curricular activity, but with the coming of the second term it was reinstated in the curriculum. The later meetings were

held in the form of a Mock Parliament and there were several lively sessions.

As mentioned above, Loyola entered debating teams in both the Inter-University and Montreal Debating Leagues. An account of these debates follows.

INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATING LEAGUE.

Success once again favoured our teams in this League. Of four debates, Loyola won three unanimously, and the other by a two to one decision. The preliminaries were against Ottawa University and Queen's University, while the finals were against Osgoode Hall. Thus, after six years' absence the cup comes back again to Loyola and it is our hope that it may stay in these halls for some years to come.

Ottawa University at Loyola.

On February 19th, the opening debate of the season was held. Loyola's negative team met and defeated Ottawa University. Brendan O'Connor and Ed. Sheridan were the members of the Loyola team, while Ottawa University was represented by Messrs. Neil O'Donnell and Bernard Flynn.

Mr. O'Donnell was the first speaker of the affirmative. After a few words of thanks to the college students for their

hospitality, he set forth his programme for the debate. The affirmative side stressed the fact that even Russia had admittedly made a certain amount of progress since the Soviet regime had begun, nevertheless that did not make their methods right. He outlined the situation in Russia as it exists today and deplored the utter lack of liberty of the Russian peasant.

Mr. O'Connor was the first speaker of the negative and he laid emphasis on the economic benefits which the Soviet regime had brought to Russia. Russia in a few years, had risen from a negligible position to the greatest exporting country in the world. Was not this a sign of the benefits of the Soviet government? He also pointed out the fact that in the five year plan the government was laying the foundations for a firm economic structure which would enable Russia to gain the place in the world of industry and commerce to which its immense territory and population entitled it.

Mr. Flynn, the second speaker of the affirmative side, after answering some of Mr. O'Connor's arguments maintained that Russia's prime purpose in its economic development, which had been stressed by the negative, was not to develop itself, but to secure the means whereby Soviet doctrines might be spread throughout the world. He claimed that the Russian people were not in sympathy with the government and scored the high-handed methods of the Soviet officials.

Mr. Sheridan was the last speaker of the negative side and he devoted most of his attention to refuting the charges made by the affirmative. He claimed that the Russia of to-day was a distinct improvement on that of Czarist days and that although the present system was not perfect, nevertheless a distinct step forward had been made. He answered many of the charges made against Russia, such as those of 'dumping', of spreading propaganda, etc. He

maintained that Soviet Russia had found one solution for the economic distress prevalent in the world, and questioned the necessity of deploring its existence.

The judges rendered a unanimous decision in favor of the negative.

Loyola at Queen's.

On February the 19th also our affirmative team travelled to Kingston to defend the same resolution against Queen's debaters. We reprint the following from the *Kingston Whig-Standard* of February 20th, 1932.

"'The existence of Soviet Russia is to be deplored' the debaters from Loyola College successfully contended in the first of a series of debates held in Convocation Hall last night. Andrew M. Bell and George Lohead of Queen's University upheld the negative side of the motion and Kevin Scott and Gordon George of Loyola took the affirmative.

Kevin Scott, first speaker for the Government, maintained that Soviet Russia was an evil to the world in general. He contended that Russia was instigating world revolution and endeavouring to undermine the present social system. He touched on the significance of the development in Russia which involved 160,000,000 people and embraced an immense area of country. He took the stand that the admitted intention of the present system in Russia was to disrupt the social processes which are the present basis of our happiness.

Mr. Bell, the leader of the opposition, maintained in his opening remarks that Russia was a noble experiment. He stated that from this experiment would be evolved a new scheme of things which would be of inestimable value to all people in all countries. The essence of the present plans being worked out by the Soviet Government in Russia was order, according to Mr. Bell, and the Five Year Plan which was so prominently before the eyes of the world aims for one

thing of far-reaching importance in the synchronizing of industry.

In his rebuttal arguments, which prefaced his arguments for his side of the question, Mr. George of Loyola claimed that the Russian experiment was an unlicensed one. It had not only violated the sanctity of the home, but it had nullified personal liberty. The Soviets were moving away from rather than approaching the ideals of a democratic country.

Mr. George dealt briefly with the effect of secret elections on the morale of the people and the handicap it was to them. He also was most emphatic in stating that the entire philosophy of the Five Year Plan and the heads of the Soviet Government were materialistic.

George Lohead, who was the second speaker for the Opposition, based his attack on the grounds that the Government had wandered from the subject of the debate. He scoffed at the idea that Russia was fostering a desire to instigate world revolution. This myth no longer applied, in the opinion of the speaker, and had been exploded by the much discussed Five Year Plan on which the Soviet Government was working to build up the nation. In conclusion, Mr. Lohead made a plea that the nations of the world, especially the Anglo-Saxon nations, climb down from their high-horse of racial superiority and give Russia a chance to carry to a conclusion a daring scheme of industrial revolution.

The decision was given in favour of Loyola College. Four short speeches from the floor of the House concluded the debate."

Osgoode Hall at Loyola.

From the *Montreal Gazette* of February 27th, 1932.

"With a wealth of oratory and a mass of detail, Soviet Russia was re-rejected and trampled upon last night when Loyola debaters defeated Osgoode Hall debaters at Loyola College.

Supporting the motion 'This House deploras the existence of Soviet Russia' the Montreal pair were easy winners over the Torontonians in the final debate between the western and eastern champions in the two groups composing the Inter-University Debating League.

Opening for Loyola, Kevin Scott asserted that Russia casts a shadow over the entire world by her policies of revolution and atheism. The fate of a nation deprived of speech, liberty and voluntary labour may become that of all other nations, and will if the policies of Stalin succeed. Russia's programme is as tremendous in scope as it is ruthless in conduct, he claimed, and is still aimed at world revolution to-day as it was with the rise of Lenin in 1917.

Ed Cook, opposing the motion for Osgoode Hall, denied that it was enough to take isolated cases and from them attempt to build up a denial of one of the most amazing experiments in the history of mankind. It was not enough either to say that this or that was wrong or unjust. The whole structure of Sovietism must be shown to be dangerous and disadvantageous in its effects on the world.

Gordon George, supporting Loyola took the last speaker to task. He maintained that the recent trial of certain Communists in Canada had proved that \$3,000 had come direct from Russia. On the subject of land ownership, he stated that not one square inch of Russian soil was owned in fee simple by the peasantry. *Pravda* had stated definitely that the five year plan aimed at the overthrow of capitalism and that Lenin's multifarious promises of 1917 were more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Not one had been completely fulfilled. Mr. George asked whether anyone could fail to deplore the existence of such a regime.

Mr. Hulse took exception to singling out convict labor as a peg upon which to hang the Soviet republic. Has not

France and Italy such places, and are they condemned for this reason, he asked. It is all in the point of view. If Russia delivers so many bushels of wheat, the cry of dumping is raised; the same action from another country is called economic necessity. Russian dumping must be blamed on the failure of our capitalist system, he maintained. Russia must buy and must pay and the sole means of doing this is in kind. The criticism of Russia is so wide-spread because it has failed to follow the beaten path and has launched out into a great experiment in which the eventual good of the greatest number is the aim.

The judges were unanimous in their decisions, and the Loyola debaters were gracefully congratulated by Osgoode Hall."

Loyola at Osgoode Hall.

On the 26th of February, while our affirmative team was winning at home, our negative team, composed of Brendan O'Connor and Ed. Sheridan were debating at Osgoode Hall. They succeeded in obtaining a two to one decision and so brought the championship of the league to Loyola once again.

THE MONTREAL DEBATING LEAGUE.

IN this league also Loyola's entry was successful, and the E. W. Beatty cup, emblematic of the league championship is the college's until next year, when, it is hoped, a further lease on it will be taken.

McGill at Loyola.

On Friday evening, November the 27th, Messrs. F. Flood and E. Cuddihy unanimously defeated a McGill team in the first debate of the Montreal Debating League schedule. The subject was: "Resolved that protective tariffs are to the best economic interests

of Canada." Messrs. Bloomfield and Morgan of McGill defended the negative side of the proposition.

Montreal Spoke Club at Loyola.

On Friday evening, December the 18th, Loyola stepped into the lead in the Montreal Debating League in virtue of their victory over the Spoke Club. William Tigh and William McTeague upheld the affirmative of the proposition: "That Socialism is a Menace," against Messrs. Patterson and Anderson. The affirmative's arguments were convincing and well-put. They showed that Socialism had to stand the test of itself, and it was not to be approved merely because the Capitalist system had proved faulty. The negative based their entire argument on showing the faults of the Capitalist system. The judges rendered a two to one decision in favor of the affirmative.

Loyola at the Lions Club.

On February 12th, at the Central Y.M.C.A. on Drummond Street, Loyola defeated debaters representing the Lions Club and thus gained the right to enter the finals for the championship. Ray Altimas and Kevin O'Grady were the college's representatives and acquitted themselves worthily of the task. The subject read: "That Capitalism as it exists to-day is a menace." Loyola defended the resolution, which Messrs. H. Lawson and M. Mulroy of the Lions Club sought to disprove. The judges' decision was unanimous in favour of Loyola.

Loyola at Knights of Columbus.

This debate, the final scheduled debate of the season, took place at the Knights of Columbus Hall on Mountain Street on the evening of February 16th. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that the League of Nations has fulfilled the purposes for which it was established." Loyola's representatives were Jacques Laflamme and Eric Kierans. The Knights of Columbus debaters were

Messrs. Arthur Lavery, B.A., Loyola '25 and Austen Murphy.

The Loyola team defended the affirmative side of the proposition.

Jacques Laflamme opened the debate and stressed the fact that the League was a human institution and as such could not aspire to absolute perfection.

The negative countered with the argument that the League had not fulfilled any of the things it had set out to do.

The judges awarded a two to one decision in favour of the negative.

Finals—Loyola versus Spoke Club.

We reprint the following account from the *Loyola News* for April 7th, 1932.

"Last Thursday's debate which took place at Columbus Hall brought together Wm. McTeague '34 and Wm. Tigh '32 of Loyola, and A. W. O'Brien, B.A., Loyola '31 and E. A. Thorne of the Central Y.M.C.A. Spoke Club to discuss the motion, 'Resolved that the disputes between Capital and Labour should be compulsorily settled by legal authority'. Loyola upheld the negative of the question. Mr. J. Bonar presided as chairman, and Chief Justice R. A. E. Greenshields, Mr. Victor E. Mitchell, K.C., and Dean Ira H. MacKay of McGill University, acted as judges.

In opening for the Spoke Club Mr. A. W. O'Brien dwelt on the importance of the continuous vitality of industrial life. He declared that anything which interfered with this continuity was a menace to the nation, and he demonstrated that strikes and lockouts have this power. At present such occurrences are not prevented by law and he recommended compulsory arbitration, which was the administration of justice in settling disputes by legal authority. The method of "might makes right" should be replaced by a method where justice is given", he contended.

W. McTeague leader of the Loyola

team, explained the necessity of an immediate remedy for the present economic depression. He agreed that there are deplorable evils demanding attention, but he did not favor the "amputation" method, but rather favoured a healing method, viz., that a man may be persuaded, but he is never coerced to a mutually satisfactory settlement. He finally found that the plan of compulsory arbitration is unjust, impracticable, and incapable of solving labour difficulties.

E. A. Thorne second speaker for the affirmative, recalled the strike of the linesmen of the Montreal Light, Heat, and Power Consolidated of last summer and said that this was an instance of what usually happens when a board of arbitration, such as the affirmative advocated, is not available. He declared that "compulsory arbitration is sound in principle for it tends to remove the cause of the dispute and encourages voluntary and peaceful methods of settlement, and it is a measure of prevention as well of a cure".

William Tigh, the last speaker of the evening, said that irrespective of any law, the avoiding of strikes was an utter impossibility. He proved his point by quoting from Mr. Lush, a Cabinet minister, who said; "Legal authority in New Zealand and other confederate states of Australia has proved futile. Strikes have taken place by the hundreds and thousands and now the law has fallen into disrepute; it is obsolete. From the first no one paid any attention to it and popular opinion is for the return to conciliation and voluntary arbitration."

This debate terminated the season and in virtue of their win Loyola are the Champions of the League.

In the Public Elocution Contest, which was sponsored by the League, E. Sheridan '32 won first prize and was awarded the Dr. Milton Hersey gold medal.

R. E. DALY, '32.

Gleanings from the *News*



THE *Loyola News* was inaugurated when the present graduating class was in First Year High School. With the progress of the class, the *News* has also progressed; and as the class graduates, the *News* is also graduating into a higher sphere. More than once during the past year our weekly has been printed, and plans are being made that this improvement will be permanent. To all who have played a part in the development of this paper, the thanks of the students are tendered.

This year has been an eventful one for Loyola in many ways. In the field of Athletics many successes were registered and although none of the teams attained the highest honours possible, nevertheless all gave of their best and what more can we ask for? In the field of Debating and other extra-curricular scholastic activities the year has been singularly successful. The Championship of both the Inter-University and the Montreal Debating Leagues have once more established Loyola's name in that form of endeavour.

Father F. Noll, S.J., Minister of the Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy in Toronto, preached both College and High School Retreats. Father Noll will be remembered as professor of Fourth High from 1923 to 1925.

Among the scholastic changes instituted this year the following may be mentioned: the change of day for the Junior and Senior Philosophy tests. Instead of taking place on Thursday, they now take place on Tuesday. Also of interest is the newly introduced 'cut system'.

Bitter memories of a trip to Kingston remain. But all honour to a fighting team who were as valiant in defeat as they were in victory.

Loyola enters the newly formed West-End League of the Q.A.H.A. Kevin Scott is Secretary of the League.

The Annual Sailors' Concert takes place. The Dramatic Society presents 'The Seven Doctors'. The cast includes: R. McKenna as "Sharpe", W. Rigney as "Mose", K. Scott as "Dr. Quack", and G. Murphy, T. Ellis, G. Collins, M. D. Dubee, P. Marrin, and J. Murphy in the other parts. A. Savard and P. Grothe also put on a skit entitled "Moonshine".

The Freshman team officially scores the final point of the Rugby Season and defeats the Sophs. M. D. Dubee is the star of the game.

The Sodality solemnize the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The Physics Lab is remodelled. It now occupies the whole East Wing on the ground floor. The old site of the House Library is made into a Physics Lecture Hall. The Domestic Chapel is also being enlarged.

The *News* comes out in a new guise. With a new heading and a printed page it is hardly recognizable. The change is in honour of the festive season which starts to-morrow.

The postponed St. Catherine's Day Concert is given in the Physics Lab, inaugurating the remodelled location. Gordon George opens the programme with a poem in honour of the Patroness of Philosophers. This was followed by a lecture on "Snow Flakes" by Kevin O'Grady. Then Edward Sheridan read an essay on "Free Will", which was followed by a one-act play entitled

"You Can't Live That Way". This play was adapted from Father Daniel Lord's pamphlet of the same name, by G. George and B. O'Connor. The cast included R. Hebert, G. Thoms, C. Quinlan, G. Murphy, and K. Scott.

Rev. Father Hubbard, S.J., of Alaskan fame, addressed the Senior class on his Alaskan Travels.

The Loyola 'JUG' was attended by a number of the Seniors. This Alumni event turned out to be quite a successful affair, and many members of former years were seen among those present.

The Alumni hold the College Intermediate Hockey Team to a scoreless tie. A good number of Old Boys seen at the game!

Professor Keyes of McGill delivered a lecture on Television. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Scientific Society and was attended by a large number of the Faculty and Student Body.

For the second time Loyola wins the Inter-University Debating League Championship. While mention is made in another place and in fuller terms of this event, still we feel that it deserves its place here as well. Loyola entered the League ten years ago and the Championship was won for the first time when Messrs. D. A. McDonald, E. Escandon, P. Suinaga, and Dent McCrea defeated Queen's.

Lecture on Teletype by Messrs. Munroe and Kilby of the Bell Telephone organization. This lecture is the second of a series sponsored by the Scientific Society.

G. George gives the last of a series of five Sociological Lectures before the Catholic Social Service Guild. The other lecturers in this series given by the Senior Class were: W. Tigh, A. Savard, G. Murphy, and E. Cuddihy.

St. Laurent defeat Loyola in the Stadium. This is becoming a habit.

Ed Sheridan, President of the Senior Class, wins the Elocution Contest sponsored by the Montreal Debating League.

The *News*' scoop is nipped in the bud. The Senior Retreat takes place during Holy Week.

The Debating Society develops into a Mock Parliament.

The Juniors' Edition comes out—Headline News—Loyola Debaters win Beatty Trophy.

The Seniors follow the Juniors' edition with another printed issue.

Among the many visitors at the College during the past year, were the following: Rev. George Bradley, S.J.; Rev. Dr. J. C. Curran of Halifax; Rev. Leo Nelligan, S.J., Rector of Regiopolis; Rev. Thomas Lally, S.J.; Rev. Fr. Hingston, S.J., Provincial; Rev. Fr. Hubbard, S.J., the "Glacier-Priest"; Rev. Fr. Doyle, S.J., Rector at Toronto; Rev. N. Quirk, S.J.; Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J.; Rev. Christopher Keating, S.J.; Rev. Fr. Greene of Calgary; Rev. Fr. Amy, S.J., of the "Jesuit Missions" staff; Rev. Walter McManus, S.J.; Rev. Fr. MacDonnell, O.S.B.; Rev. Fr. McIntyre, of the Society of British Emigration; and Dean Brown of the Engineering Faculty of McGill University.

ROBERT E. DALY, '32.





INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATING LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

BRENDAN O'CONNOR

GORDON GEORGE

KEVIN SCOTT

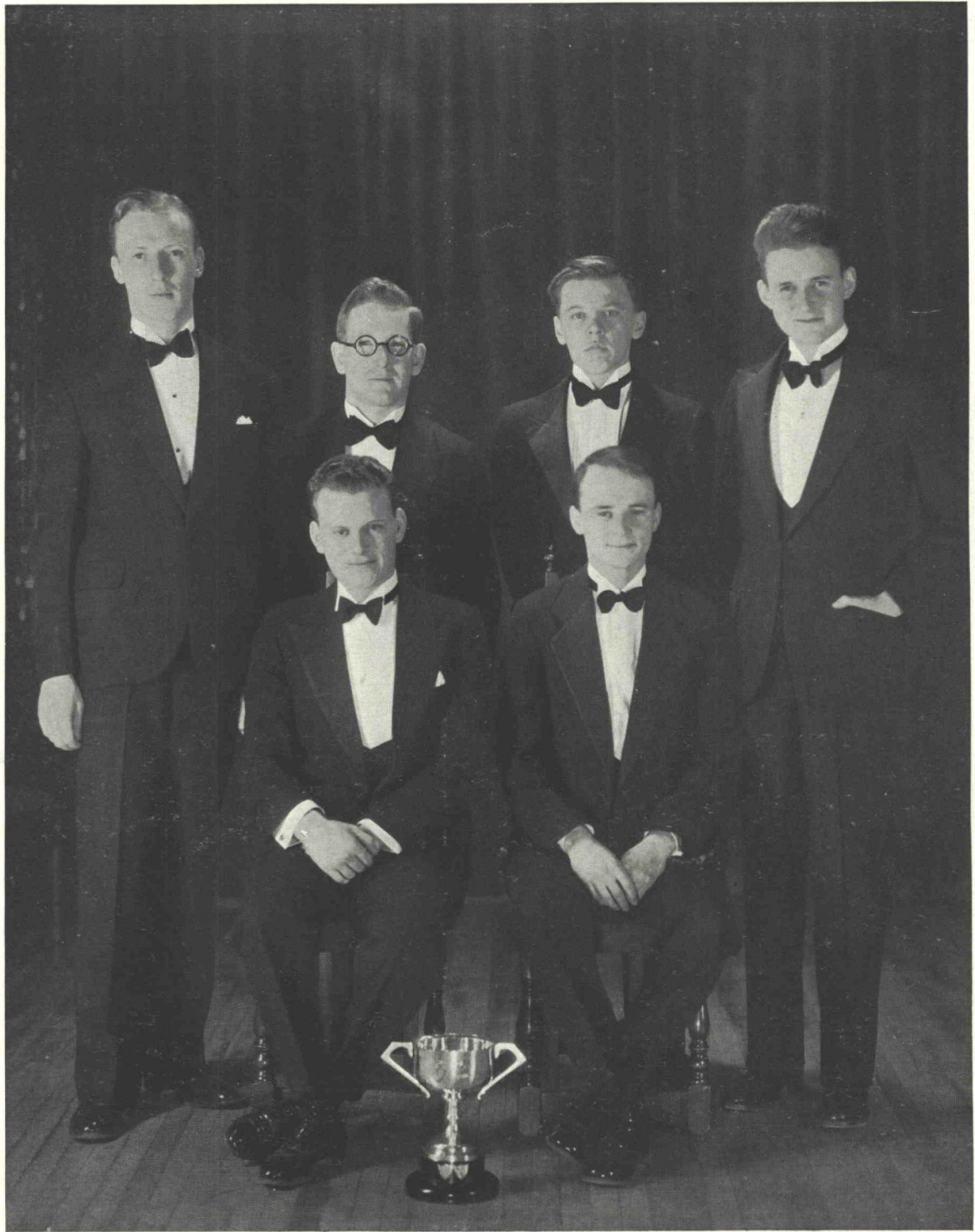
EDWARD SHERIDAN



LOYOLA NEWS STAFF

Front Row: A. SESIA, G. MURPHY, K. SCOTT, G. GEORGE.

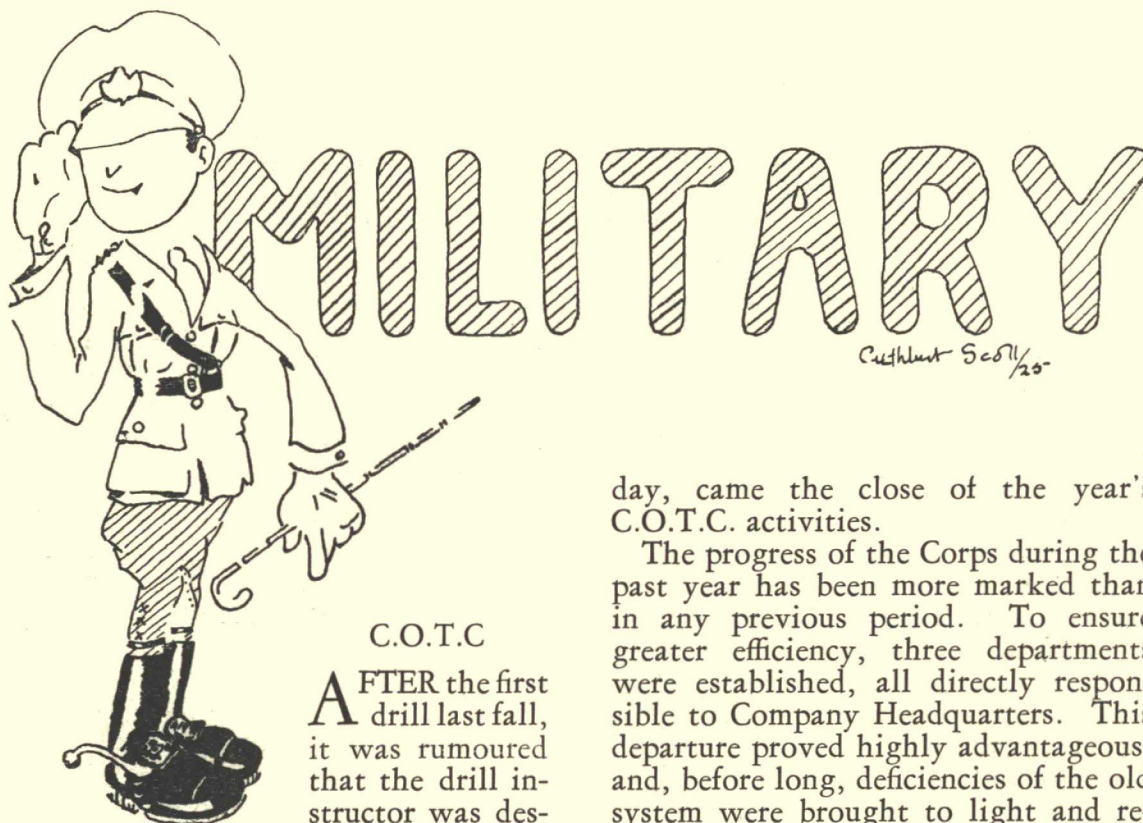
Back Row: V. WALSH, E. BRONSTETTER, A. CASGRAIN, J. CASTONGUAY, W. STEWART, J. McLAUGHLIN.



MONTREAL DEBATING LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

Seated: K. O'GRADY, W. TIGH

Standing: E. CUDDIHY, R. ALTIMAS, E. KIERANS, J. LAFLAMME



C.O.T.C

AFTER the first drill last fall, it was rumoured that the drill instructor was despondent. But this despondency was no criterion of what the Corps achieved during the year and evidenced on the night of April 29th, when it paraded for the annual inspection before Brigadier W. Gibsone, D.S.O., C.M.G., O.B.E., D.O.C.M.D. No. 4. The Brigadier, accompanied by Lt.-Col. W. Browne, D.S.O., M.C., A.A. & Q.M.G., Col. M. Garon, and other members of headquarters staff, inspected the contingent in the Stadium and pronounced the display the best he had witnessed in nine years. When one considers that these are the words of an old soldier who, true to military traditions, expresses himself exactly, the full significance of the observation may be appreciated. Much colour was added to the inspection by the presence of the Victoria Rifles' Band under the direction of Lieut. J. Gariepy. With the annual Mess Dinner, which took place the following Tues-

day, came the close of the year's C.O.T.C. activities.

The progress of the Corps during the past year has been more marked than in any previous period. To ensure greater efficiency, three departments were established, all directly responsible to Company Headquarters. This departure proved highly advantageous, and, before long, deficiencies of the old system were brought to light and removed.

The three departments are: the Drill Competition Committee, the Musketry Committee, and the Q.M. Stores. The candidates for certificate "A" were directly under the supervision of the Company's H.Q., and once more the Corps was extremely fortunate in obtaining the valuable advice and assistance of Col. M. Garon of District H.Q., who gave much of his time to lecture to the candidates.

The Drill Competition Committee, composed of H.Q. Staff and Lieuts. E. Way, F. Fleury, and C. Quinlan, supervised the training of the cadets in company drill, platoon drill and section drill. In due course competitions were held and the winners received cash prizes. This not only increased the enthusiasm and interest of all, but also improved the standard.

The Musketry Competition Committee aimed at promoting interest in rifle shooting and supervised musketry

instruction. It consisted of Lieuts. A. Phelan, J. McGovern and A. Sesia. Alterations in the local range interfered with practice and consequently no inter-platoon competitions were held. However, there were two competitions with the McGill C.O.T.C., one at the local range and the other at the Highlanders' Armoury. The Loyola Team was victorious on both occasions.

It is always true that success and improvement are due most of all to the enterprise and persevering labour of the leader of an organization, but this is specially true in the present case. The Officer Commanding, Major E. G. O'Brien, not only went out of his way to consolidate affairs but, as well, sought to satisfy the needs of each member of the Corps. He succeeded in stimulating a fine spirit among officers, N.C.O.'s, and cadets. A great factor in this achievement was the inauguration of Mess Dinners for the various departments in which criticisms and suggestions were asked for.

Of no less importance was the valuable assistance of the second-in command, Capt. J. W. Long, who was

instrumental in acquiring for the Contingent a place in the Montreal Fencing Club to give the Officers an opportunity to learn sabre fighting and duelling. It gives us great pleasure to congratulate Capt. Long on his recent victory in winning the Canadian Sabre Championship.

Lieut. Kevin Scott, senior student officer and adjutant of the Corps, graduates this year. He has proved the most popular officer Loyola has had for many a day and leaves behind the enviable record of a true soldier, hard-working, dutiful, and self-sacrificing. To quote Major O'Brien, "The regiment which obtains the services of Lieut. Scott will receive in him a fell-fledged adjutant, ready for service."

To complete the report, further mention must be made of the drill instructor who was alleged to have been despondent. After the inspection it was whispered about that R.Q.M.S.I. B. Cavan, R.C.R., had again retired behind the Stadium—but this time to weep for joy.

LIEUT. A. T. SESIA.

October

*Lazy, languid days—
Days of mellow sun and sombre skies—
Breezy, carefree hours—
Colour reigns supreme as summer dies.*

*Dreamy harvest moon—
Round and red and hanging in the night—
Ruddy—lantern-like,
Shedding down its feeble rays of light.*

G. GEORGE, '32

Dramatics



AS in former years, the Loyola College Dramatic Society began the year's activities with the election of officers. Roger Hebert became president, George Murphy vice-president, Dalton Ryan secretary, and Gordon George business manager. After the high standard set up in last year's production, "It Pays to Advertise", the society had no less a task than to carry on the great steeplechase. The first two skits were produced at the Sailor's concert, last November. One of them, "The Seven Doctors", comprised the following cast, Richard McKenna as the nervous husband; William Rigney as the colored servant; Kevin Scott, Thomas Ellis, George Murphy, James Murphy, M. D. Dubee, Philip Marrin, and George Collins as the seven doctors. The other production, "Moonshine", was performed by Alfred Savard and Paul Grothe. Both plays were well received.

December the eighth gave the students an opportunity of witnessing the third production. "What's That You Say?", translated from the French by our capable director, Fr. McCarthy, was presented with all the picturesqueness of a true "Comedie Francaise". The cast of the play was composed of the following: William Daly as the deaf father; George Thoms as the ambitious and impatient butler; and Ed. Sheridan as the rich man's son. William Tigh, the "Deus ex Machina", anticipated everyone's wish. The High School completed the programme with "Julius Caesar", the well known skit.

At the close of the hockey season the committee's long deliberations resulted

in a definite line of action. "The Bat", otherwise known as "The Circular Staircase", was chosen and a cast carefully selected. Some difficulties in the importation of copies delayed the presentation of the play, scheduled for Reverend Father Rector's Feast. It was finally presented on May 7th, in the High School dormitory. An elaborate stage had been set up "pro tempore", and the players justified the hopes of everyone present. The opening scenes with Alfred Savard as Cornelia, the spinster, and George Thoms as Lizzie the loquacious old maid, aroused a constant stream of laughter and applause. George's interpretation, if at times flamboyant, was always effective and denoted a long acquaintance with stage business. The contrast and foil of Cornelia's acting made her important part outstanding. Savard's interpretation of a cold-blooded, quick-thinking, modernised old spinster more than fulfilled expectations. "Fritz" Quinlan, in the title role, was remarkable. His suave, "man-of-the-world" personality helped making the show, difficult as it was, a comparatively great success.

After the private performance, and at the suggestion of the college authorities, it was planned to give a public presentation. The sixteenth of May was the date chosen and Victoria Hall the theatre obtained for the public presentation. Roger Hebert renewed his efforts in procuring costumes; Gordie George and Dick King went further into the question of tickets and programmes; and Ron Stanford was given charge of the publicity.

We quote from the *Gazette's* report of the public performance.

"An ambitious departure from the usual type of amateur drama was under-

taken in Victoria Hall, Westmount, last night by the Loyola College Dramatic Society in presenting "The Bat," the well known mystery thriller which has appeared here both on the stage and screen.

All things taken into consideration, the effort was a commendable one, although the presentation suffered somewhat from a lack of what is the very essence of the thriller, namely speed. The roles were taken by boys and some very clever feminine make-up was one of the outstanding features."

"Clarence Quinlan distinguished him-

self as the hard-boiled detective. Alfred Savard was a capable and feminine Miss Van Gorder. James Rinahan deserved much credit for his realistic impersonation of Dale Ogden, the girl in the piece. William Tigh was adequate as the absconding cashier. George Thoms was amusing as Lizzie, the loquacious Irish servant. George Burman, Jacques Laflamme, George Murphy, Edmund Cuddihy and Roger Hebert filled the remaining roles. The settings were suitable and the lighting was up to standard."

R. L. STANFORD, '35.

III Olympic Winter Games



THE Winter Olympics properly began in 1920 at Antwerp, Belgium, during the VII Olympiad. A series of hockey games was introduced merely as a sideshow, and was won by the Falcons of Winnipeg. The popularity of this winter-sports contest induced the sponsors to hold a similar series every Olympiad. In 1924, when the field events were being held at Paris, Chamounix in the French Alps was the scene of the I Winter Olympics. Skiing, figure-skating, speed-skating and other events were introduced. The Granites of Toronto won the Hockey championship.

St. Moritz, Switzerland, was the location of the II Winter Games, since it was found impossible to stage them in Holland where the track, field, and equestrian events were held. Again Canada came to the fore, retaining the hockey title through the efforts of the Varsity Grads.

This year, the Games were assigned to the United States. Lake Placid was selected as the place for the winter-sports, and Los Angeles will witness the field events in August.

Set in the heart of the Adirondacks, beside Lake Mirror, this little town has attracted visitors from all over the world. Entering Lake Placid on the road from Saranac Lake, one immediately sensed how "Olympic-conscious" the town had become. The main street is about two miles long. On one side are the residences of the citizens, and on the other are the shops and offices of many New York business houses, and the Stadium and Arena. This street was bright with bunting and pennants. Every twenty feet or so streamers were stretched across the road, and flags of all nations fluttered in the cold February wind. At night the town blossomed forth in unbelievable beauty. Colored lights twinkled in unbroken array. Spotlights focused on the roadway threw into relief the milling, jostling throngs, the unending stream of cars, and the gaily decorated Christ-



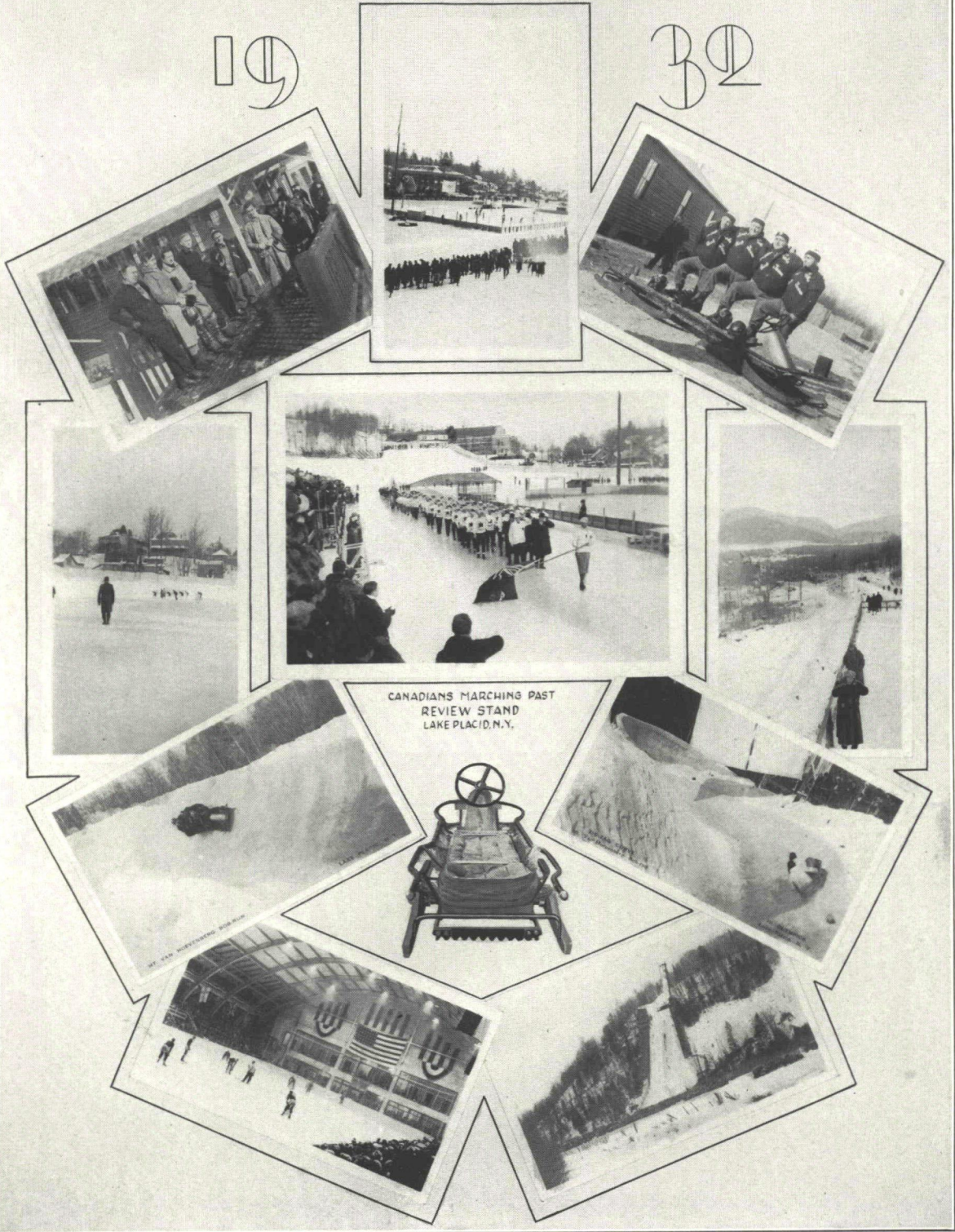
“THE BAT”

Seated: WILLIAM TIGH, JAMES RINAHAN, ALFRED SAVARD, GEORGE THOMS
Standing: GEORGE BURMAN, ROGER HEBERT, REV. FR. MCCARTHY, S.J., *Moderator*, EDMUND CUDDIHY,
 JACQUES LAFLAMME, GEORGE MURPHY, CLARENCE QUINLAN

olympic - winter - sports

19

32



CANADIANS MARCHING PAST
REVIEW STAND
LAKE PLACID, N.Y.

mas trees in front of the houses. In the stadium the silvery beams diffused their radiance over the two hockey rinks and the quarter-mile track. Seen from a nearby hill it reminded one of a gigantic mirror as the lights played on its surface.

And the people? Overnight, Lake Placid became the most cosmopolitan town in America. Germans, Japs, Fins, Norwegians and Poles rubbed shoulders with Canadians, Americans, and visitors from Mexico and Central America. Bizarre costumes were the order of the day, in every variety of shade and colour. Indeed, the wearers seemed to be vying with one another in picturesque apparel. Here were gathered the elite of the social and sporting world. The skiing enthusiasts rambled over the 200 miles of trails around Lake Placid; out on part of the lake, as yet uncovered with snow, the ice-boats were careening along, sails taut, runners mingling their song with the wind. Others more or less hardy were ski-joring behind some speeding auto, or getting a bird's-eye view of the town in one of the seven 'planes stationed on Lake Mirror.

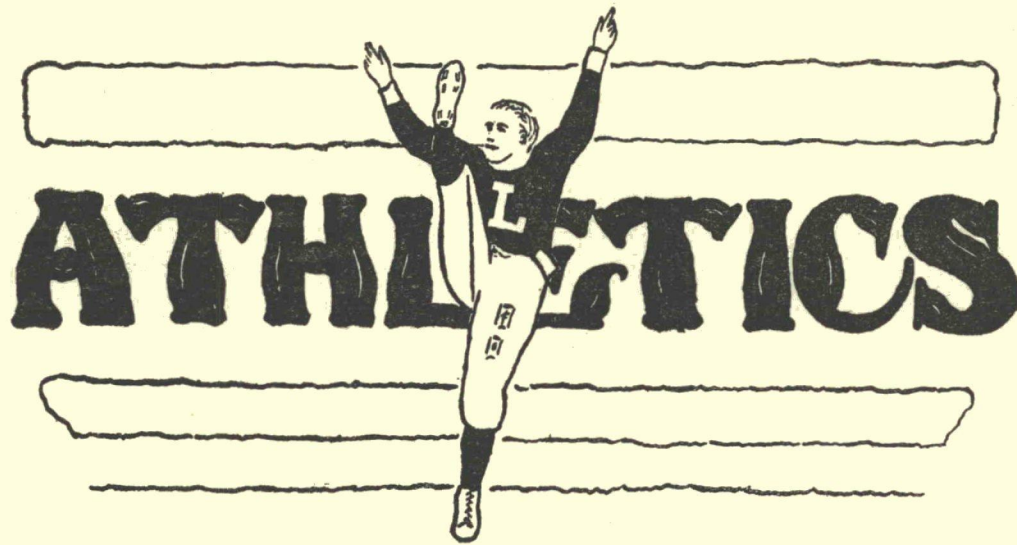
The nervous and the indolent were to be found everywhere. Crowded in the Arena they watched the teams of two nations striving for victory, shouting their encouragement or voicing their disparagement of the players. At Intervales Hill, five miles from Placid, at the foot of the 60 metre Olympic jump, the stands were crowded with spectators watching the preliminaries of the jumping contest. A tiny figure crouches at the top of the chute. Abruptly the skier starts, gaining momentum with every foot. He is quickly lost to sight. A moment passes. Suddenly he reappears, high in the air, arms rotating in approved jumping fashion, body bent slightly forward. A perfect landing! And a ripple of applause echoes from the surrounding hills.

The events held in the stadium drew crowds there daily. Outside, large groups of visitors would assemble, eagerly awaiting the results that were being posted up on a large chequered board, and announced by microphone. At this stadium, with a capacity for 50,000 people, started and ended the principal long-distance events such as the dog-sled races (won by St. Goddard of Canada) and the ski races.

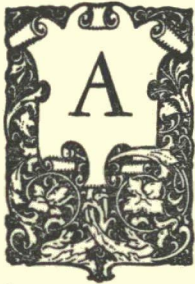
Ten miles away is Mt. Van Hoevenberg—and the bob run. The latter drops 800 feet in one and one-half miles. There are six major and 25 minor curves. These are protected from the powerful noonday rays of the sun by canvas sheets. At nine of the principal curves, such as White Face, Shady, Hairpin, are telephone posts which have been established to determine when the track is clear. This run was the greatest drawing card of the Games. Thousands came to witness the races. Standing near Shady, the visitors awaited the first bob. A low humming noise is heard, which increases as the seconds pass by. Abruptly the sled flashes round the first curve—it is below, thundering by with a roar like that of an express train—and is gone, leaving behind a vivid impression of blurred figures crouching low and vanishing amid towering walls of ice.

On Saturday, February 13, the hockey finals were held in the immense concrete Arena, which was constructed solely for the Olympics, and has a seating capacity of 10,000. The United States team held Canada to a 2:2 draw, but lost out on the aggregate, and the Winnipegs brought home the championship for the third consecutive time. When the IV Olympic Winter Games arrive in 1936, Canada shall have held the hockey title for twelve years.

G. MCGINNIS, '35
L. MCKENNA, '36
M. O'BRIEN, '35



L.C.A.A.



At the last meeting of the Loyola College Athletic Association for the year 1930-31, held on the first Monday of May, 1931, the following executive was elected to carry on activities for the ensuing year:—

President, Ed. Sheridan, L.C. '32; *Vice-President*, W. Daly, L.C. '33; *Secretary*, C. Bucher, L.C. '33; *Treasurer*, R. Daly, L.C. '32; *Councillors*: L. Bryne, L.C. '32, G. George, L.C. '32, B. O'Connor, L.C. '32, F. Shaughnessy, Jr., L.C. '32, W. Tigh, L.C. '32, C. Haynes, L.H.S. '32; J. McDonnell, L.H.S. '32; L. McKenna, L.H.S. '32.

During the summer Mr. Harold Lacroix, S.J., was appointed Moderator of the Society.

While no outstanding successes are to be recorded this year, nevertheless it is but conservative to say that our high standards of athletic endeavour have been satisfactorily maintained.

In the Intermediate Intercollegiate Football Union, Loyola again captured the Provincial, or Eastern Sectional,

Championship, thereby earning the right to advance to the Dominion Intercollegiate Semi-finals with the Central Sectional Champions, the Gentlemen Cadets of Royal Military College.

Following the Rotary Schedule as set down by the C.I.A.U., this elimination was to be decided by a sudden death game played at the Central Sectional winners' home grounds. Loyola was decisively beaten by the cadets, 42-0. The Cadets then advanced to smash the opposition of McMaster's University and to win the Dominion title.

The Loyola entry in the Junior Intercollegiate Football Union was withdrawn, due to an insufficiency of eligible talent. However, an "Orfun" team was organized which arranged a schedule of exhibition games. Sufficient praise cannot be given to the scrubs who provide the opposition for our Intermediates in practice scrimmage, but of this, more anon.

In the Western Section of the Montreal Senior Interscholastic Football League, a good High School team got away to a bad start but finished strongly to come within two points of

forcing a sectional play-off with Westhill High. Disorganized by lack of proper coaching in the month of September and early in October, Loyola dropped two successive games to Westhill and Catholic High, but gaining strength as the season progressed, finished the schedule without another loss or tie.

Loyola Intermediate and Junior Inter-scholastic teams also finished well after slow starts, though no sectional championships were won by either team. The Bantam football squad, famous for its Notre Dame shift, won the city championship, going through their schedule without a single loss or tie.

As a matter of fact, the big problem in the High School seems to be the coaching. Instruction of young players seems to be neglected; if this negligence is not remedied, then we can look forward with gloomy confidence to a dearth of finished and capable players in college competition in future years. It would be well for the High School councillors of the L.C.A.A.—those, in whose hands the athletic activities of the High-School rest—to hold a council on the first day of school in September. Let them then consider the question of coaches, the number of teams, etc., and proceed to approach members of the Arts course who might be willing to take over instructing duties. There are always several members of the Arts course who, for a variety of reasons, are not playing football, but who know the game well, and would be only too willing to assist the High School teams. The instruction might not be of the very highest calibre, but nevertheless it would certainly do the teams far more good than the unorganized and undisciplined practices which the campus witnessed last year. The High School squad was undoubtedly superior to the Westhill squad which won the championship. This was conclusively proved in the last scheduled game when Loyola defeated Westhill 7-6, while

maintaining a far greater edge on territorial play. Lack of coaching during the early part of the season was the ruin of the team's chances.

Success in hockey was less marked than in football. Somehow or other—it is most difficult to set one's finger on the cause—interest in hockey seems to be on the wane, though this is our national sport and football a foreign one. Attendance at games, even by the student body, has been exceedingly poor. Expenses of hockey trips cannot be paid, if a quarter-filled stadium greets the team every time it takes the ice.

There are those who say that the hockey played down-town is too good for us to expect gates out at Loyola. The reasoning is hardly logical—or perhaps it is too logical to be decently sporting. Just as supporters rally, or should rally, more enthusiastically to the support of a losing team, than a team whose path is strewn with easily-won victories, so also the students and supporters of an institution should consider it the proper thing to support their class-mates and friends against other colleges and clubs, regardless of the excellence of the athletic programmes which are presented down-town. We have much to learn from our French-Canadian Colleges in this respect. If there is one race which appreciates good hockey, it is the French-Canadian, yet, they'll pass up a professional game to see their own friends and fellow-students play.

In the Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey Union, Loyola iced a fairly strong aggregation, which tied Bishop's University for sectional honours, after a desperately-contested extra-schedule game on the more or less neutral ice of the Sherbrooke Arena in Sherbrooke. A fourth game was necessary, but due to various circumstances Loyola withdrew from competition granting the championship to the purple and white.

An entry in the newly formed Western Intermediate Q.A.H.A. loop met with indifferent success, being squeezed out of the play-offs by the late season drive of the Lachine contenders. We point with pride to the establishment of this league by the L.C.A.A., as a definite Loyola contribution to Montreal sport. Facilities for sport are few enough in Montreal, and any attempt to ameliorate conditions must be highly commended. Under the executive guidance of Mr. Lacroix, S.J., and Messrs. Kevin Scott and Frank Shaughnessy of Senior Year, a five team league was organized, composed of Loyola, Trenholme Park, Lachine, Maroons and Shamrocks. The League, though only in its infancy, received fair publicity and an attendance which augurs well for its future. In the Quebec play-offs, Trenholme, champions of our section, defeated St. Jovite and Verdun A.C. by one-sided scores, only to meet defeat at the hands of Lafontaine of the Mount Royal League. This defeat, 3-0, was not at all discouraging considering the calibre of those hard-bitten and veteran campaigners from Mount Royal Avenue.

In the Junior Q.A.H.A. league of the Forum Loyola had little success. With the team of the previous year riddled by ineligibility rules, Loyola finished next to the cellar position occupied by Victorias. It is strange to see these two teams where they are, for they are the oldest members of the League, and at one time, not so far distant, they dominated the play and the play-offs.

Entries in the Juvenile and Midget Q.A.H.A. fared well, and represented their sections in the play-offs only to be eliminated in both cases by the teams of the Westmount Wanderers Athletic Club—the Juveniles being eliminated by ruling of the Q.A.H.A., after a protest by the Wanderers.

The Senior High School team played some of the best hockey seen in the Stadium this year, the games against D'Arcy McGee Memorial High School

being particularly noteworthy. The smooth play of this outfit promises a resuscitation of excellent hockey at Loyola in about two or three years.

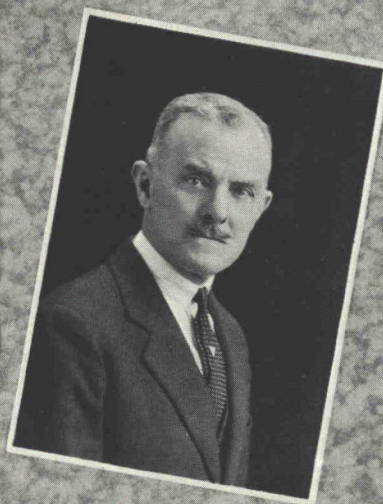
In the autumn tennis tournament with Mont St. Louis Academy, Loyola earned a hard fought tie, each team taking two singles and one doubles match. The Loyola representatives were Alfred Paradis, and Brendan O'Connor of Senior Year, and Edwin Britt of the class of '33.

On invitation, Loyola sent a ski-team to the International Ski-Meet at St. Margaret's this winter, though, as was only to be expected, Loyola's competitors did not rate with such experienced and finished performers as came from the Old Country.

From the above report it would seem that we have little to be proud of in the "sport-light" for the year 1931-32. If success is only to be reckoned in the number of championships won and of laudatory press accounts published, then this surmise is correct. We, however, cannot subscribe to this criterion. In the final analysis, the athletic activities of an institution should not be considered primarily as a publicity or advertising scheme. If the athletic attainments of her students bring glory, renown and the power of attraction to a college, all well and good. But this is not, or at least should not be, the last end of official college athletic endeavour. Unfortunately this undesirable state too often obtains—so much so, that we have the strange spectacle of the famous University of Chicago dropping out of Intercollegiate Athletics, and utilising a million-dollar stadium merely for the staging of inter-year and inter-faculty games.

A college exists primarily for the education of its students. Education implies a three-fold development, mental, physical, and moral; all three are to be accomplished harmoniously. Thus, as far as its ultimate and proper end is concerned, the college, that gives

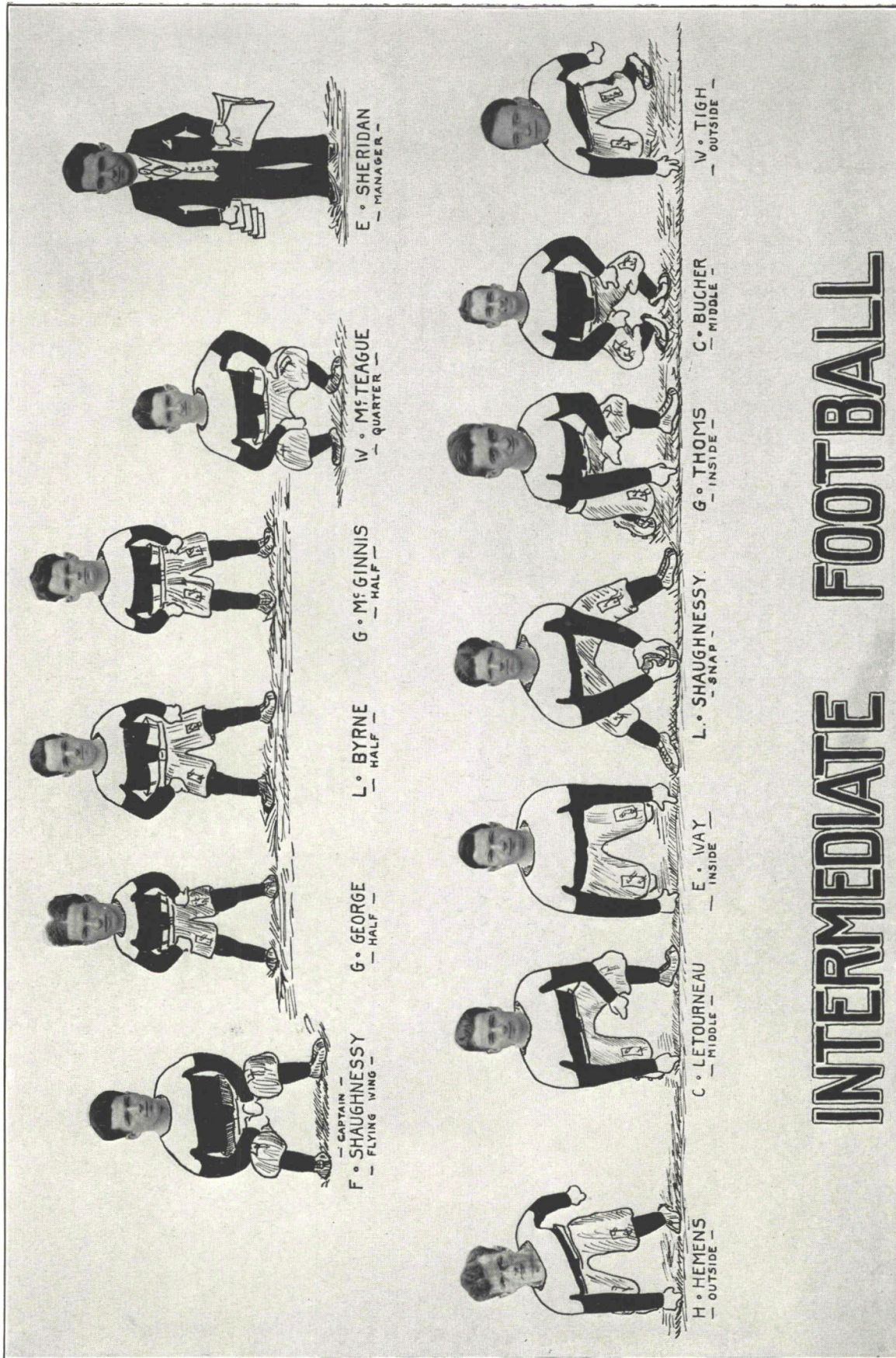
COACHES 1932



MR. FARNEY
MR. HAYNES

MR. SHAUGHNESSY
MR. SMITH

MAJOR LONG
MR. KEARNS



E. SHERIDAN
— MANAGER —

W. McTEAGUE
— QUARTER —

G. McGINNIS
— HALF —

L. BYRNE
— HALF —

G. GEORGE
— HALF —

F. SHAUGHNESSY
— CAPTAIN —
— FLYING WING —

W. TIGH
— OUTSIDE —

C. BUCHER
— MIDDLE —

G. THOMS
— INSIDE —

L. SHAUGHNESSY
— SNAP —

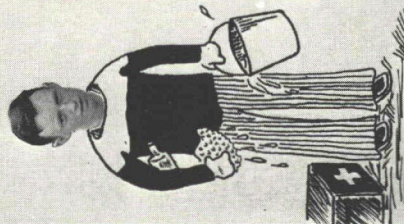
E. VAY
— INSIDE —

C. LETOURNEAU
— MIDDLE —

H. HEMENS
— OUTSIDE —

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

1931



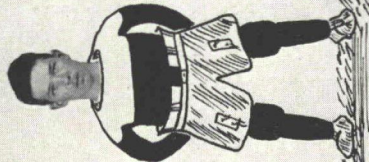
R. KING
- TRAINER -



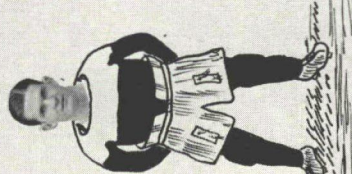
J. McILHONE
- FLYING WING -



M. D. DUBEE
- HALF -



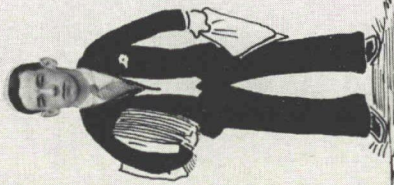
R. SHAUGHNESSY
- HALF -



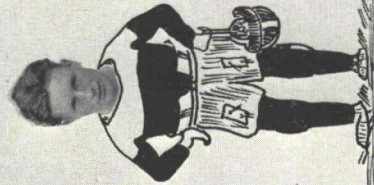
G. RYAN
- HALF -



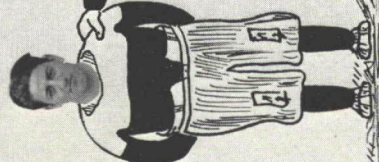
R. McILHONE
- QUARTER -



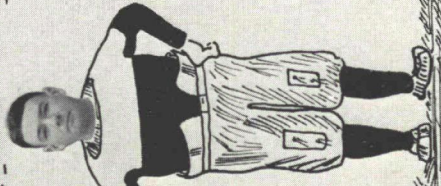
R. STANFORD
- PUBLICITY MANAGER -



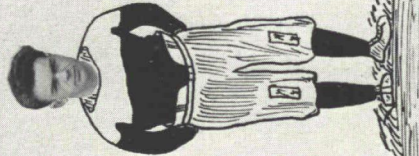
G. AUBUT
- OUTSIDE -



L. SEGAT6RE
- MIDDLE -



J. TANSEY
- INSIDE -



F. FLEURY
- INSIDE -



M. KELLY
- OUTSIDE -



W. DALY
- OUTSIDE -



COLLEGE JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row: F. WALSH, L. BURKE, G. COLLINS, M. O'BRIEN, J. CASTONGUAY, A. PHELAN.
Back Row: L. CARROLL, K. SCOTT, R. RYAN, J. McILHONE, C. HILL, J. MURPHY, R. McILHONE, J. ANGLIN, G. AUBUT.

the greater number of students opportunity to compete in athletics, is really more successful than the college which wins championships and laurels, but does not physically develop as many as possible of her sons.

We are not a large institution—some hundred college students, and some two hundred and fifty high-school students make up the total registration—yet we maintain two football teams and one hockey team in intercollegiate unions, five hockey teams in Q.A.H.A. competition, four football teams and two hockey teams in high school circles. Besides these, there are the intramural or inter-year leagues of football and hockey in both college and high school, with about twenty teams. It is no exaggeration to say that 70% of our students are athletes in the broad sense of the word. Loyola College and High School, with a total registration of three hundred and fifty students, operates three full-size grid-irons, an indoor ice stadium, an out-door rink, six tennis courts, and three base-ball diamonds; in due season, each and every one of all these is fully utilized by the student-body.

Such a state of athletic activity might give the impression that in striving to fulfil the physical end of education, the intellectual or mental development has been neglected. Such is far from being the case. No single student has participated in league extra-mural competition who has not been fully eligible according to the strictest interpretation of the rules of the C.I.A.U.

INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL

ANOTHER football season came to a close for the Loyola Intermediate entry on November 14th, at Richardson Stadium, Kingston, when the Gentlemen Cadets of R.M.C.

smothered the Loyola squad in the Intercollegiate semi-final by the score 42-0. Others will remember the season for a variety of reasons; some, because during the autumn months, the greatest team in the United States, the Notre Dame eleven, undefeated in three years, was toppled from its pedestal; others, because for the first time in twenty-two years, a Senior Dominion championship was brought to Montreal, when the Red and Blue of M.A.A.A. defeated the Regina Roughriders, western challengers to eastern supremacy, after an undefeated campaign which had lasted exactly four months. We of Loyola will remember it as one of Loyola's most successful years, because, though no Dominion championships were brought home by grid-iron conquerors, nevertheless the finest traditions of sport and sportmanship, as established for years at Loyola, were maintained unblemished by a team, which showed that just as they were able to take eight successive victories modestly, so also they were able to go down before a better team overwhelmingly and convincingly defeated at the end of the first period, yet fighting every inch of the way until the final whistle sounded the knell to their hopes of even a single score.

Good-will was emphasised from the start; some twenty candidates reported for practice on Sept. 10th, one week before the official opening of the College department. Paul Haynes, whose name is synonymous with sportmanship of the highest order, and whose efforts to further the cause of athletics at Loyola have been of immense benefit in past years, again consented to act as coach.

The forward pass was to make its appearance on Canadian playing fields, and in this department, as well as in others we were fortunate in having the frequent services of Mr. Frank Shaughnessy, who was one of those instrumental in bringing in the play that saved the Canadian game from bucking

itself to death. Throughout the year the touch of the master was evidenced in the manner in which Loyola used the new play, and it is in no spirit of bragaddocio but as a sincere tribute to Mr. Shaughnessy's ability and generosity that we say that no team which Loyola encountered during the past season was as adept at this aerial attack as was Loyola.

Loyola was also fortunate in obtaining the services of Major John Long, who rounded the squad into shape in the pre-season training. The Major is an athletic director of wide and mature experience. He acted in a similar capacity for the Dominion Championship M.A.A.A. squad of the Big Four Football League, and for the Montreal Maroons of the N.H.L., so that we are deeply indebted to him for the interest he took in our squad.

The year has been a tolerably successful one; for the sixth time in eight years of competition Loyola won the sectional championship without a single defeat. In four exhibition games we preserved this record, and in all games, including the debacle at R.M.C., Loyola scored 91 points as against 73 scored against Loyola by opponents.

*Sept. 28th. Ottawa U. at Loyola.
(Montreal Star)*

"The first forward pass in Canadian football to count for a touchdown, was completed yesterday afternoon by the Loyola College Football team, when they defeated Ottawa University by a score of 16 to 13. The pass came late in the fourth quarter, when Captain Frank Shaughnessy tossed to brother Laurie, for the last major score of the day. The most sensational play of the game was M. D. Dubee's 60 yard run after he caught Ed. Barnabe's kick on the Loyola ten yard line. Dubee also ran wild on two other occasions for 40 yard gains. The opening of the game found Loyola on the south end of the field

kicking off to Ottawa. An Ottawa fumble gave Loyola the ball, and when Barnabe fumbled Dubee's kick, Loyola gained possession on the eight yard line. Dubee went round the end for five, and Shaughnessy went through for a touch-down. Ottawa came back a few minutes later when Rouleau booted a rouge, and later still the same player went round the end for a thirty yard run and a touchdown.

Dubee and Laurie Shaughnessy also scored touchdowns, while Barnabe added five for Ottawa.

*Oct. 5th. Sherbrooke at Loyola.
(Montreal Gazette)*

"McGinnis stars as Loyola wins. Freshman half gets three touches as Sherbrooke bows 26-1. The Maroon team which smothered the Sherbrooke Q.R.F.U. entry showed a decided improvement over the squad which won a close decision from Ottawa U. last Sunday. Though Johnny Burrell's men fought gamely, the issue was never in doubt. Gerry McGinnis, star Freshman half-back, turned in the best performance of the afternoon, while Ray Shaughnessy, the youngest of the famous Shaughnessy trio, who replaced the injured Laurie Bryne at kicking-half, was lofting high punts like a veteran. Three minutes after the opening whistle Loyola broke into the scoring column when McGinnis went around left end for a touch, after Shaughnessy and Letourneau had carried the ball deep into enemy territory on successive plunges. Loyola used the forward pass to good advantage, particularly in the last period, when the Sherbrooke squad wilted under the Loyola drive, to concede a gain of 80 yards on five passes by Frank Shaughnessy to Dubee, McTeague and Daly. Dubee, McGinnis, and Ray Shaughnessy were outstanding for Loyola, while Ball and Ferry shone for the visitors."

*Oct. 11th. Loyola at Sherbrooke
(Canadian Press Dispatch)*

"Loyola defeats Sherbrooke 3-2. Loyola College won the second of a home and home series with the Sherbrooke Athletics, when they defeated the local Intermediates here this afternoon 3-2. Loyola experienced considerably more difficulty in downing the A. C. boys yesterday than in the previous game last Sunday, when Loyola overwhelmed their visitors by a count of 26-1.

"Sherbrooke opened the scoring a few minutes after the opening whistle, when Harper punted to the deadline. Loyola equaled it in the second period, when Ray Shaughnessy gained a single point one minute before half-time was called. Dunsmore sent Sherbrooke into the lead with a long kick which went to the deadline midway in the third canto, while Dubee's two rouges in the final 15 minutes of play turned the tide of battle. It was essentially a battle between the kicking aces of both teams. Harper and Dunsmore for the Athletics, and R. Shaughnessy and Dubee for the Collegians. Loyola used a tricky spinner play with telling effect, sending Frank Shaughnessy and Charlie Letourneau through for repeated gains on plunges. Loyola's victory was a costly one inasmuch as Ray Shaughnessy, Freshman kicking Ace of the Maroons, sustained leg injuries which will keep him out of the play for the rest of the season."

*Oct. 18th. Bishop's at Loyola.
(Montreal Star)*

"Loyola opened its 1931 campaign for Intermediate Intercollegiate honors with a decisive win over the Bishop's U. squad, to the tune of 19-0.

Clem Bucher, the Loyola middle, who also did the booting for the Maroon squad turned in the best performance of the day, hoisting the ball consistently for seven deadline rouges. Gerry McGinnis, the Freshman half, who ran

sensationally throughout the game and scored the first touch for Loyola, and Don Masson, the Bishop's flying wing, who supplied most of the punch for the Lennoxville twelve, both ran close seconds to Clem in the starring column. Loyola controlled the play from the opening whistle, using the forward pass and sweeping end-runs for long gains, in spite of the muddy footing which made open play difficult. Loyola's spinners were working well as usual, two of their touches coming from this formation; the first by Frank Shaughnessy and the second by Charlie Letourneau. Loyola looked good in their opening scheduled game, and the manner in which they smothered their traditional rivals coupled with their three wins in exhibition encounters mark them as a team to be reckoned with in the search for Intermediate Football honours."

*Oct. 21st. Loyola at McGill.
(Montreal Gazette)*

"McGill gains tie in fourth period. Yesterday afternoon at Molson Stadium Loyola and McGill Intermediates battled to a 4-4 draw, in a scheduled Intercollegiate fixture. The game was a grimly contested and close fought affair, featuring a kicking duel between Ken Byers of McGill, and Clem Bucher of Loyola, both of whom turned in sterling exhibitions of punting. McGill drew first blood when Byers kicked a rouge after Sangster had broken through to block Bucher's kick in the last minute of the first stanza. Clem retaliated late in the second period, when a thirty yard run by McGinnis, a penalty to McGill, and a completed forward pass (Shaughnessy to McTeague) brought the play deep into the Redmen's territory. In the third period Loyola took the lead on a kick by Bucher, and a few minutes later Frank Shaughnessy added another count on an attempted drop kick. McGill failed

to make downs, Byers kicked to Byrne, and the fighting Irish moved the sticks three times in as many plays, on a plunge by Shaughnessy, an end-run by George, and a neat forward from F. Shaughnessy to Tigh. Bucher again lofted another singleton making the score 4-1 for Loyola at the three-quarter mark. McGill returned to the offensive in the last period, pinning the Loyola men in their own defensive area and knotting the count on three successive rouges by Byers. With a strong wind at their backs McGill lost their chance to settle the issue when a fumble gave the Maroons possession on their own 25 yards line. Loyola started a second march with but five minutes to go, carrying the ball 60 yards on five successive plays, only to lose their chance on a fumble as the whistle blew."

Oct. 24th. Loyola at Bishop's.
(*Canadian Press Dispatch—Montreal Gazette*)

"Loyola College of Montreal won a closely contested Intermediate football match from Bishop's College here, Saturday afternoon, 6-3. The Purple squad presented an entirely different appearance from the team which went down to a 19-0 defeat before Loyola in Montreal the week previously. The homesters made yards seven times as compared to their opponents' four, and pushed the Maroon men back to their own line more than once, only to be forced into a rouge by the indomitable defense of the fighting Irish when touches seemed inevitable. Bishop's led 2-0 at half time on smart booting by Gordon Glass, who throughout the first half maintained a decided edge over the Loyola booters. In the third period Loyola came through with some characteristic play when they pushed the Bishop's boys deep into their own defensive area, culminating the drive when Laurie Shaughnessy smashed through to block Glass's kick. Mc-

Teague scooped up the loose ball and went thirty yards for the touch which was converted by Frank Shaughnessy. Throughout the remainder of the contest Loyola dominated the play, though Bishop's added another single, following upon an unlucky fumble in the Maroon defensive area. The Loyola ends showed up particularly well in a defensive role, and the smart tackling of Tigh, McTeague, Aubut, Daly and Hemens nullified the best running attacks of Glass, Munro and Dean, the flashy Bishop's halves."

Oct. 31st. McGill at Loyola.
(*Montreal Gazette*)

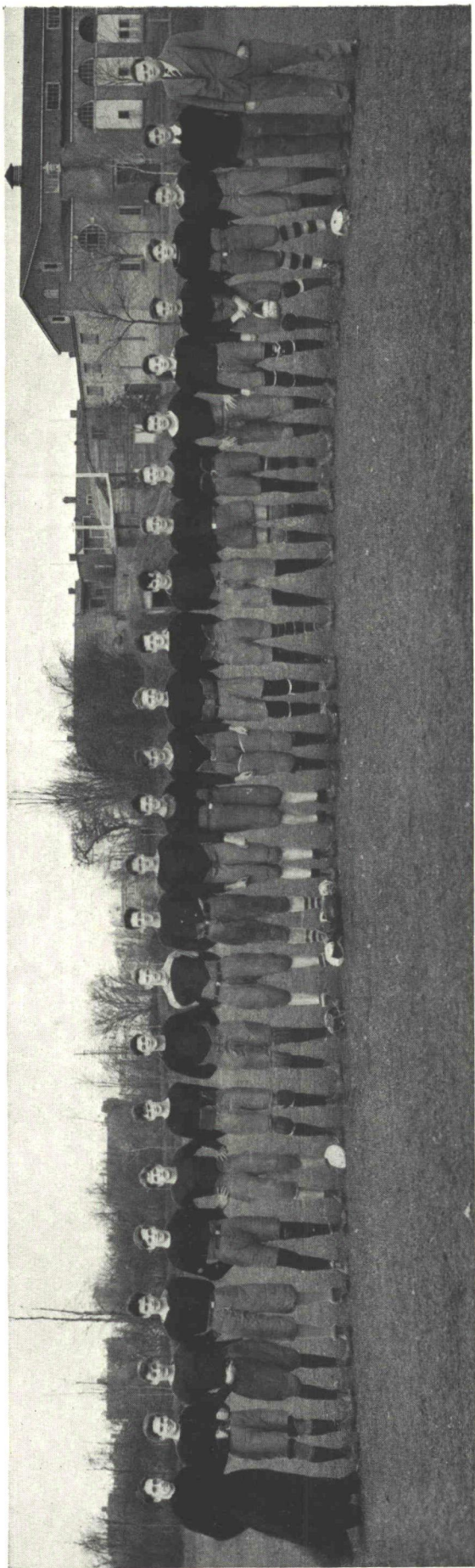
"Loyola wins college laurels. The undefeated Loyola Intermediates gained the Intercollegiate Sectional Championship for the sixth time in eight years, when they defeated the colorful Redmen by a 7-2 count at the Loyola campus, Saturday afternoon.

The Maroon victory eliminated the Redmen from the championship race, and left the fighting Irish unbeaten in seven starts this season, to win the right to meet the R.M.C. Gentlemen Cadets on the Army's home grid for the Dominion semi-finals. Although a mud-soaked field slowed the pace of the game, the contest was not without its thrilling moments, and play was extremely open, featuring end-runs and aerial attacks. The game opened with Bucher's kicking off to McGill, and Byers returning to McTeague. Segatore went through centre for twelve yards, and Loyola gained an additional ten on a McGill offside. Gerry McGinnis went around right end for forty yards, but the McGill defence held well and the Redmen obtained possession on downs on their two yard stripe. In the second stanza, Byrne and McGinnis combined on a neat end-run for a 25 yard gain. Captain Shaughnessy followed this with yards on a plunge. On the third down Shaughnessy went



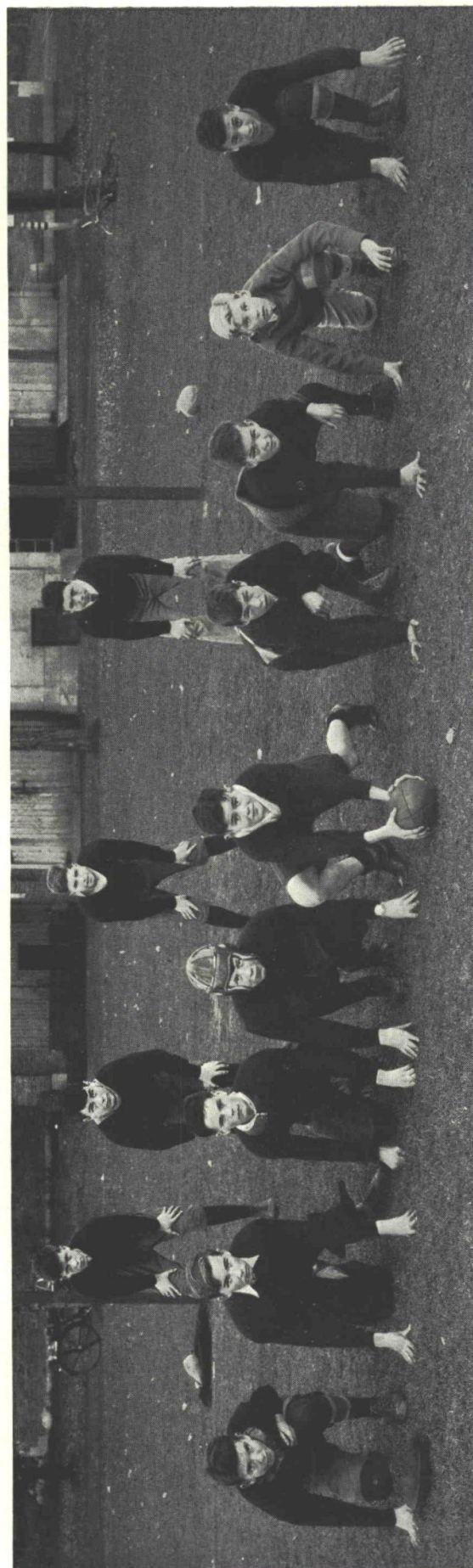
COLLEGE INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: R. SHAUGHNESSY, G. AUBUT, L. CARROLL, A. KEYES, F. SHAUGHNESSY, A. THOMAS.
Back Row: J. McILHONE, G. THOMS, C. LETOURNEAU, L. BYRNE, R. McILHONE, K. SCOTT.



HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

REV. H. LACROIX, S.J., R. PARKER, C. HINPHY, C. GRIS, J. McDONNELL, W. SINGLETON, B. HINGSTON, E. ESTRADA, J. SAVOR, W. MORLEY, R. BATEMAN, J. SHAUGHNESSY, B. HAMMOND,
H. TRIHEY, C. MACDONALD, J. CASTONGUAY, W. MACKAY, E. STAFFORD, L. MCKENNA, F. KANE, P. HINPHY, C. HAYNES, J. LAMBE, M. RECAREY, J. MURPHY, *Coach*.



BANTAM FOOTBALL TEAM

Line: J. BOILEAU, P. HYMANS, W. HIBBETTS, R. RYAN, F. LONG, P. SHAUGHNESSY, R. SHEEHAN, F. BURNS, P. SHORTENO.
Backs: B. HENRY, D. MAHONEY, N. WILSON, L. CARLSTROM.

over for a touch only to lose the ball in the melée which followed, thereby giving Loyola only one point. Loyola scored their only major tally when Hemens fell on the ball behind the McGill line after Byers' kick had been blocked by George Thoms. McGill forced the play in the final period in an effort to regain lost ground, but the Loyola defense was air-tight, and McGill were unable to add to their two points which had been gained on kicks by Byers in the third session."

*Nov. 6th. Loyola at Ottawa.
(Ottawa Journal)*

"Led by a sparkling all-round display of gridiron prowess by M. D. Dubee and Frank Shaughnessy, Jr., Loyola College of Montreal, climaxed a brilliant fight against Ottawa U. and won a thrilling 10-6 victory at Varsity oval. Seldom has the forward pass been demonstrated with such great accuracy as the Montrealers displayed on Saturday. The combination, Frank Shaughnessy to McTeague, worked like a charm and was directly responsible for Loyola's first touch. Unable to dent the University line in the first stages of the game, Loyola resorted to the forward pass with an efficiency which resulted in the completion of nine passes in twelve attempts. Four times during the second period the Loyola captain darted back from a well-screened formation to hurl 20 yard passes to McTeague. His heaves shattered the Varsity defense, and when Varsity opened up in a desperate attempt to bat down the attack, Shag knifed through centre for a 15 yard gain and a touchdown. Dubee also turned in a sparkling effort starring with a 40 yard run from the kick-off in the second half. Late in the third period the Varsity defense crumpled again, and the flaxen-haired M. D. outfooted Varsity tackles, racing around left end for a forty yard gain before Barnabe nabbed him on the five yard

stripe. On the next play Loyola's interference gave Shag a hole just big enough for a baby carriage, and the Maroon Captain ambled through on a delayed play for Loyola's second touch. It was the tall, sharp-shooting Frank Shaughnessy who dominated proceedings. His efforts were ably supplemented by the brilliant running of Dubee and the smart catching turned in by George."

*Nov. 11th. Loyola at R.M.C.
(Kingston Whig Standard.)*

"Loyola loses to R.M.C. cadets 42-0. Davoud and Irvin star as Kingston squad wins Eastern play-off. R.M.C. Intermediates gained a one-sided victory at the expense of Loyola College in the Intermediate Intercollegiate Eastern play-off here Saturday, to the tune of 42-0. The cadets were outstanding from the first kick-off, and throughout the game played in sensational form to dispose of the best efforts of the Montrealers. The score stood at 16-0 at the end of the first quarter, 20-0 at half-time, while at the end of the game they had added 22 points. Sensational running and kicking by Pop Irvin and Paul Davoud featured the game. They twice ran kick-offs to the half-way mark, while Davoud continually broke through for long gains. The Loyola wings seemed unable to stop the pair of fleet halves. For the first eight minutes of play, the ball was kept in centre territory, after which the crippled Loyola team could put forward no opposition to the advances of the Army. The Maroons' catching halves were nailed in their tracks on every occasion. Beaten back along the line, the Loyola squad resorted to an aerial attack via the forward pass route, with but little success. Three times they caught the Cadets napping when passes from F. Shaughnessy to McTeague, Tigh and Daly were completed for short gains. On every exchange of kicks the homesters gained ground, and the Maroon-

clad players seemed powerless to resist the attack after their stand in the first period. Frank Shaughnessy made yards on his spinner play, but it seemed that this was the only ground gainer in the collegian repertoire. Loyola seemed to be short of substitutes and several of the squad remained in the play despite injuries which on other occasions would have merited a respite. The Cadets were superior in every department of the play and deserved their victory. One of the prettiest plays was a fake placement kick which terminated in a tricky forward-pass formation, on which the Army scored their last touch. Loyola fought every inch of the way, but outweighed on the line and outfooted in the back-field, they stood no chance before the powerful Red machine."

JUNIOR COLLEGE FOOTBALL

WITH the return of students on September 17th, and the initiation of the football season for the student-body, an appeal was sent out to the sons of Loyola to don uniforms and help the cause. This appeal was not directed to the players who had won their letters in football in previous years, but to those who were to assist in training the letter-men, and in preparing them for the gruelling battles that were to come. So the Loyola Juniors were formed, the "Orfuns", or to use the more homely term, the scrubs.

Very little is ever heard of these men, for men they are, who turn out regularly day after day to serve as dummies and chopping-blocks for the stars of the game. Theirs is at best a thankless job. Practices for football are, even under the most favourable circumstances, very trying affairs; in our day, the game has become so systematized that it is near the point where it ceases to become a game and is developing into a science. The natural result is that every practice

becomes so much routine work. And it is the scrubs on whom the brunt of this work falls. Outweighed and out-speeded by the regulars, the scrubs courageously play the defensive role for an hour or so on end, stopping plunges, nailing end-runs, making tackles under kicks, in general doing all the dirty work that the defensive role implies.

But two motives actuate them in bearing this perennial burden. One is the somewhat selfish, but thoroughly laudable desire some day to become one of the elect, and to take it out on some poor scrubs of a future date. And this ambition is most often achieved, for if there is one game where the natural star is most seldom encountered it is in football. Almost everyone must go through the rugged and wearisome apprenticeship, and those who give their all as scrubs will almost assuredly one day wear the college colors in real intercollegiate competition. The other motive is one with which the cynic will disagree, but which we like to believe, and which we have good reasons for believing. It is that College Spirit, that intangible something, a deep-seated and very loyal enthusiasm which actuates some to give of their time and energy to condition the team and prepare them to uphold our traditions. Our strongest reason for believing that this motive exists in a number of instances is that there are those even in Senior, who turned out faithfully this year, and who knew they had no chance to make the team, either this year or in any other. More power to them.

And so in a few short, though sincere paragraphs, we wish to pay tribute to those to whom fully fifty per cent of all success enjoyed by a first string squad is due, the gallant scrubs, in this case our own "Orfuns."

Owing to the strict enforcement of the eligibility rules this year, and the resulting lack of sufficiently experienced and capable talent, the Loyola Junior entry in the Intercollegiate Union was

withdrawn, and a number of exhibition games were arranged to take the place of the regular intercollegiate series. These we chronicle below.

The personnel of the team: Lester Carroll, *Playing Manager*; M. O'Brien, M. Brabant, Art Thomas, Fred St. Cyr, J. Murphy, K. Scott (Capt.), J. Rigney, J. Castonguay, F. Fleury, J. Aubut, A. Phelan, L. Bourke, J. Bulger, C. Hill, D. McGee, R. McIlhone, J. McIlhone, R. Ryan, F. Walsh.

Orfuns vs. C.N.R. Junior Q.R.F.U.
Sept. 26th. (Loyola News.)

On Saturday, Sept. 26th, a strong C.N.R. Junior team travelled to the campus, for an exhibition encounter with the Loyola Orfuns. A torrential down-pour mixed with hail rendered the start of the match doubtful, but a change of weather allowed the proceedings to continue. C.N.R. were strong favourites to smother the lighter and less experienced collegians, but the latter upset all the dope, turning in a very good account of themselves. In the first quarter the C.N.R. backs fumbled one of Ray Shaughnessy's long spirals, and Frank Fleury was quick to scoop it up and gallop twenty yards for a touch, the only major score of the game which went unconverted. From the start the boys fought desperately to overcome the lead, but a stubborn Loyola line, and the lofty and distant punts of Ray Shaughnessy held the visitors in subjection, and the best the visitors could do was to score two rouges on punts to the deadline. Gordy George turned in a heady display at the key position, using sound generalship to offset the heavy plunging tactics of the Yellow and Black. Final score: Loyola 5, C.N.R. 2.

Loyola Orfuns vs. MacDonald College.
October 21st.

With a totally revamped line-up, the Orfuns travelled to St. Anne's to play

the first of a home and home series against the Aggies. Many of those who had played such sterling games against C.N.R. had graduated to the Intermediate ranks, and injuries added considerably to the worries of Manager Red Carroll. With little organized practice the Maroon men held the home-sters to a 6-6 draw, in a game fought to the bitter end, and in which the Aggies were lucky to tie the count in the final session.

In the second period, Jerry Aubut handling the quarter-back assignment, snared an on-side kick to go thirty yards for a touch, which Fleury converted. The Aggies maintained a decided edge in speed, and their sweeping end-runs were a constant threat which only the desperate tackling of Brabant, Aubut, and Mike O'Brien could neutralise. Late in the last period, the fast tiring visitors let one get into the clearing and the score was tied. Frank Fleury's broken-field running was a feature of the contest, and the way in which the big linesman held down the full-back position was a revelation to those who think the seven mules can't become horsemen on occasion. Final score 6-6.

Loyola Orfuns vs. McGill Frosh.
Oct. 28th.

The annual tilt between the McGill Frosh squad and the Orfuns was played as a curtain raiser to the intermediate contest at Molson Stadium. New faces were viewed in the Junior ranks, among them Red Walsh, Ross and Dalt Ryan, and "Big Jim" Murphy. The score shows little indication of the play, for the game was closely contested, and it was only two lapses on the part of the visitors, which the Redmen were quick to take advantage of, which brought the score as high as it was. Kev Scott turned in a strong game, and his tackling was a feature of the Loyola defensive. The Dubee to Walsh forward

passing combination was working like a charm, and it was directly due to one of M. D.'s heaves to the sorrell-top that Loyola's touch in the dying moments of the game was due.

Loyola Orfuns vs. MacDonald College.
Nov. 11th.

The Aggies visited the College Saturday last and walked off with the game and the home and home series, taking the last encounter by the score of 16 to 6. The farmers' superiority was marked in all departments save in the aerial attack, where the passes and kicks of Bill Rigney gave Loyola a considerable edge. Baz Finn's visitors scored in every period save the last, when Loyola's determined offensive held the visitors at bay, and during which the homesters rallied to score an unconverted touch and a rouge. Lennie Bourke played an outstanding game for Loyola, scoring the only touch on a short end-run. Final score, MacDonald 16, Loyola 6.

SENIOR HIGH-SCHOOL FOOTBALL

DUE to the entry of D'Arcy McGee Memorial High School into the Western section of the Senior Interscholastic League, the 1931 Seniors played a larger number of scheduled games than any other Loyola team ever entered in this league. Mr. Norman Smith, who has coached Loyola High teams for the last four years, was unable to devote as much time to the squad as in previous seasons, with the result that the team got away to a poor start, directly traceable to lack of sufficient supervision and coaching. Though "Smitty" was present every Saturday and Sunday, the week-day practices were so disorganized that little constructive work could be done. Later on in the season, however, M. D. Dubee

and "Big Jim" Murphy handled the gridders, and Loyola took the last four games of the schedule without a loss. The two initial losses, however, which the team suffered at the hands of Westhill and Catholic High, were just sufficient to nose the Maroon men out of the play-offs.

Starting with what appeared to be a weak team, the Seniors developed into a strong, speedy, and tricky aggregation, showing particular adeptness at the use of the forward pass as lately introduced into Canadian football. A strong line was ably flanked by strong outsides, and the backfield left little to be desired.

Line-up:—*Quarter Back*, R. Parker, P. Hinphy; *Halves*, B. Bateman, Kane, J. Castonguay, Haynes, W. Singleton, McDonnell (Capt.); *Flying Wing*, W. Mackey; *Snap Back*, J. Savor, G. Brown; *Middles*, H. Estrada, Morley, L. McKenna, Broderick; *Insides*, J. Shaughnessy, B. Hingston, A. Hammond; *Outsides*, H. Trihey, C. Hinphy, M. Recarey, J. Hawk.

Loyola High vs. Catholic High School.

C. H. S. 12, Loyola 0. At Loyola.

In the opening game of the season the Maroons met the Black and White warriors from C. H. S. and the latter, still travelling with the assurance gained from their long string of successes in the previous year, opened up a vicious attack which quickly placed them in the scoring column. Sloppy play by Loyola gave the down-towners the break, and they were quick to capitalize with a touch by Taugher. Ten minutes later, in the beginning of the second period, Cadrin skirted the end for another touch. Both were converted. Resorting to an aerial attack which baffled their opponents, the Loyola squad forced the play in the last half, but a stubborn defense by the visitors kept all efforts at bay.



HIGH SCHOOL INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row: A. CASGRAIN, P. REID, A. CODY, W. HOLLAND, W. STEWART.

Back Row: L. MCKENNA, M. CONWAY, J. LAMBE, J. STARR, B. McLELLAN, E. STAFFORD, J. SAVOR, G. KIELY, E. COUGHLIN, J. BRODERICK, M. CRONIN.



HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row: G. GILBERT, N. THOMAS, J. RINAHAN, L. McKEOWN, L. CARROLL.

Middle Row: T. MOTT, J. WILLIAMS, P. DUSSAULT, K. FORBES, R. THOMAS.

Back Row: REV. H. LACROIX, S.J., E. WARREN, H. RICHARDSON, E. BONENFANT, J. BARRY, J. O'BRIEN, E. TYLER, W. ALLISON, O'REILLY BOYCE, G. STAMBACH, W. McNALLY, J. BRENT, C. KANE, F. WALSH (*Coach*).



HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

REV. FR. BRESLIN, S.J., G. GILBERT, J. PORTEOUS, G. STAMBACH, D. REYNOLDS, E. TYLER, W. McNALLY,
A. BURNS, D. MAHONEY, J. O'BRIEN, C. KANE, J. SAVOR, A. PHELAN.



BANTAM Q.A.H.A. HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: E. LANGE, P. JOUBERT.

Back Row: G. MARRIOTT, K. FORBES, P. SHAUGHNESSY, D. REYNOLDS, D. MAHONEY, J. SHEA, W. HIBBIS,
F. LONG, R. SHEEHAN.

Loyola High vs. Westhill High.

Westhill 11, Loyola 0. At Westhill.

Bumping into the Championship Westhill outfit while still in a more or less disorganized state, Loyola succumbed to their ancient rivals in a manner very similar to that in the C. H. S. game. Fumbles again were frequent and the Westhill boys, like smart footballers, were quick to take advantage. Bateman more than held his own in a great kicking duel with Westman, the homesters' ace, but the Loyola ends seemed unable to cope with the smart running plays of the grey and red. The plunging of Shaughnessy and Morley was brilliant, but loose ball handling by both was costly.

Loyola vs. D'Arcy McGee. At D'Arcy McGee. Loyola 27, D'A. McG. 0.

Newly organized under an efficient coaching staff, headed by the flashy College half M. D. Dubee and Big Jim Murphy, the Seniors went out determined to retrieve the prestige they had lost in their first two encounters. With a new set of signals and plays, the Maroons went out to give the green squad from Pine Avenue a sharp lesson in the art of scoring. The Bateman to Recarey aerial attack was particularly effective, and the longest forward completed by any team in Montreal, High School, Collegiate or Big Four was tossed from the elongated half to the elusive outside, a total distance of fifty-five yards.

Loyola High vs. Catholic High.

Loyola 12, C. H. S. 1. At C. H. S.

Catholic High were strong favourites for the second of the home and home series after their convincing win on the Loyola campus, but the black and white gridders received an unexpected surprise in their own back-yard. The strong plunging of Shaughnessy and Estrada completely shadowed the work of the great Taugher, while Loyola held

a decided edge in the kicking, running and passing departments. Play was remarkably neat, and few fumbles marred the contest. A spectacular thirty yard run from a deceptive formation by Mackey early in the second period gave Loyola a five point lead. The touch was converted by Bateman, who proceeded to boot six rouges for Cadrin's one to clinch the verdict.

Loyola High vs. D'Arcy McGee.

Loyola 7, D'Arcy McGee 5. At Loyola.

Presenting a much stronger and better balanced team, the down-town green-shirts invaded the Loyola campus only to emerge on the short end of a 7-5 score. The visitors showed decided improvement in the use of the forward pass, which was one of their best offensive threats. Paul was heaving short passes down center and out to the ends with the accuracy of a base-ball pitcher. Towards the end of the second period, Loyola worked out a defensive formation for this type of game, and from then on the green attack was without its most potent weapon. Bateman played a pretty game and his punting far outdistanced anything the visitors could offer.

Loyola High vs. Westhill.

Loyola 7, Westhill 6. At Loyola.

The most important game of the season was likewise the best and most closely contested. If Loyola won, the Maroon men were still in the running, with the possibility of a forced play-off between Loyola and Westhill, should the improved D'Arcy McGee squad be successful in taking the measure of the Westhill crew in the last game of the season. With this object in mind the homesters went out with the determination to win at all costs. Both teams were keyed up to the breaking point, and did not settle down to consistent Senior calibre football until late in the first period. Play was very

close, consisting mainly of plunges and kicks, since both teams were unwilling to take the chance of a fumble on wide open play. The charging Loyola line continued to hurry Westman's boots, with the result that Bateman was able to outdistance his opponent to such an extent that the visitors were forced back deep into their own territory. Bateman then proceeded to hoist a rouge to put Loyola in the lead. With the wind at his back in the third period, Westman was able to turn the tables, with the result that the teams entered the final session tied with one point each. With but five minutes to go, Westman and Edwards combined on a beautiful extension play which netted the visitors a thirty yard gain, bringing play to the Loyola one yard line. Edwards went over for the touch. On the attempted convert, Jack Shaughnessy broke through to block Edwards' kick. With but five minutes to go, Loyola started a desperate drive which carried the Maroon men into the shadow of their opponents' goal posts, only to lose possession on a fumble. Westman kicked out of danger and Loyola was in possession on the fifty-five yard line. An end-run failed, and an attempted forward was batted down. With but forty seconds left, Loyola went into a huddle and a last-hope forward pass was decided upon. Bateman heaved a perfect toss thirty yards to Singleton who gathered in the oval and ran thirty yards for a touch. Parker kicked the convert for a 7-5 Loyola victory.

INTERMEDIATE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

LEAGUE GAMES

Catholic High	11	Loyola	0
Lachine High	2	"	3
St. Lambert's	17	"	6
Catholic High	12	"	1
Lachine High	17	"	0
St. Lambert's	6	"	11

EXHIBITION GAMES

St. Michael's	0	Loyola	27
Western Senators	6	"	16
Mtl. Tech. Seniors	6	"	11

Though pitted against the Senior squads of both St. Lambert's and Lachine, the Loyola Intermediates proved themselves a second string outfit of no mean ability, taking five games out of nine, and ending their season with a display of scoring punch in exhibition encounters, which, if displayed in the early season games, would have earned them a higher rating in the final standing of the league.

A wealth of good material was uncovered during the year, and under proper coaching and handling, these youngsters should develop well. Getting away to a bad start against the heavy C. H. S. boys, the Intermediates managed a plucky win over Lachine only to drop three in a row to St. Lambert's, C. H. S., and Lachine, before a decisive 11-5 victory over the South Shore team, saw Loyola again step into the lime-light.

The scheduled season concluded, the Seconds went in search of conquests in exhibition games, among teams of their own, and of superior rating. St. Mike's were smashed 27-0, Western Senators surrendered 16-6, and in a sensational and close fought game, the Loyola gridders downed Montreal Tech. Seniors 11-6.

Outweighed by the hefty Tech. men, the homesters resorted to wide open running attacks and an aerial offensive via the kicking and forward pass routes, which effectively neutralised the heavy plunging tactics of the down-towners. Early in the second period, two smart tosses from Holland to Lamb for a total gain of 45 yards, brought the ball to the Tech. five-yard line; Coughlin went over on a plunge through centre. Tech. evened things in the third stanza, but in the last period Loyola again broke up the game when a recovered kick

by Cody, a forward from Holland to Reid, and a twenty yard run by Conway brought play deep into the visitors' defensive area. A pretty end-run, featuring McLellan and Stafford, saw the latter round the end for a touch which was converted by Holland.

During the season Coughlin showed himself one of the best middles in the High School, his plunging always being a big factor in the Loyola offensive, while his line-play was a bulwark of strength in a defensive way. Conway, Cody, Lamb and Holland were a fleet set of halves, and the latter kicked consistently throughout the schedule. Stafford at flying-wing was a particularly effective ball-carrier, and his end-runs netted many a gain. Captain McLellan, who handled the team at the key stone position, showed sound generalship in tight situations.

The personnel of the team was:—

Flying Wing, Stafford; *Halves*, Lamb, Cody, Conway, Holland; *Quarter*, McLellan; *Middles*, Coughlin, Stedman, Star; *Insides*, Dillon, Stewart, Denis; *Outsides*, Broderick, Bronstetter, Reid, Kiely; *Snap*, Cronin.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

THE most noteworthy achievement of the High School Juniors during the season of 1931 was their 11-0 victory over the Strathcona Academy Juniors in a mid-season exhibition game. The result was most gratifying in view of the fact that the Academy squad finally went through to win the Interscholastic City Championship.

Good head work on the part of the alternating quarter-backs, Dussault and Rinahan, contributed in no small degree to the team's victory. For three periods the Maroon generals threw the hard plunging Forbes, Barry and Gilbert at the big blue line. When the teams

changed over for the final stanza, they split the game wide open by a change of tactics which left their opponents completely dazed. Carroll and Kane were sent skirting the ends in wide-running plays, which resulted in two quick touches, the first of which was converted by Norm Thomas. Stambach, Brent and O'Brien played staunch games on the front guard, while Cap Tyler's catching and running marked him as a stand-out.

In three games played with the Westmount Wanderers Athletic Club, Loyola lost by scores of 8-5, 7-6 and 6-5. Though the Wanderers outweighed the Juniors ten pounds per man on the line, it was only inability to hold Anglin, the Wanderers' great plunging half, which proved the collegian's undoing. In the first encounter Gilbert, Kane, Stambach and Barry played strongly, Kane going over on an extension play for the touch. In the second battle, McKeown, Dussault and Forbes bore the brunt of the plunging, while the reckless running of Tyler and Thomas marked them as comers.

In the League games against Lachine for the Western Interscholastic Sectional Championship, Loyola battled to a scoreless draw at Lachine, in the first match. The second game was declared no contest by the League officials when in the last period darkness rendered further play impossible. Loyola was leading 5-0 at the time. In the replay Loyola lost by a score of 10-5. An extremely wet field worked to the disadvantage of the light and shifty Loyola backs, whose swift-breaking running plays could not get going because of the treacherous footing. The Maroons scored in the first period, when Warren circled the end to go twenty yards for a major count. The heavy plunging brigade from Lachine evened the count in the second, and drew ahead on a touch in the third. Though Loyola made a desperate 70 yard march in the last frame, the Lachine boys had enough

in reserve to stave off Loyola's determined bid. Rinahan was a stand-out in the last game, and the manner in which he handled the team gives promise that in three or four years Loyola will have a quarter who has just about everything required to number among the great.

Those who won their spurs in Junior Competition were Capt. Tyler, Rinahan, Dussault, Barry, Gilbert, Carroll, Kane, McKeown, N. Thomas, Warren, O'Brien, Stambach, Brent, Forbes, McNally, Richardson, Bonenfant, Allison, R. Thomas, Mott and Boyce.

Too much credit can not be given to Coach Red Walsh of Senior Year, who devoted a considerable amount of his time to teaching the youngsters the fundamentals of the game. Red has had considerable experience in the great autumn pastime. With Catholic High and Loyola High in 1926-27, Red was a stand-out snap-back. He knows the game from the ground up, and it is through the efforts of such modest, cheerful and helpful people as he that the tradition of good football at Loyola will be best maintained.

back, scored the first touch on a forward pass from Long. Ryan booted the other five points as rouges. Munday was the best for St. Augustine's, and scored their only touch, after a pretty thirty-yard run.

The following Sunday, the Maroons repeated their initial triumph by taking the measure of the Notre Dame de Grace squad to the tune of 18-12. The Shorteno brothers played sensationally on the line and at quarter. Hibbits and P. Shaughnessy were the main stays at guard. Power made several long gains on extension plays started by Wilson and Mahoney. Wilson, Power and Long scored touches.

The final game with St. Augustine's was the year's classic. Wilson rang up the only major counter of the game on a straight plunge through centre for eight yards. Loyola dominated the play for the rest of the game, but were unable to add to their advantage.

Line-up:—*Snap*, Long; *Insides*, P. Shaughnessy, Hibbits, Boileau, McCormack; *Middles*, Shorteno, Mott; *Outsides*, Carlstrom, Henry, Burns; *Quarter*, Shorteno; *Halves*, Mahoney, Ryan, Wilson, Power; *Flying-Wing*, Sheehan.

BANTAM FOOTBALL

GAMES PLAYED

Loyola	10	St. Augustine's	6
Loyola	18	Notre Dame de Grace	12
Loyola	6	St. Augustine's	0

For the first time in Loyola's history a maroon-clad team sported the College colors in the Montreal Bantam Football League. All under the 105 pound weight limit, these youngsters made a brilliant record. Opponents were somewhat difficult to find, but finally an enthusiastic group from St. Augustine's came out to the campus, primed for a battle. Loyola won 10-6. Adopting a tricky variation of the Notre Dame shift, the Loyola featherweights had no difficulty in breaking through their heavier opponents' line. Wilson, the Loyola full-

INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY

OUR entry in the Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey League was probably the youngest set ever to represent Loyola, and but for a slow start it might easily have been one of the best and most successful Loyola squads of recent years. Handicapped at the very beginning of the season by the lack of ice, the team soon hit its stride once the practices became regular, and under the excellent supervision of Mr. Farney the sextette made rapid progress.

The big fault with the team seemed to be a lamentable lack of scoring punch and of finished play around the nets.

From our own goal to the opponents' blue line the team seemed to be a smooth, effective unit, but inside the opponents' defensive area, all efficiency seemed to vanish, and the shooting and stick work was woefully weak. This may easily be attributed to the youth and inexperience of the team, but regardless of causes, it was its besetting sin.

Of late years, Loyola has gained the reputation of producing some very smart net-men, and the 1931-32 season was no exception. The veteran Red Carroll was understudied by the sensational, yet less experienced Andy Keyes, who was picked as the best custodian in the Junior Q.A.H.A. In Capt. Laurie Byrne, Charlie Letourneau and George Thoms, the squad possessed a rearguard which could trade checks with any, and which gave the goaler protection aplenty. The forward lines were composed chiefly of new and inexperienced material, and after Billy Daly's accident, Frank Shaughnessy was the only forward with Intermediate experience. John McIlhone and the speedy Gerry Aubut flanked "Shag" on the right and left alleys respectively. The second string line was composed of Freshmen, new to Intercollegiate competition, though Ray Shaughnessy, Art Thomas and Bob McIlhone earned their spurs in a fashion which bodes well for their future success. After injuries and mid-year exams had taken their toll, the veterans, Gordy George and Clem Bucher, were pressed into service; this duet responded nobly, turning in a whirlwind exhibition in the final play-off with Bishop's U. A brief account of the Intercollegiate games follow.

*Loyola vs. McGill at Montreal Forum.
January 14th. McGill 5, Loyola 2.
(Montreal Gazette)*

"The powerful McGill squad downed Loyola in the opening fixture of the Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey League at the Forum yesterday after-

noon, defeating the West-enders in convincing fashion by a 5-2 count. Apparently lost on the large Forum ice surface and handicapped by insufficient practice, the Loyola squad conceded a wide margin of superiority to their local rivals. Loyola left the ice in the first period leading 1-0, on John McIlhone's neat corner shot, but in the second stanza, Gordy McNeil rifled two past Carroll from close in to give the Redmen the upper hand. Frank Shaughnessy evened the count before the period closed when he slammed in Bill Daly's rebound, and there was no further scoring until midway in the last, when the tired Loyola team wilted under the pressure of the McGill attack, and allowed McNeil and Tommy Morse to combine for three swift counters which settled the issue quite definitely.

*Loyola vs. Bishop's U. At Loyola. January
21st. Loyola 3, Bishops 2.*

Showing remarkable improvement under the tutelage of Mr. Farney, the Loyola sextette downed their time-honoured rivals in a bitterly contested game which was carried into two overtime periods, before a decision was reached. Laurie Byrne opened the scoring in the first period, when he whizzed by Glass a hard drive from the Bishop's blue line. Evans evened the count for Bishop's halfway through the next period, when he smacked the disc by Carroll from a mix-up in front of Red's cage. Loyola again went into the lead in the third session, a particularly torrid one, on a neat bit of scoring by Ray Shaughnessy, but a lightning thrust by Titcombe, stellar Bishop's defence man evened the count again, just as the final whistle blew. During the first overtime period Red Carroll was called upon to perform prodigies, and in this period the Bishop's boys played themselves out, so that Loyola carried a wide margin of play in the next period, which resulted in a Maroon win. Byrne

carried the rubber the length of the ice, to give Frank Shaughnessy a perfect pass on which the latter capitalised nicely.

Loyola vs. Bishop's at Lennoxville.

Jan. 27th. Loyola 1, Bishop's 2.

Minus Bill Daly and Charlie Letourneau the squad met an unexpected defeat at the hands of the Purple and White in the latter's own stamping ground in Lennoxville. The homesters carried the play from the start and seemed to catch the visitors before they hit their stride. Twice in the first period, Bishop's forwards penetrated the Loyola rearguard, and twice Lester Carroll was given no chance to save on close-in shots by McKay and Titcombe. For the succeeding two periods Loyola carried the play, being finally rewarded when Art Thomas and Bob McIlhorne of the Kid Line broke through the Bishop's defence, the former netting the latter's pass on a smart piece of combination. Although Loyola threw five forwards up the ice in the last few minutes, Glass turned aside all attempts, and the weary visitors' unbroken string of defeats in the last three years on Bishop's ice was maintained intact.

Loyola vs. McGill at Loyola Stadium.

Jan. 31st. McGill 1, Loyola 0.

McGill defaulted the game, but agreed to play, granting Loyola an official win, if the Maroons would allow the Reds to play ineligible men. Gordy McNeil scored the only goal of the contest late in the second period and from then till the end of the game the visitors' defence was airtight and defied Loyola's best efforts to score. The homesters showed plenty of defensive strength, but were woefully weak on the attack; time and again the forwards missed easy chances at the McGill nets.

*Loyola vs. Bishop's at Sherbrooke Stadium.
Feb. 10th. Loyola 1, Bishops 1.*

Because of McGill's default, Loyola and Bishop's remained tied for the league leadership, and the authorities ordered a sudden-death play-off on the neutral ice of the Sherbrooke City Forum. The game was as sternly fought as the previous Bishop's-Loyola encounters. Weakened by injuries and ineligibility losses, the squad was bolstered by Gordy George, veteran of four years of Intercollegiate hockey, and Clem Bucher, stellar defence-man of last year's Junior outfit. Bishop's, encouraged by the support of the home-crowd, went out on a vigorous goal hunting quest in the opening stages of the contest. Loyola waited for the homesters to carry the attack, playing a defensive game in expectation of the break. It came within five minutes of the opening period, when Byrne broke from the defence with three forwards in the Loyola defensive area. Speeding down centre, flanked by Frank Shaughnessy, Byrne cannily drew the Bishop's defence and laid a pass to the end of Frank's stick; the latter made no mistake as he rode in on Glass to counter. Bishop's continued to carry the attack for the rest of the first period, and their efforts were finally rewarded when Titcombe broke from his defence, split our own, and notched the tying counter on a close drive past Carroll. Throughout the rest of the scheduled time, play continued in ding-dong fashion, with both teams sending three-man attacks up the ice which were deflected by great defence-work on both sides. It was a train-tired and leg-weary crew of Maroons who fought off attack after attack of the Purple players with a grim determination, to grant not an inch, and the stout-hearted forwards continued to pepper Glass in the Bishop's citadel. Gordy George, playing the best hockey of his career for Loyola, in spite of his absence from the game during the early

part of the season, was a continued threat; only the heavy body-checking of Titcombe kept the smooth-skating little centre from hanging up a pair of counters.

Owing to the difficulties connected with the arrangement of another game on neutral ice, Loyola conceded the Eastern Championship, and withdrew from further competition.

*Students vs. Old Boys. At Loyola Stadium.
February 15.*

The annual popular fray between the Old Boys and the students resulted in a scoreless draw, after sixty minutes of sternly contested hockey. The Alumni iced a strong aggregation consisting, for the most part, of players now active in Senior Q.A.H.A. competition. Paul Noble, veteran defenceman of former Loyola teams, whose prowess with the hickory is a thing of hallowed memory here, showed that he has lost little of his old wizardry, and can still take and give the odd shocking body check, in spite of the generous curves which now beautify his figure. Nick Carter and Roger McMahon also played strong games, while the rushing three-man attacks of the O'Connell brothers, D'Arcy and Danny, and "Tally" Lanthier gave Carroll in the nets plenty to worry about. Normie Smith and Doug Sinclair, who alternated between the Alumni pipes, gave as pretty an exhibition as ever they put on when they were "students" of the old college.

Two other exhibitions were staged under professional rules, one against the strong Clarkson Tech. team at Potsdam, and the other against the flashy St. Jean de Brebeuf Team at the latter's home stadium. On both these occasions Loyola trailed their opponents. Playing however, under the widely different amateur rules in Q.A.H.A., and Inter-collegiate competition as well, we can say in extenuation of our defeat that, had the rules been amateur and these

two teams as unfamiliar with them as we with the professional, the positions might have been reversed.

JUNIOR Q.A.H.A. HOCKEY

THE Loyola entry in the Forum Section of the Junior Q.A.H.A. had a more successful season than any entry in the last three years, though this is not at all a proud boast. However, winning two and tying one is quite a record for the youthful squad which represented Loyola in this high-class company. The difficulties under which a small college labours in such competitions are almost insuperable.

Junior Hockey has progressed of late years to such an extent that it has become almost as highly organized as the Senior Group. The best Junior talent in the city displays its wares at the Montreal Forum every Saturday afternoon during the winter months, and the club teams have such a number from which to recruit their players that a team from a small institution is very much at a disadvantage. When teams like M.A.A.A., St. Francois and Columbus have anywhere from thirty to fifty candidates at the early practices, it follows naturally that their chances of producing a starry sextette are immeasurably greater than those of an institution whose selection is limited to a very meagre student enrollment.

Loyola 1, Columbus 2.

In the first game, it was a case of one flock of Irishmen meeting another when the collegians met the Green Shirts to open the season. Columbus went into the lead early in the first period, only to have the Maroons draw even when Dubee scored after a pretty dash down centre, which carried him right to the opponents' goal-mouth. The second period went scoreless, and both teams seemed to be tiring fast on the slow, soft

ice. In the last five minutes of the final session, however, things broke loose again, as both teams went out for a win and the league leadership. Columbus scored with a minute to go, and succeeded in staving off the Loyola attacks until the final whistle sounded.

Loyola 1, Victorias 0.

In the second encounter, Andy Keyes played brilliantly to merit all the honour attached to a shut-out. The Vics attacked strongly from the start and Loyola played a defensive game, waiting for the breaks to drive three-man attacks in on the Vics' nets. The collegians' efforts were finally rewarded in the middle session, when Art Thomas pounced on Dubee's rebound to notch the only counter of the game. Though Loyola attacked strongly in the last period, the Vic defence was impregnable.

Loyola 0, McGill 3.

The Redmen from McGill proved themselves a little too fast for the Loyola covers, with the result that the ancient rivals racked up a clear-cut and decisive win, scoring single goals in each period. Morse and McNeil proved to be the scoring punch of the victors and these speedy puck-chasers stepped away from their wings to account for the three tallies between them. Loyola was at no time a serious threat, and McGill's strong defensive combination held command at all times.

Loyola 0, M.A.A.A. 6.

Loyola finished one hundred and twenty minutes of scoreless hockey, as they skated off the ice after the Champs blanked them by a total of six goals. M.A.A.A. were out for counters from the drop of the hat, and they proceeded to amass them in no uncertain fashion. The Loyola defence looked particularly weak, and had it not been for the great work of Keyes, the score would undoubtedly have been higher. Early in

the first period, Jerry Aubut, speedy Loyola winger, broke his wrist in a jam with the burly opposing defence; this left a considerable gap in the Loyola attack.

Loyola 2, Columbus 4.

In the second encounter with the K. of C. representatives, the collegians found their scoring punch again, but were unsteady enough on the defence to allow the green hickory-wielders to punch in four counters and the third straight defeat for Loyola. Columbus went into a two-goal lead in the first period, but a desperate surge of Maroon skaters in the second session broke the game wide open, and in five minutes the score was tied on tallies by the two defencemen, Dubee and McDonnell, both of whom found the net after business-like dashes up centre. In the third period, however, the constant attack of the down-towners had its reward and a brace of goals sounded the knell to Loyola's hopes.

Loyola 2, Victoria 2.

The collegians seemed to be in a belligerent mood in this contest, and set out early in the game to slow up the Vic attack by laying on the body checks. Referee Heffernan was very much on the job, however, and a series of penalties gave the Vics the opportunity to slam in two counters in the first two sessions, while Loyola scored but one. In the last period a desperate attack netted another counter for the collegians, which tied a game that ended without further fire-works.

Loyola 0, St. Francois 3.

The flying Frenchmen of the Junior League proved too fast for the collegians, and it was just another game entered in the lost column. Pilon and Ranger proved the chief threats of the new-comers to the league, and it was again the scintillating Andy Keyes that

kept the score within the limits of decency. All in all it was a ragged exhibition, in which neither team showed any great class.

Loyola 2, McGill 1.

Rising up in their wrath at the continued humiliation of occupying a cellar position with the lowly Vics, the Maroons went on the tear to treat the sons of James McGill to an artistic defeat in the best Junior tilt seen in the Forum during the schedule Junior games. The down-town students were looking for easy meat, and were rudely shocked when the West-enders overcame the original goal lead which the Redmen had taken in the first period, and then proceeded to tuck the game away in the final stanza by another counter. Harry Trihey was here, there, and everywhere on the attack and defence, and scored both Loyola tallies.

Loyola 1, M.A.A.A. 3.

After the neat way in which Loyola had nearly spiked the McGill play-off hopes, the Champions were not taking any chances and came out prepared for a real battle. Keyes was at his best, which is saying a good deal, and one of the three tallies which were registered against him was of an extremely dubious nature. In like manner Loyola scored a goal which was called back for no apparent reason. Entering the final session, the score was tied at 1-1, and the collegians had had all the territorial edge of the play. The boys blew up however, after some particularly inefficient bits of refereeing, and M.A.A.A. gauged the Loyola nets for a brace of tallies.

Loyola 1, St. Francois 3.

In their two great encounters with M.A.A.A. and McGill, Loyola seemed to have shot their bolt, for in the final encounter of the season the collegians

were mainly conspicuous by their absence. Jules Castonguay took the place of the injured Keyes, and, though the rookie turned in a fine effort, the team were not up to the form they had displayed in recent encounters. Pilon and Ranger were again the fastest of the Flying Frenchmen, and the way the lads skated round the Loyola defence had quite a dizzying effect. "Cas" was forced to do some brilliant saving and clearing to keep the score down to a trio. All in all it was a very indifferent finish to an indifferent season.

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY

SENIOR High School Hockey in general, and the Western Section in particular, was of an extremely high calibre during the year 1931-32. Loyola in common with St. Lambert's, Catholic High, and D'Arcy McGee High iced a very strong aggregation, which exhibited some of the finest hockey played in the Stadium during the season. The team was characterized by the spirit and fight of its heavy checking rearguard, and fast-skating, hard-shooting forwards. Lack of experience and a certain looseness of play around the nets prevented the team from earning a higher standing in the league rating, but their sterling displays promise a revival of the great winter game at Loyola.

Space does not permit a very detailed account of all the games, so that we must review only in brief the league and major exhibition contests.

The personnel of the team was: *Manager*, Billy Stewart; *Defence*, Bill Mackey, John McDonnell, F. Kane, Jack Shaughnessy; *Forwards*, B. MacDonald, John Savor, Ramsay Parker, "Fitzie" Fitzgibbons, Harry Trihey, Wally Morley, "Trickey" Tracey and Billy Holland; *Goalie*, Jules Castonguay.

Loyola vs. D'Arcy McGee at Montreal Coliseum.

In the opening game of the West End High School League the Maroon and White squad was at a distinct disadvantage, playing their first game away from home after only a few practices. This, coupled with the fact that the Coliseum surface is much larger than the regulation area of the Loyola Stadium, disorganized the Loyola attack to such an extent that the Green squad rammed in two counters before the Loyola offensive could swing into its stride. Wilf Doyle of the McGee team tallied two brilliant counters in the first period, riding in through the defence to give Castonguay no chance to save.

Hitting their stride in the middle and last sessions, Loyola swung attack after attack at the McGee net and succeeded in evening the count half-way through the last stanza. Harry Trihey was the outstanding player on the ice, unleashing a burst of speed which carried him round the Green defence to tally both Loyola's goals.

With but one minute to go and four Loyola men up the ice in a last desperate attempt, Red Quinn and Pete Martin broke out of the ruck, to swing in on the Loyola net where Quinn notched the winning counter. The smooth skating of Fitzgibbons and Trihey and the Clancy-rushes of McDonnell and Mackey marked them as stand-outs for the Maroon team.

Loyola vs. D'Arcy McGee at Loyola.

With a sextette crippled by the strictly enforced eligibility rules, Loyola faced the Green team in the return encounter, determined to gain a draw in the inter-school series. McGee again carried off the verdict by a 3-2 count. From the start Loyola played a defensive game, waiting patiently for the break that would give them an opening. McGee carried the play from

the start, only to be stopped by the consistent work of Mackey and McDonnell, and the sensational net-minding of Castonguay. Parker put Loyola in the lead mid-way in the second period, while Doyle evened the count just before the period closed. O'Flaherty, ex-Loyola defence star, put McGee in the lead; his counter was evened by Morley in the last session in a sizzling drive to the corner. Going into the overtime the depleted Loyola team was a sadly tired outfit, and McGee scored the winning goal thirty seconds before the whistle would have declared the game a draw.

Loyola vs. Catholic High at Mount Royal Arena.

Loyola dropped their third straight game when they went down to defeat before the strong Catholic High team at the Mount Royal Arena. Castonguay, regular custodian of the Loyola citadel, was unable to play due to injuries, and the rookie, Jack Shaughnessy, took his place between the pipes. Jack turned in a creditable performance, considering his inexperience. Catholic High maintained a territorial edge on the play throughout the game, save in the last few minutes, when the visitors went out in a desperate attempt to tie. In the first period Cadrin, assisted by Taugher, tallied for C.H.S. This was evened in the dying moments of the period, when Ram Parker netted on a neat pass from the brilliantly rushing Mackey. In the second session C.H.S. fooled Shaughnessy on two long shots, which the latter failed to handle. Loyola drew near again when McDonnell tallied on a combination play with Trihey. With all Loyola men up the ice, Neville broke away in the last minute to give Shag no chance. Parker and McDonnell were outstanding for Loyola, while Seguin in the C.H.S. nets turned in a brilliant effort for the Black and White.

Loyola vs. Catholic High at Loyola.

Loyola 4, C.H.S. 3.

A spirited Loyola team without the services of four regulars turned the tables on the Black and White to take the second game decisively by the score of 4 to 3. C.H.S. launched a strong attack from the start which threw the homesters off their stride for the opening session. Neville scored twice on long drives from outside the defence. Mackey and McDonnell, the rushing Loyola defence, evened matters before the period closed, each assisting the other on two smart tallies. In the second period, a pretty passing play between Tracey and McConnell netted another for Loyola, while a Parker to Tracey play put Loyola two up. In the last minute of play, Taugher scored for C.H.S.

Loyola vs. St. Lambert High.

Loyola 4, St. Lambert's 0.

Playing their smartest hockey of the year, Loyola High downed the South Siders by the decisive count of 4-0. Castonguay turned in a particularly noteworthy effort and richly deserved his shut-out. The first period was but two minutes old, when Parker split the opposing defence to score the first of Loyola's quartet of goals. Loyola attacked strongly in the second period and Mackey scored, while Parker followed this with his second counter, when he netted McDonnell's rebound. In the last period Morley tallied the final goal on a long shot which whistled into the corner of the net.

EXHIBITION GAMES

Loyola vs. Quebec High School.

Loyola 2, Quebec 0.

In this first inter-city contest between high schools, Loyola downed the visitors from the Ancient Capital by a 2-0 count. The visitors were at no time particularly dangerous, and the pace

which Loyola set was plainly too fast for their opponents. Brilliant goaling on the part of Carpenter held the Maroon forwards to two goals. Parker was again the Loyola stand-out; his goal early in the second period afforded a spectacular piece of stick-handling. MacDonald scored Loyola's second goal in the final period. The Savard brothers, and Louis Trachas were the pick of the visitors, while Rolland, the second string goalie of the home squad, played smart hockey throughout.

Loyola vs. Westhill. Westhill 7, Loyola 4.

In a free-scoring game played under professional rules, Loyola lost a close fought and exciting game to her neighboring and traditional rival. The ice was very poor; this offset Loyola's margin in speed, and the professional rules, being new to the Maroon team, militated considerably against their short-passing game. Castonguay was injured in the first period and was unable to return until the final session had started. In the interim Westhill scored four goals on long shots, which Mackey, the makeshift goaler, failed to handle. Edwards, Booth and Macey played sound hockey for the visitors; Parker, McDonnell and Trihey turned in splendid efforts for the home team.

JUVENILE Q.A.H.A. HOCKEY

THE Loyola High School Juveniles, last year's city champions in juvenile competition, again iced a strong representation, which won the sectional championship. Due to a variety of circumstances, the Juveniles were unable to proceed further in the play-offs, after having tied the strong Westmount High aggregation in the first sectional elimination.

Line-up:—*Goal*, J. Castonguay, A. Rolland; *Defence*, W. Mackey, B. McDonald, J. Shaughnessy; *Forwards*,

R. Parker, H. Fitzgibbons, J. Savor, M. Brabant, E. Shea, G. Cody, F. Kane.

Loyola vs. St. Aloysius.

Loyola 6, St. Aloysius 5.

The first scheduled game of the league developed into a wild, free-scoring affair, in which Loyola trailed until the last period. The Green Shirts, last year's semi-finalists, took advantage of the rookie Loyola goal-tender, Estrada, and slammed in a brace of tallies, before the Loyola squad swung into action. With but a minute to go in the second period, Harry Trihey scored, to knot the count at 5-5. In the final session Loyola came through with another counter to take the verdict, when Trihey netted his own rebound. Mackey, Parker and Trihey played well for Loyola, while Kelly, Morel and Maxwell were conspicuous in the Green Shirts' attack.

Loyola vs. Pirates.

Loyola 3, Pirates 0.

Loyola seemingly had an easy assignment in the weakened Pirate outfit, but the latter stood up to the champs in amazing fashion, and the much-lauded Maroon outfit had no walk-away. Loyola scored once in every period, Fitzgibbons in the first on a sizzling drive from just inside the defence, Parker in the second on a neat close-in drive, and in the final period, a Parker-to-Mackie combination resulted in the latter's closing the scoring. Castonguay deserved his shut-out, and though peppered consistently throughout the contest, held his net intact.

Loyola vs. Nationals.

Loyola 1, Nationals 2.

The dark-horse entry in the league came through to give the champs a setback in their quest for a second straight title. The Pirates attacked viciously in the first period, and were rewarded with

a neat pair of counters. Throughout the rest of the game, they used canny defensive tactics to hold Loyola to a single score. Loyola made up half the deficit in the second period, and during the last session held a wide territorial margin on the play, but Rolland, in the National nets played spectacularly to keep the attackers at bay. Loyola seemed to be suffering from over-confidence, and did not take the National threat seriously enough in the first inning.

Loyola vs. Pirates.

Loyola 3, Pirates 1.

Loyola took a firm grasp on the league lead when they defeated the Pirate aggregation in their second meeting at the Stadium by a score of 3-1. Parker was the individual stand-out of the game, scoring twice and assisting on the third. Again Loyola scored in every period, and only let the bucaniers drive through in the last five minutes for their single tally. Cody clinched matters in the last five minutes when he accepted Parker's neat pass, and rode in on the net to drive the disc home. Castonguay played steadily in goal.

Loyola vs. Nationals.

Loyola 3, Nationals 0.

Loyola took their revenge on the Green and Gold for the defeat they suffered at the Nationals' hands in the first round of the schedule, when they downed the leading contenders 3-0 at the Loyola Stadium. Loyola was never in any great danger, and held the upper hand throughout the contest. Mackey, Casey and Parker provided the scoring punch for the homesters, while Jules Castonguay effectively turned aside all the visitors' efforts. By virtue of this win, Loyola entered the inter-sectional play-off against Westmount High School.

Loyola vs. Westmount High.
Loyola 3, Westmount High 3.

Determined to take the second city championship in two successive years, Loyola attacked strongly from the initial whistle, and netted within the first five minutes of play. Westmount came back, however, to tie the score before the period ended, and in the second period drew ahead of the champs on a well-earned counter. Loyola in turn tied it up before the end of the second period. The teams left the ice for the final rest with the score deadlocked at 2-2.

The third stanza was a bitterly contested affair, with both teams throwing caution to the winds, and sending three and four man attacks up the ice. Parker netted with but five minutes to go, and things looked bright for a Loyola victory. Grimly determined not to acknowledge defeat, the Purple and White sent lightning thrusts up centre, and tallied with but a minute to go. Though the regulation over-time period was played, no further score resulted, and it was a pair of badly tired teams which skated off the silver surface.

After this tilt, Loyola defaulted, and conceded the Championship to Westmount High

JUNIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC HOCKEY

THE Juniors were by far the most successful of the High School teams in quest for titles this year. After first winning the Championship of the Western Section of the Inter-High School Junior League, they then captured the independent title, defeating the Mount Royal Juniors in two games out of three. Due to the late start of the season and the subsequent late finish, no High School play-off could be arranged with the winners of the Eastern Central Section play-offs,

so that they have a half share in the city Championship.

Scores of Play-off games:—

Loyola . . .	2	D'Arcy McGee . . .	2
" . . .	4	" . . .	2
" . . .	4	Mount Royal . . .	5
" . . .	4	" . . .	2
" . . .	3	" . . .	2

Noteworthy players were—Tyler, Mahoney and Burns on defence, and Reynolds, McNally, Stambach and Porteous on the fore-guard.

Line-up:—*Goal*, Mahoney; *Defence*, J. Tyler, G. Gilbert; *Forwards*, A. Burns, D. Reynolds, J. Porteous, J. O'Brien, W. McNally, C. Kane, J. Savor, G. Stambach.

BANTAM Q.A.H.A. HOCKEY

GAMES PLAYED

Maroons . . .	3	St. Ignatius . . .	1
Maroons . . .	2	Maple Leafs . . .	0
Maroons . . .	2	St. Ignatius . . .	0
Maroons . . .	2	Maple Leafs . . .	1
Maroons . . .	2	Falcons . . .	3

After a late start, the first game was played on Jan. 23rd between Maroons and St. Ignatius. The play started slowly, both teams playing tight, careful hockey, the period ending in a one-all tie. In the second and third periods the faster and heavier Maroons took command, and scored twice to clinch the verdict, Marriot scoring on Reynolds' assist, Shea tallying on a lone effort.

In the sectional play-offs, Maroons defeated the Leafs in one of the closest games of the season. Leafs went into the lead early in the first period, and played a tight and successful defensive game for two-thirds of the game. In the last period, however, the Maroons broke things wide open to net two counters and take the sectional championship.

In the inter-sectional play-offs, the Loyola entry succumbed to the smart Falcon sextette from the Girouard League. Loyola had a marked edge in territorial play, but Falcons showed their superiority in taking advantage of every break to send darting three-man attacks into the Loyola defensive area. Trailing 3-1, and with but five minutes to go, the gallant Maroons sent five forwards up the ice. Falcons, however, had sufficient in reserve to stave off the determined attack, and the Maroons had to rest content with another counter.

Stand-outs on the team are hard to choose. Mahoney in the nets played splendid hockey throughout the season, and was rated the best Bantam goaler in Montreal. Hibbits and Ryan were the best of the defence candidates, being particularly able at handing out jolting body-checks to the heaviest forwards. Reynolds, Marriot and Shea, the first string forwards, were a constant scoring threat.

Line-Up:—*Goal*, D. Mahoney; *Defence*, W. Hibbits, R. Ryan, P. Shaughnessy, K. Forbes; *Forwards*, J. Shea, J. Joubert, H. Swinton, G. Marriot, D. Reynolds, E. Lange, F. Power, J. McCormick.

INTERMEDIATE Q.A.H.A. HOCKEY

THOUGH this does not fall directly under the jurisdiction of the L.C. A.A., since the team was not competing in an intercollegiate league, nevertheless we wish to accord some measure of credit to the three students who played on the team. In the west-end Q.A.H.A. circle Loyola iced a strong aggregation which was capable of forcing the champion Trenholme Park outfit to extend itself considerably. The competition in the League was of a much higher class than anything which any Loyola team had ever encountered

before, since most of the competing teams were composed almost entirely of players from the Senior Commercial Leagues of the City.

Lack of ice in the first part of the season made it very difficult for Mr. Farney to mould the team into a really representative aggregation, and in the first few games the squad took the ice with very little practice.

Loyola first met Trenholme, and the tilt was featured by the phenomenal net-minding of young Andy Keyes, who replaced the injured Red Carroll in the nets at the last minute after the latter had been hurt in the pre-game shooting practice. Not until the last few minutes of play did the high-scoring Trenholme forwards succeed in slipping the puck past Andy, while the Loyola forwards were caught up the ice, in a vain attempt to pierce the Trenholme guard.

Still showing the effects of lack of practice, Loyola was defeated in the second game 5-2, by the Lachine outfit. Loyola left the ice at the end of the second period with a 2-1 lead, but tired rapidly in the last session to allow the lake-siders to drive four pucks past the Loyola custodian. Brock Bradley and Laurie Byrne were responsible for Loyola's counters.

Showing an improvement which continued throughout the season, Loyola went into the win column by virtue of a 2-0 victory over the Shamrocks, composed chiefly of Loyola Alumni. Loyola forced the play from the start and though held scoreless for the first two periods, were finally rewarded, when Frank Shaughnessy tallied twice on Normie Smith, former Loyola goalie.

The following Sunday by holding the undefeated Maroon outfit to a scoreless draw, Loyola exhibited the best brand of hockey to date. Bill Daniels, another former Loyola goalie, literally robbed the collegians of a victory.

On several occasions Bradley, Frew and Byrne worked themselves into ex-

cellent positions only to have Daniels make sensational saves. Lester Carrol performed brilliantly in the Loyola nets.

Weakening again in the last period, as in the encounter with Lachine, Loyola suffered a 4-1 defeat at the hands of the Parkers. Entering the final session with the score tied 1-1, the Loyola defensive system suddenly collapsed, and Trenholme went on the rampage for three quick goals. The mainstays of the Trenholme team were Jimmy Wilson and Sarto Gains, both ex-Loyola stars. George Thoms scored Loyola's only tally.

Loyola's play-off hopes heightened considerably when the collegians again defeated the Shamrocks 2-1, in one of the most exciting games of the season. The issue was in doubt until the last minute of the play, when Shaughnessy scored on a pass from Byrne. The teams left the ice at the end of the second period with the score tied 1-1. Byrne scored for Loyola, Cox for the green-shirts. The brilliant goaling of Sinclair

and Carrol featured the hard-fought contest.

Loyola was eliminated from the play-off, when Lachine gained a 4-3 decision in the next encounter. Both teams were very evenly matched, Lachine earning the verdict on a scratch goal in the last period. Cave and Bisaillon were responsible for Lachine's four goals, while Keenan, Shaughnessy and Cherry netted for Loyola.

The final game of the season was played with the league-leading Maroons. The strenuous Inter-Collegiate fixture of the previous night, against the Intermediate Redmen of McGill, had its effect on the Loyola attack, which failed to function, as the collegians went down to a 4-1 defeat. Bill Daniels again proved the nemesis of the Loyola forwards, Frank Shaughnessy being the only Loyola player to slip the disc past his former team-mate, although Keenan, Willis, Barry and Dubee had many excellent chances.

Winter Nights

*B*ENEATH a mantle soft and white
The forest lies, most wondrous sight!
A world more silent than the night!
But here and there a shadow flits
In hungry search of one who sits
'Neath tent-like spruce and softly chits
And chatters o'er a heap of nuts.
While here about some fire-charred butts
A single, tufted white-grouse struts;
And over yonder, paw upraised
And sleek head cocked as in amaze,
A silver fox holds fast his gaze
With tail adrag and gleaming eyes
At such a tempting easy prize.
While overhead in star-lit skies
A cold bright moon sets jewels aglow
Upon the earth entombed in snow.

J. H. NEWMAN, '34

Twenty-Fifth Annual Field Day Results, 1932

EVENT	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	TIME, HEIGHT, DISTANCE	RECORD
OPEN TO COLLEGE					
100 yards.....	L. Shaughnessy.	G. McGinnis...	J. Castonguay...	10-4/5 sec.....	10 sec..... L. Shaughnessy, 1931
220 yards.....	L. Shaughnessy.	J. Castonguay...	M. Dubee.....	24-2/5 sec.....	23 sec..... J. Gallery, 1915
440 yards.....	L. Shaughnessy.	J. Castonguay...	J. McIlhone.....	57 sec.....	53-1/5 sec..... G. Sampson, 1931
880 yards.....	J. McIlhone.....	R. McIlhone.....	W. Singleton...	2 min. 11-1/5 sec.	2 min. 10 sec... G. Sampson, 1928
One Mile.....	J. McIlhone.....	R. McIlhone.....		5 min., 7-1/5 sec.	5 min..... G. Sampson, 1931
120 yards hurdles	G. McGinnis...	L. Shaughnessy.		16-2/5 sec.....	14-2/5 sec..... W. Montabone, 1924
High Jump.....	E. Way.....	G. McGinnis...	J. Castonguay..	5 ft. 3 in.....	5 ft., 7 in..... J. McGarry, 1920 H. LeMesurier, 1926
Broad Jump.....	G. McGinnis...	H. Tougas.....		18 ft., 11 in....	20 ft., 11 in... J. Gallery, 1915
Pole Vault.....	J. Bourke.....	J. Demitre.....	R. Ryan.....	9 ft., 7 in.....	New Record.....
Shot Put.....	W. Daly.....	M. Recarey.....	J. Demitre.....	33 ft., 2 in.....	42 ft., 4 in... E. Savard, 1927
Discus Throw...	No Event.....				101 ft., 6 in... C. Bucher, 1931
Javelin Throw...	J. Bourke.....	M. Recarey.....	W. Daly.....	127 ft., 8 in...	New Record..
UNDER 18 YEARS					
100 yards.....	H. Estrada.....	W. Mackey.....	J. Castonguay...	10-4/5 sec.....	10-1/5 sec..... G. Ryan, 1931
220 yards.....	H. Estrada.....	W. Mackey.....		25-3/5 sec.....	24-1/5 sec..... G. Ryan, 1931
440 yards.....	W. Mackey.....	M. Recarey.....	H. Estrada.....	61-3/5 sec.....	60 sec..... G. McGinnis, 1929
880 yards.....	No Event.....				2 min., 14 sec. G. Sampson, 1927
High Jump.....	E. Stafford.....	J. Bourke.....	F. Kane.....	5 ft., 2 in.....	New Event.....
UNDER 16 YEARS					
100 yards.....	C. Kane.....	E. Tyler.....	P. Gilmore.....	11-4/5 sec.....	11 sec..... B. Brown, 1915 A. Wendling. 1917
220 yards.....	C. Kane.....	N. Wilson.....		27-1/5 sec.....	24-4/5 sec..... E. Cannon. 1922
440 yards.....	C. Kane.....	N. Wilson.....	J. Barry.....	64 sec.....	63 sec..... M. Recarey, 1931
100 yds. hurdles.	N. Wilson.....	C. Kane.....		15-4/5 sec.....	14 sec..... Q. Shaughnessy, 1925
High Jump.....	No Event.....				5 ft., 2 1/2 in... E. Stafford, 1931
Broad Jump.....	P. Gilmore.....	N. Wilson.....	E. Estrada.....	16 ft., 6 in.....	18 ft., 6 1/2 in., A. Wendling, 1917
Pole Vault.....	No Event.....				9 ft., 6 in... J. Bourke, 1931
Shot Put.....	L. Carroll.....	E. Estrada.....	C. Kane.....	32 ft., 10 in...	40 ft., 3 in... J. Recarey, 1931
UNDER 14 YEARS					
75 yards.....	W. Hibbits.....	G. Mariott.....	F. Long.....	9-4/5 sec.....	9-1/5 sec..... R. Clarke, 1929
220 yards.....	W. Hibbits.....	G. Mariott.....		30-2/5 sec.....	27-2/5 sec... B. O'Brien, 1929 C. Kane, 1931
80 yds. hurdles..	W. Hibbits.....	G. Mariott.....		14-3/5 sec.....	13-1/5 sec... J. Brennan, 1929



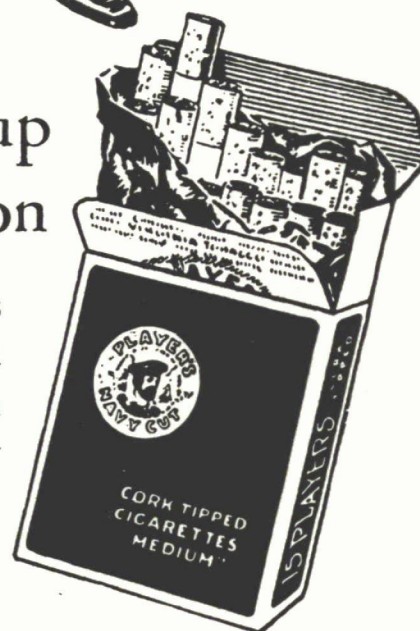
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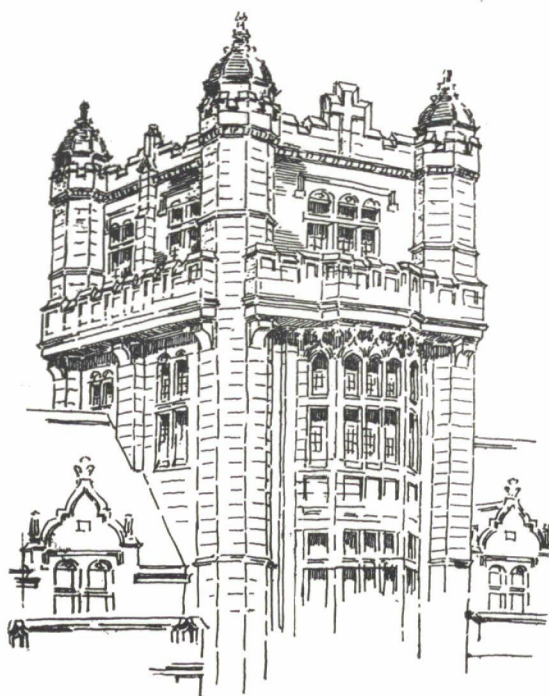


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